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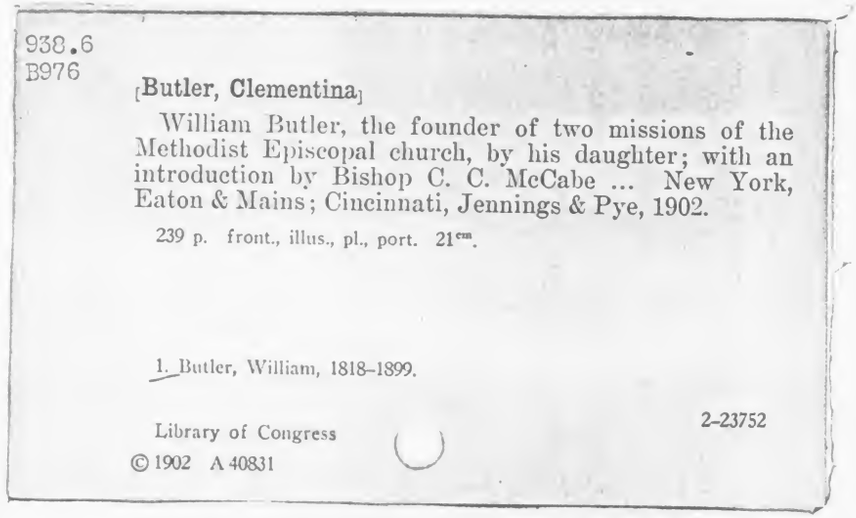

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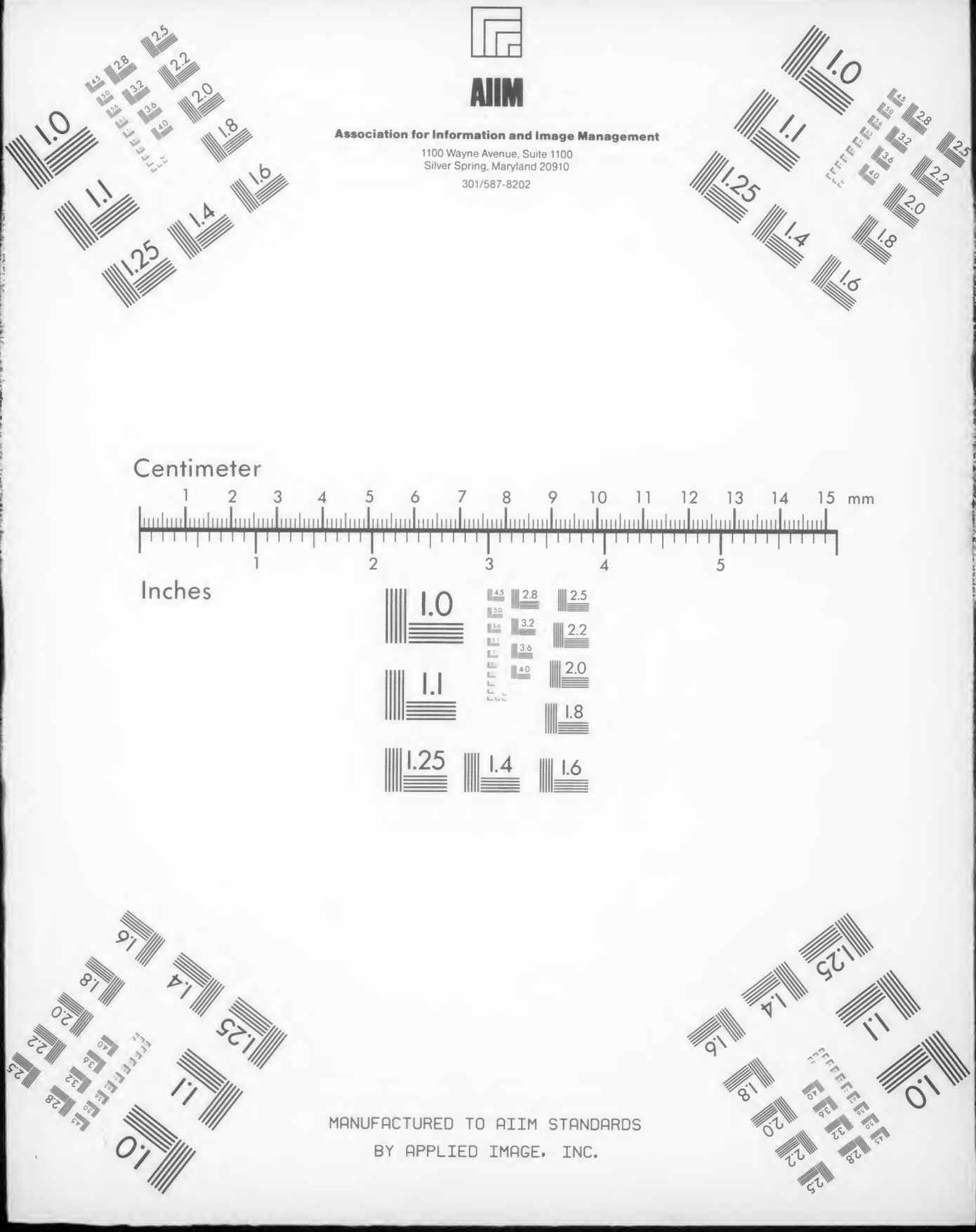
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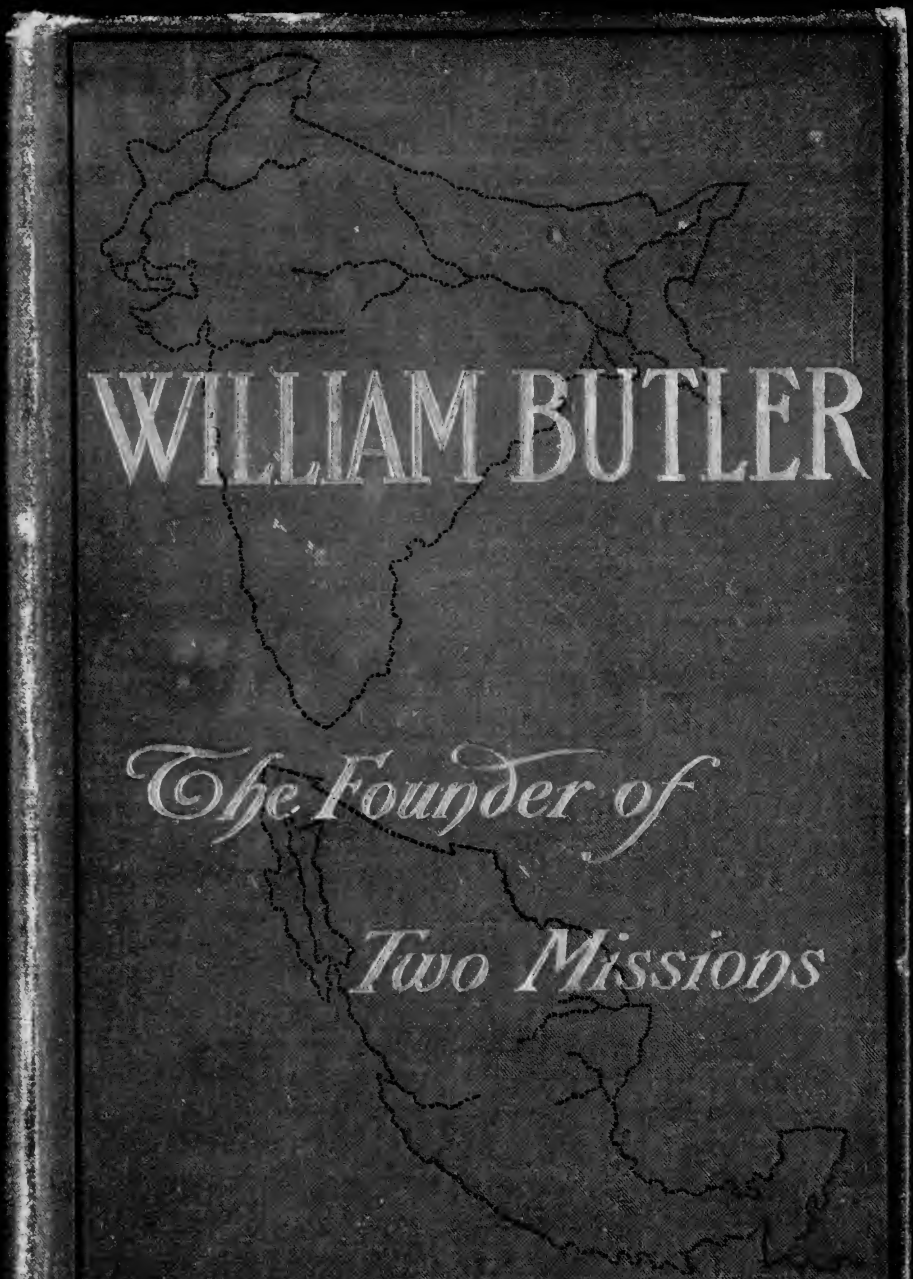
WILLIAM BUTLER
The Founder of
Two Missions

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William Butler

The Founder of Two Missions

of the

Methodist Episcopal Church

By His Daughter

With an Introduction by Bishop C. C. McCabe

"I would rather found a Mission than an Empire."
—Reid.

New York: EATON & MAINS
Cincinnati: JENNINGS & PYE
1903

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To
The Board of Managers
of the
Missionary Society of the Church
this book is respectfully
dedicated

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INTRODUCTION

MOSES was willing to stay out of heaven long enough to see the land toward which he had been leading God's people for forty years. How pathetic the prayer, "I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon" (Deut. iii, 25). His petition was denied. He went up to Nebo to die, according to the divine command.

William Butler, the Founder of Missions, had just such a desire to see India. He prayed for two years that the way might be opened. One day, after listening to his wonderful lecture, I said to him, "Dr. Butler, how would you like to go to India and see the Mission?" He was startled. He wheeled and faced me, his countenance beaming with holy joy. "Go to India?" said he, "I would rather go to India than to go to heaven!" The way was opened. He went through the land from Lucknow to Calcutta. His prayer was answered.

Later he was sent to review the work in Mexico. This great man was permitted to reap in joy, as he had been permitted to sow in tears. Not since Francis Asbury ascended to glory has Methodism produced a man whose life and work bear more clearly and more indelibly the seal of the divine approval than do the life and work of this man of God.

Let this book find its way into every Christian home and into every Sabbath school. A life so great as this belongs not to any one denomination, but to all of God's people of every name in all the world.

CHARLES C. MCCABE.

THE AUTHOR'S WORD

IN response to many requests for a connected account of the eventful life which was so blessed of God, it has become my duty to supply this need. No one can realize my lack of ability for the task as I do, but in the hope that this short account will enable others to see the joy of a life of service the book is sent out. The first request came from an officer of the Epworth League, and much of what is here presented was written for the young people.

It is not easy to sum up the characteristics of a beloved father, since the affection and tender consideration ever manifested is what one remembers most clearly. Judging from what others have written, the success of William Butler's life was due to his intense earnestness and his sublime faith in the promises of God. Never did he refuse the call of the Church, believing that God spoke through it, and that whatever the divine voice commanded could and should be done. He was practically never despondent, so assured was he of the redemption of the world, and so fully were all his energies consecrated to this object. The thought of being honored with some service in the train of the conquering Christ enabled him to rise above thought of failure. His idea of life was that it is apprenticeship for higher service, and that the angels would be glad to do what we are privileged to attempt.

Others may speak of his work as I cannot. We may look at the result of his life as presented by Bishop Foss on his return from a visit to the India Mission:

"Let me show you a picture. By a three days' journey I reached a beautiful spot among the mountains—itself six thousand feet above the level of the sea—Naini Tal, which means the 'Lake of the goddess Naini.' It is a wonderful lake; I know of nothing in this country to suggest it, unless it be Lake Mohonk. Naini Tal is twice as green and ten times as big, and is surrounded by mountains on whose steep sides, embowered in the greenest foliage, are seen the palatial homes of summer residents and English officials, and Christian schools and churches. From one of the near heights I got my first glimpse of 'The Snows,' as they call them all over India —a very diminutive name for the snow-clad Himalaya Mountains; and there I saw, one night before sunset, and the next morning at sunrise, sixty-three peaks, the highest of them twenty-five thousand seven hundred feet in height and the lowest twenty thousand feet. As the setting sun withdrew its rays from them they seemed to withdraw themselves and to turn into sullen heaps of gray ashes as darkness quickly covered them; but out of it the next morning, at break of day, they rose before my eyes in glorious resurrection and majestic state. It was a sight never to be described nor forgotten. But when I came down from that vision—which can never be equaled for me in this world—I had a still profounder impression. I had just seen on the slope of the Himalayas the glacier from which one of the fountains of the Ganges bursts forth. I then saw at Naini Tal a grander sight—the spot

where William Butler, at God's command, stood and, lifting the rod of faith, smote the rock of heathenism, and lo! the rill and presently the river of India Methodism!

"For four days I was there watching its wondrous flow at a District Conference. Some fifty native teachers and local preachers and stewards and class leaders were present; and also—I cannot mention it without a quick heart-throb—one of the missionaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Miss Budden, with her forty-nine girls and women—native Christians brought to Jesus largely by her instrumentality, whom she had led nine days' march over the rough mountain paths, twelve miles each day, carrying on their heads their tents and their food and blankets—twenty-five pounds on the head of every woman, ten pounds on the head of every girl—nine days' march to be with us four days in the corner of our humble little church, and listen and wait and sing and get blessings from God, as they did in rich abundance; and nine days' march back over rough mountains to their work again. That was my first strong impression of the river flowing in India; but I stood on its banks in many other places later on. . . . The judgment I have formed is this: That the Christian religion has so taken hold of the vast empire of India, among three hundred millions of people, as almost to enable the careful observer to see the very footprints of the ever-living Christ all over the land."

These words testify of his public life. The beauty of the patient endurance of the years of suffering, what one has called "the consummate triumph" of his days, only those privileged to minister to him can realize. To

such an active temperament eight years of inaction meant a heavy trial, but no murmur was ever heard. When asked in these days if he would be lonely if all the members of the family should leave to attend church the invariable reply was, "No, dear, I am never alone." He was often found talking quietly to the Friend who had been with him and whose promise of "unto the end" was abundantly realized. His love for his family was deep, so that no pleasure was complete unless shared with those whom he loved. For his son in Mexico, who had taken up his work, his interest was intensely engaged. In one of his last letters he said, "I would write to you from heaven if I could." The fragrance of his character remains with us all in benediction and inspiration.

CLEMENTINA BUTLER.

Newton Center, Massachusetts.

William Butler

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

May we not believe that part of the bliss of the heavenly life will be found in tracing the answers to the prayers of saintly souls who have not here seen the desired end, but who have trusted the promise of God?

IN Dublin, Ireland, January 30, 1818, there came into the home of a family of English descent a little son who received the name of William. As he was orphaned very soon after, his great-grandmother took charge of the child and tenderly cared for his needs. She was a devout member of the Established Church (Episcopal). It was her custom, as soon as the little lad could read, to have him stand on a chair, clad in an improvised surplice, with the Prayer Book resting on the back of his temporary pulpit, while, with a gravity becoming the subject, he read for her the lessons, collects, and prayers for the day. As the venerable saint was not able to attend church this service was a real means of grace, and she doubtless offered many a prayer for the future usefulness of her great-grandson. Still we can imagine how far short her expectation must have been of the reality of his life and achievements.

If a vision had been granted to her that this boy whom she was thus training in her old age would be the pioneer missionary of the largest Protestant Church in two fields

—one on either side of the world—would she not have felt that to be beyond her faith?

Not long did the child have the wise counsel and loving care of his aged relative. He remembered with startling distinctness the night, when only a little over seven years of age, he had gone out to see a display of fireworks, on the occasion of some political celebration, and being suddenly lifted to the shoulder of a tall man who hurried him through the crowd with the explanation that the great-grandmother was dying and could not depart in peace without giving her blessing to her little lad. Several times in his life were holy hands placed on his head, but the memory of this, his first consecration, had a tender influence throughout all his years. And yet he was not a priggish boy, but one full of mischief, healthy or sometimes otherwise, as instanced when he fell into the water and was nearly drowned as a result of fishing in forbidden places, and on another occasion when he burned off his eyebrows and hair from a too enthusiastic use of gunpowder while celebrating Guy Fawkes Day. His eyebrows never grew again, a defect which was seldom noticed on account of the fine prominence of his brows. Despite his great love of fun, he was not willing to torture animals. All forlorn cats and dogs found in him a champion, and the home was never without pets of some sort. A varied assortment came under this head in later years—from the monkeys in India and the Bengal tiger (which was a gift, and its reign short, since the mother of the children objected to such a dangerous playmate) to the rabbits and cockatoos which enjoyed life on the roof of the cloisters in Mexico. Visitors in the home were familiar with the dignified puss which claimed a seat at his right hand at table and received certain tidbits with a most innocent air, albeit against the rule of the lady of the house.

As a young man William Butler was studious and determined to secure an education, an ambition in which he

was helped by his only sister, who relinquished many of her own opportunities in order that the brother might have the advantages which were in those days less easily obtained than now. Fiction attracted him less than poetry, of which a goodly store was laid by in his memory, to be clearly remembered even at fourscore years. Music was a great delight, especially that which satisfied the religious side of his nature, as the oratorios and anthems of the Church. An event which moved him profoundly was hearing Jenny Lind sing, at the time of her first appearance in this country, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." He would describe her dignified entrance, the immediate outburst of glorious song, and the impression she made of feeling deeply the inspiring sentiments she so exquisitely voiced. The experience of the hour induced him to study the text more carefully, and upon the words he wrought out one of his most effective sermons, which was made a blessing to many souls. At another time, as he frequently narrated, he heard a hymn sung in the busy streets of London. It was at the close of a sultry afternoon, when, looking out of a window, he saw the singer, evidently a lady of gentle birth who had been reduced by misfortune to the necessity of earning her livelihood in this way. As she stood in the crowded thoroughfare she raised her head and gazed at the gathering clouds, which presaged a severe storm. People were hurrying to find shelter before it should break upon them; still the clear voice did not falter as the flashes of lightning appeared, but went on steadily:

> "My lifted eye, without a tear,
> The gathering storm shall see:
> My steadfast soul shall know no fear;
> That soul is stayed on Thee."

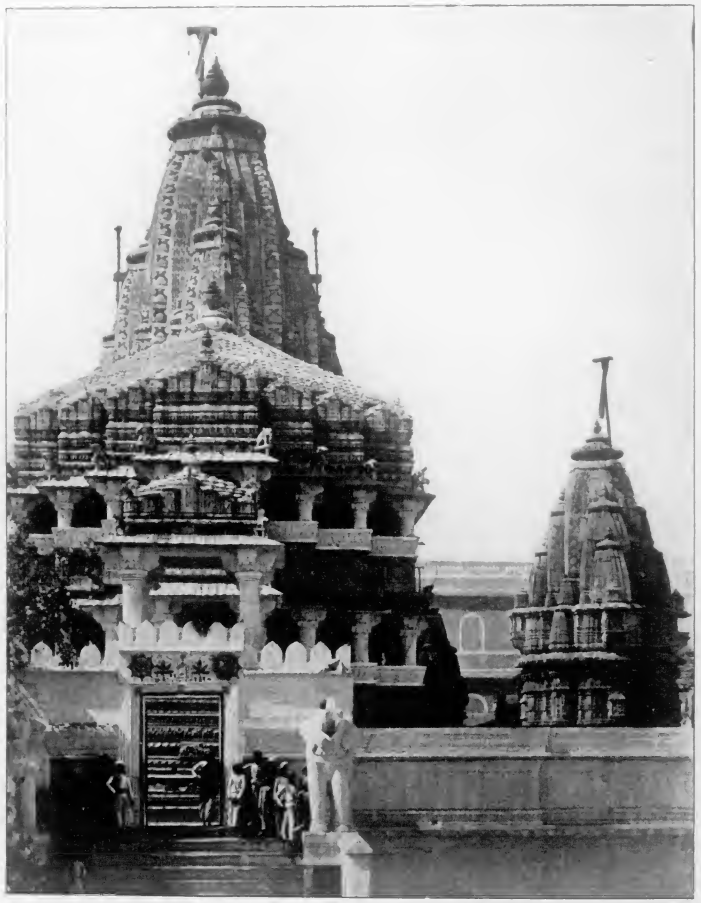
He never saw the singer again, but her faith had its influence in building up the wonderful trust in God which

enabled him to accomplish his work in the face of difficulties which at times seemed overwhelming.

Until his nineteenth year William Butler remained a member of the Church of Ireland. He was frequently rewarded for his remarkable knowledge of the Bible, and he had no doubt that he was in a satisfactory spiritual state. Afterward, however, he averred that of repentance, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the new birth, or the witness of the Holy Spirit he knew nothing. The editor of *The Christian Advocate,* writing shortly after his death in an article entitled "The Evolution of a True Successor of the Apostles," stated that "The greatest blessing God conferred on William Butler was an unmistakable conversion having the moral force of a miracle, renewed in each successive moment of time as long as he lived." Of such an experience only his own pen could write, and the account of the great change is here given as he published it in *From Boston to Bareilly.*

The first influence which turned him from a life of formal Christianity to one of deep consecration was the happy Christian experience of an old blind harper, a Welshman, named Lewis, who was the teacher of a lady of high position, the wife of Judge Crampton, a member of Parliament from the University of Dublin. This lady was as accomplished as she was beautiful, and in order to perfect her playing on the harp had engaged Mr. Lewis to instruct her. To quote from his own account:

"This harper was one of the most unique persons I have ever seen. He was very small, entirely blind, was always dressed with scrupulous neatness, in black, with a white cravat. His hair, white as snow, hung down upon his shoulders, and he looked like what we suppose one of the ancient bards to have been. It was a beautiful picture to see him, with the harp towering above as he discoursed the sweet music to which Mrs. Crampton would listen, and then take her place and submit to his instruction. He was



Hindu Temple

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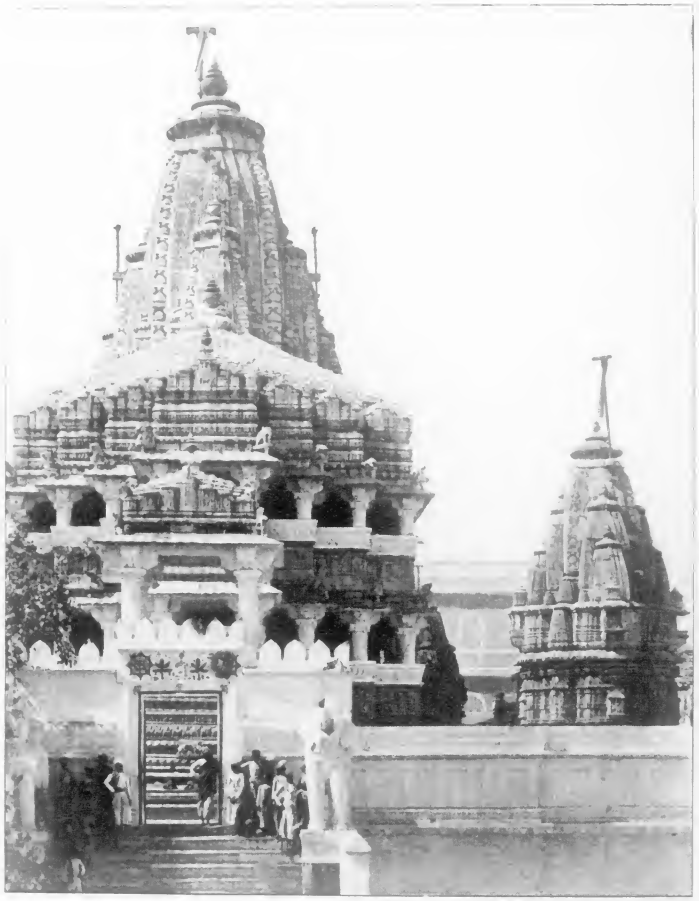


HINDU TEMPLE

a saintly man, but she knew it not. He had not yet ventured to converse with her on the subject of religion, and probably had an apprehension that her High-Churchism would lead her to resent any effort of that kind as an intrusion. One Monday morning when taking her lesson she paused and said, 'O, Mr. Lewis, I heard such a magnificent sermon yesterday! Whom did you hear?' He hesitated, fearing his answer would not please. She insisted; so, lifting up his heart for help, he said, 'Madam, I went to the Methodist chapel and heard a Methodist preacher.' She broke out in a hearty peal of laughter, and exclaimed, 'The idea, Mr. Lewis, that you should go among those Methodists!' And then she overflowed again with fun at his expense, ridiculing his want of judgment to 'go among those Methodists.' But her curiosity was awakened, and she urged him to tell why he went among such people, since she understood that they were very ignorant and fanatical. Again he lifted his heart to God for help, and replied, 'Madam, will you listen patiently while I tell you?' 'Certainly; I want to know all about it.' He then told her how he had gone and had there heard, for the first time in his life, the Scripture doctrine of a conscious salvation, and how to obtain a good hope through grace. As he spoke the grateful tears flowed down his face, and he showed the joy he described. She could gaze into his sightless countenance and note his whole expression, and as she looked and listened to the wonderful story her own heart was opening to the truth. Seeing the peace of God on his countenance, she began to realize that he had found something more in the Christian religion than she had ever known. When he came to speak of his hope that ere long he would be done with the things of earth and God would open his eyes—eyes which had never looked upon this world—her tears were flowing in sympathy with his joy. Before he had finished his narration of what God had done for his soul

she had resolved that she must know more about the despised Methodists, and would find out if there was reasonable and scriptural justification for such confidence and happiness.

"On Sunday she ordered her coachman to drive her to the Methodist chapel in Whitefriars Street. To the amazement of the frequenters of this place of worship (built by Mr. Wesley) the splendid equipage, drawn by four bay horses, stopped at the door, and the elegant lady entered and took a seat in the front of the gallery. It is probable that the preacher was the Rev. Gideon Ouseley. She had never seen a minister in the pulpit without gown and bands, nor a service conducted without the Prayer Book. There was a heartiness in the service which pleased her, and she returned home to pray to God to help her to understand. The next Sunday she drove to church with only two horses, and the following Sunday she told the footmen that she would walk to church, as she did ever after, but had a man attend her, the object being to bring him also under the sound of the Gospel. She invited the Methodist ministers to instruct her, and was ere long gloriously converted, to the great joy of the old harper. She did not rest in this, but, like Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, she was led into the enjoyment of the second blessing. Henceforth her life became one of the most lovely examples of the beauty of holiness. Her first desire was for her husband's salvation, and in a few weeks they were rejoicing as heirs together of the grace of life. A family altar was established, and all the influence of his position was thrown henceforth on the side of evangelical religion and the moral reforms of the day, including the temperance movement.

"Such was the help God was to send to me. Shortly after these events, in view of her frail health, they purchased a beautiful country home near where I lived, and there she continued her efforts to do good. One of my friends

said: 'St. Valori House has been purchased by one of the judges, and his wife is a great Methodist. She walks out every morning and takes tracts with her and talks to people whom she meets about religion.' This was the first time I had heard the word 'Methodist,' and I asked my friend what it meant. He sneeringly replied, 'Why, a Methodist is one who actually believes he can know his sins forgiven and be assured of the favor of God.' He uttered this to show how fanatical such people must be, but his words took singular hold on my heart and led me to reflect much upon them. I knew they did not describe my condition, and I wondered whether they truly described the condition of anyone in this world. There was a rebound, and my religious pride was alarmed. I found myself sincerely hoping that I should not be addressed by her. I did not wish to be disturbed.

"It was only a few mornings later when I rose earlier than usual to attend to some business, and going along the road near St. Valori, I saw her coming toward me, attended by her maid. From the description I felt assured this must be the lady. I at once slackened my pace in order to get time to decide what I would do to escape. The wall on either side of the road was six feet high, and I could not jump over. It looked cowardly to turn back; so I concluded I would, as we approached, step to the very outside limit of the sidewalk and leave her a wide berth to pass on. Quickening my step to carry out my purpose, as I came near I saw to my confusion that she did not intend to move off to the inside, but was going to stop in the center of the path, so gently to bar my way! She afterward told me that before I reached her the Spirit of God seemed to say to her, 'Speak to this young man.' As she stopped I had no alternative but to do the same. How amazed I was, and ashamed as well, that I had imagined her—the Methodist—something of a horror, of which I might be afraid! How sweet her face

was, and such a smile! She saw that I was alarmed, but she spoke in such a gentle way, and in tones that I shall never forget: 'Good morning; may I speak a few words to you?' My trepidation at once calmed down as I looked again at that saintly face and answered, 'Yes, madam, you may say what you wish.' Touching my sleeve, she said, 'I want to ask you this question: Do you pray?' Had she asked me, 'Do you say your prayers?' I could have answered with great confidence. She did not mean or say that, though herself an Episcopalian, and well acquainted with the Prayer Book. I had never offered an extempore prayer—could not have done it. My heart had not learned to utter its own cry to God. I had only repeated the language of other people, whether it expressed my own condition or not. I saw at once what she meant, and, being too manly to tell a falsehood, I answered, 'No, madam, I do not.' She drew a deep sigh, and said, 'Then what is to become of *your soul?*' Up to that hour I had supposed that my soul was all right, but her question went through my heart, and I became conscious that I was unsaved and my soul in danger. I saw myself in the sight of God a sinner, guilty and polluted. What a revelation that hour was to me! I had nothing to say. She saw how God was helping her, and touched my arm again. How glad I am that she touched me! The Lord Jesus touched those whom he would bless. There was sympathy and personal appeal in it. She talked perhaps for fifteen minutes—of repentance, what it was to be born again, to have the witness of the Spirit. When she ceased I had learned more about true religion than I had gained from all the sermons I had ever heard—I realized that I was indeed a sinner, needing a change of heart, and must be saved! She earnestly exhorted me not to lose an hour carrying out my resolution to seek the Lord, and then used these words: 'God is not only able and willing to save your soul, but he is also willing to make you the

means of the salvation of other people.' These words startled me. Realizing, as I then did, the depth of my own unworthiness, I could not imagine that God would add personal usefulness to personal salvation. Perhaps it ministers to the joy of this faithful disciple now to know that her expectation was not disappointed.

"We parted, but I was so determined to lose no time in seeking the Lord that I let the worldly business go for that morning and walked on to a gate leading into the field, and behind the wall I dropped on my knees and pleaded with God for mercy. There and then I gave myself to Christ as Saviour and Lord forever, and implored him to make me such a Christian as this lady had taught me I must become. That evening I called on her, and she further instructed and prayed with me. She put into my hands the same books that had helped her—Carvosso's Life and Mrs. Rogers's Life—telling me to read them daily, with my Bible, and keep on praying earnestly until I felt that God had converted my soul.

"It was a hard conflict, and a long time elapsed ere I entered into the light and joy of salvation. No Methodistic or evangelical ministry was within my reach. My dear friend was my only helper. The wicked scoffed at me, and some from whom better things might have been expected pointed the finger of scorn at the 'New Methodist.' My convictions of sin were very keen. Often I could not eat or sleep. Sometimes I was so distressed that I would rise at midnight, walk the fields, and look up to the stars and cry to God above them to come to my help and grant me mercy. In this agonized condition a new difficulty was added to my burden. A person connected with the 'Plymouth Brethren' urged me to give up all anxiety on the ground that 'If you are elected to be saved God will in his own good time gather you in; being complete in Christ, why distress yourself thus?' I thought and reasoned over those words, if I was 'elected

to be saved,' and shuddered as I reflected on the other side of that doctrine. I searched for ground to enable me to believe that I was one of the elect and my safety therefore assured, but could not find it, while my very anguish of soul and the length of time I had now struggled to find peace with God seemed to prove that I was, instead, one of the nonelect! Had I disclosed my sorrow to my new friend she might have helped me out of it, but I feared that I was giving her too much trouble. What weary months of distraction and mental pain I passed through ere relief came! Winter arrived, and Mrs. Crampton returned to the city. After a while I followed, and on the ensuing Sabbath morning I accompanied her to the Methodist chapel. How simple and apostolic it all appeared! The hearty singing, the extempore prayers, the experimental teaching, all delighted me. I had found the very help my discouraged soul required, and it was easy to conclude at once that these people should be my people for the rest of my life.

"Here I first saw the dear old harper. It was then the custom to 'line out' the hymns—that is, the preacher gave out two lines, and when the congregation had sung them the next two were given. Everyone sang, including the harper. It was inspiring to behold his glowing countenance as he sang. It happened that the first hymn was 'O for a thousand tongues, to sing!' The outburst of holy praise rose in ardor as the hymn proceeded, but when we came to the last verse,

> 'Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
> Your loosened tongues employ,'

I turned to see the effect of the next two lines on the man who of all that adoring assembly could best appreciate:

> 'Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
> And leap, ye lame, for joy!'

The old harper was thrilled; the effect was almost over-

whelming. His face shone, the tears ran down his cheeks, and the sightless eyeballs were lifted in adoration of the Saviour he seemed then and there to behold. Numbers were looking at him, their tears flowing in sympathy with his joy. Blind as he was, he was beholding more than any of us were favored to see. Thank God, there are revelations in spiritual things of which the world knows not.

"The memory of that blessed Sabbath remains with me to this hour. I joined a class and entered with avidity into the enjoyment of the means of grace possessed by these people. One Sunday afternoon, in the Hendrick Street Chapel, I was enabled to rest on Christ as my personal Saviour. All the burden rolled off my heart, and I knew that I was saved. I rose to my feet and acknowledged what the Lord had done for my soul, and those present rejoiced with me. My precious friend was made happy. She urged the duty of mental culture, and, above all, the regular perusal of the word of God, with special reference to the attainment of that further state of grace to which, as a child of God, I had now become entitled. I consequently joined one of the little bands which met to pray for this blessing of purity of heart, the 'perfect love which casteth out fear.' I did not trouble myself about the definition of the doctrine any more than I did a few weeks before when God granted me the blessing of justification. Mr. Wesley's sermon on 'The Repentance of Believers,' and his *Plain Account of Christian Perfection,* and also Mr. Fletcher's treatise, greatly helped me. At one meeting a peculiar spirit of earnestness for the blessing sought became manifest. We were kneeling, and one after the other prayed, and some one suggested that we should sing, as we knelt, with all the faith we had:

> 'O that it now from heaven might fall,
> And all my sins consume!
> Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
> Spirit of burning, come!

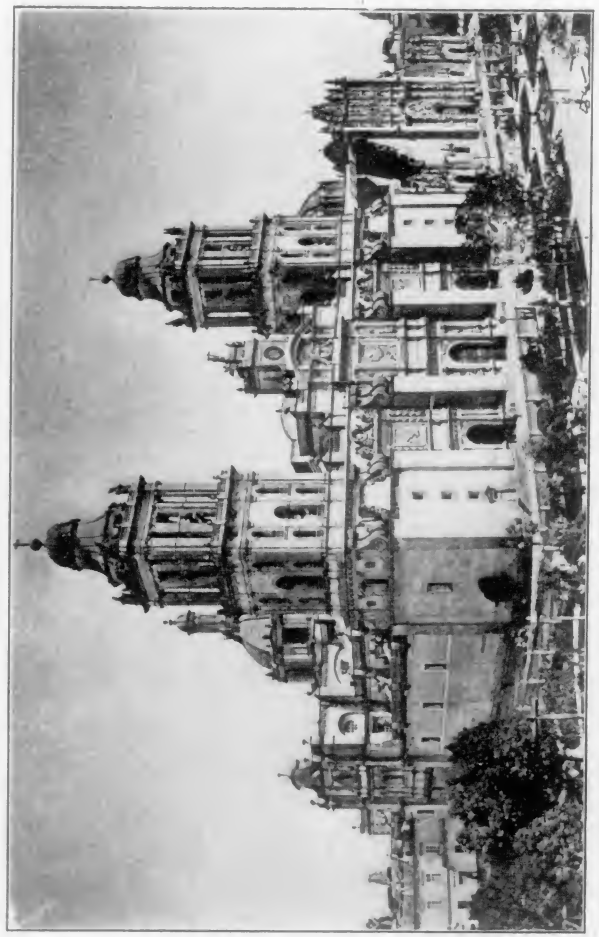
'Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.'

"As the singing closed all became conscious of the surrounding presence of the Holy Sanctifier. I can describe my own feeling very imperfectly, for this was something beyond what I had known before. It seemed to be light and life combined, resulting in

'The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.'

Christ had become everything to me, while I seemed to sink at his blessed feet, lost in astonishment and love. Those in any denomination who have sought and found this grace will understand what I am trying to narrate. The effect on me was clear. I had henceforth more delight in devotion, closer intimacy with God, greater stability of heart and character, and more deadness to the world. 'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' kept my heart and mind from day to day.

"Some time after this Dr. Durbin, then the President of Dickinson College, preached at Abbey Street Chapel. His text was, 'A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.' Those were the days of candles in the pulpit, and in illustration of his theme of the divine tenderness toward every penitent soul he lifted the snuffers and took off the superfluous wick; then, after a moment's pause, he opened the snuffers. A tiny puff of smoke rose up out of the holder, and he stretched it out toward the audience and proceeded to show that a feeling in the human soul as weak even as that smoking flax need not be discouraged, for God would not quench it. He carried out the doctrine of the divine mercy to mankind, and showed that willful refusal, and that alone, could cause the final rejection of any human soul. In the light of this sermon the ghastly creed of an

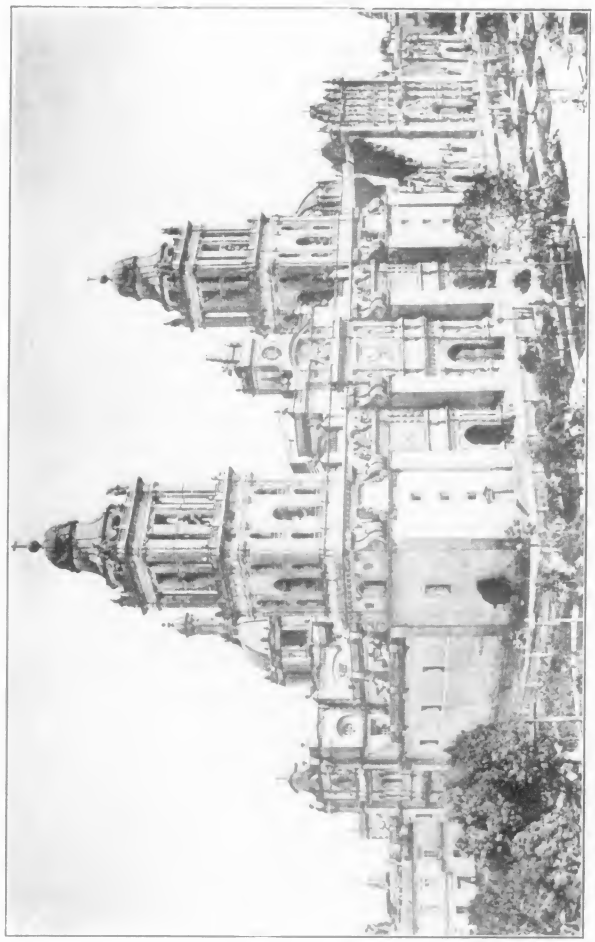


Cathedral in Mexico City

arbitrary reprobation of men as men, that horrible decree which had hung over my mind like a cloud, vanished away forever.

"A new and special interest for the great country which Dr. Durbin represented sprang up in my mind. Yet how far I was from imagining that evening in what interesting relation we were yet to stand to each other—how from the very hand which held forth that humble illustration I was to receive, in another pulpit beyond the Atlantic, an American passport and that commission under which I became the chosen representative of his Church, and the founder of that work in India on which his heart was so long set and to which some of his grandest eloquence became consecrated toward the close of his public life."

Bishop Thoburn has said that what a man does within a few hours after his conversion he will do for the rest of his life, and hence urges giving immediate attention to converts to teach them at once to give and to work for others. In a short time after this joyful change came to William Butler's heart he entered the cathedral in Dublin and noticed the number of persons who were kneeling before the confession boxes. His mind was so satisfied with what he had received that he looked with compassion on the kneeling penitents and on the priests who were giving absolution. He remembered that he stood in no need of the holy water—that God had sprinkled him with the blood of Jesus Christ; nor did he need human absolution, for God himself had witnessed his pardon. The candles on the altar were nothing to him, for the light of the glory of God was shining on his soul, and he realized as never before the difference between a spiritual religion and a ritualistic faith. As he passed out of the cathedral he noticed a fine-looking old lady with a motherly face, down which the tears were still streaming. Though he was but a youth, he was touched with sympathy, and,



CATHEDRAL IN MEXICO CITY

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addressing her as "Mother," he inquired the cause for her sorrow. She answered frankly that she was crying for her sins. He asked what she had done to get rid of the burden, and her reply was that she had done all the priest had required, but that the weight of guilt remained. He then asked if she would listen to his story, and related his experience, and how three weeks before he had the same sorrow, but that God for Christ's sake had taken it all away. The message was new to the weary heart, and she asked, eagerly: "My dear, do you think he would do it for me? Would he do it for me?" With all the earnestness of his nature he pleaded with her to go to her home and, leaving all her penance, simply to rely on Christ and ask God for forgiveness. What confidence had the boy of nineteen in his Saviour to thus commend him to the heavy-laden one so much his senior!

It was the habit of the young student during his residence in Dublin to visit the Four Courts and there listen to the eminent jurists and lawyers of the day, among whom Daniel O'Connell was the most prominent. The following incident was one which he delighted to relate: The Rev. S. Wood, a Methodist preacher of great talent and genuine piety, had been attacked by a Roman Catholic and narrowly escaped death. The would-be murderer was arrested and tried. The case aroused intense interest. Mr. Wood, a gentleman of refined and commanding appearance, was called upon to make his statement. Instead of condemning the prisoner he made a most tender and eloquent address in behalf of the man at the bar. The judge was astonished. He looked at Mr. Wood, who stood, hat in hand, earnestly pleading, and said, "Mr. Wood, while I look at that hat in your hand, which is riddled with bullet holes, I cannot have a doubt of the guilt of this man." "Your Lordship," said Mr. Wood, as he instantly put his hand behind his back, "you shall see that hat no more!" The judge was moved, and the jury

unanimously passed the verdict of not guilty. This was received with great applause, and Daniel O'Connell himself testified his high opinion of that unpremeditated stroke of oratory, while many of those present remembered the source of Mr. Wood's inspiration, as he had often read from Isaiah, "Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back."

William Butler afterward saw Daniel O'Connell tried for treason, and witnessed the wild excitement and the pleadings for and against that remarkable man, who at the time posed as the fearless antagonist of the government of England.

In preparation for his lifework the future missionary was endowed with a magnificent constitution, and his stalwart frame, nearly six feet in height, with the great breadth of his shoulders, gave the impression of unusual strength. On one occasion he entered a stage, and finding the only space available was next to a very petite lady, he sat on the extreme edge of the seat in order not to crowd her. The lady had a view of his broad back and massive head, and finally, touching his arm to attract his attention, she looked up into his face and said, timidly, "When the God Almighty made you he made *something!*" This fine physique stood him in good stead in the labors of his after life when long journeys had to be taken on horseback and in other ways which called for endurance. He was a magnificent swimmer, and taught many people this useful accomplishment during the summer vacations at Ocean Grove or at Martha's Vineyard.

On one occasion, years later, he was traveling in company with Bishop Simpson and Dr. Peck. The conversation turned on the birthplaces of the party, and when Bishop Simpson stated that he was born only a few months after the family came to this country from Ireland, Dr. Peck threw up his hands in feigned alarm. "O, Bishop, what a narrow escape you had of being an Irish-

man!" Soon after this the trio were breakfasting at a hotel in the West, when their attention was attracted to an irate traveler who was trying to secure his breakfast in time for an early train. The Irish waiter who was serving him was so slow and stupid that finally the traveler exclaimed, "What did God Almighty make an Irishman for, anyway?" Dr. Peck nudged the Bishop, and he in turn touched the missionary. When the traveler had departed, with only half a breakfast, Dr. Peck turned to his neighbor and asked, "Well, Bishop, what did God make an Irishman for, anyway?" Bishop Simpson was quite ready, and the retort came quickly, "He made him to show what he could do." The life stories of these two Scotch-Irish and English-Irish preachers show what God does with the sons of this hardy, enthusiastic, warm-hearted race.

CHAPTER II

"Who Will Go for Us?"

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

In 1839 William Butler crossed the Channel to Liverpool to be present at the celebration of the centenary of Wesleyan Methodism. On Sabbath morning he went to an open-air service at St. John's Market with a friend who was a local preacher. Greatly to his amazement, at the close of the sermon his friend announced that at three o'clock in the afternoon William Butler would preach there. He was so astonished at this announcement that he had not breath left to protest. When the crowd had departed he expostulated, stating that he had but recently been converted, but the good brother replied, "You must preach the Gospel, or you will lose your religion." Some anxious hours were passed in study and prayer. At length the words, "Ye must be born again," came to his mind, and he thought, "At least I know what that is; so I can tell them something about it and spend the rest of the time in persuading them to seek the second birth." The burden of the Lord had been laid on his shoulders, and it was very heavy. Of the first sermon he says: "My poor heart beat fast, and I cried to God for help. At length the text was uttered, 'Ye must be born again.' There was only one way for me. If I looked into the faces of the congregation I would surely become confused; so I closed my eyes and dared not open them again until my poor little sermon was ended. As I was telling what God had done for me a person on the right hand said, 'Amen!' How that helped me! I felt that some one

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was being benefited. At last I concluded, and ventured to open my eyes. I prayed, and the audience was dismissed; the dreaded ordeal was over. I said to my friend, 'I have done what you laid on me, but I shall never make another effort.' When I returned to my home I found that the news that I had been preaching had reached there before me. This was the 'sending forth' that I received, and having obtained help of God, I have continued until this day to minister the word of life as God has enabled me. Yes, and upon that weakest of all efforts the gracious God was pleased to set his own seal. I was to meet the blessed result forty-four years afterward in America, when one of my parishioners, in traveling, met a gentleman from Canada who had inquired of Methodist matters, and on the pastor being mentioned eagerly asked his Christian name, and said, with deep feeling, 'Forty-four years ago I heard that man preach at St. John's Market, in Liverpool, and under that sermon I was led to Christ.'"

In Liverpool he met Mr. Trippett, of the New York Conference, and acquired a deep interest in the work of Methodism in this country. He subscribed for *The Christian Advocate,* and in that way began his interest in the Church he was to serve for so many years.

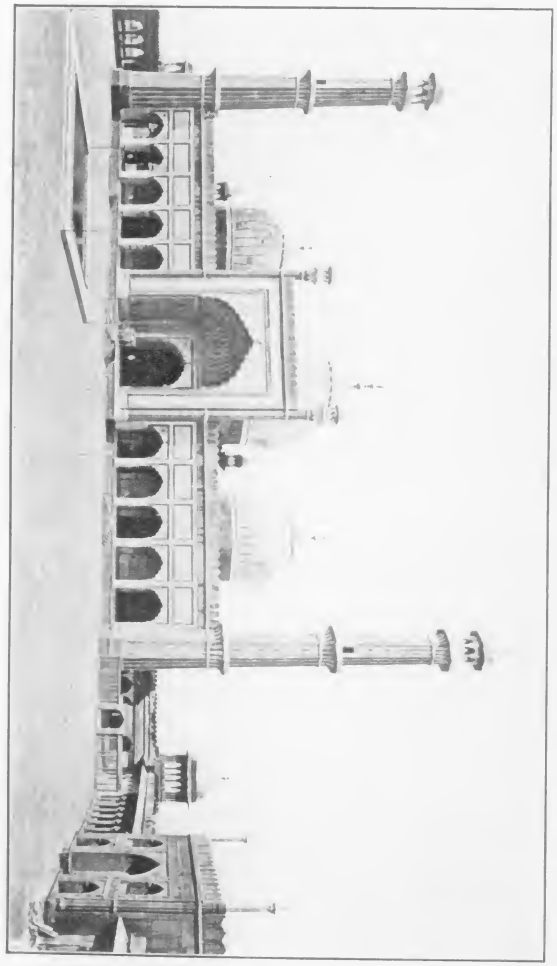
A short time after his conversion the young man had entered the Hardwick Street Mission Seminary and Training School in Dublin, which was established by the Wesleyans in a building which had formerly been a Jesuit college. The institution was maintained for the purpose of preparing workers and candidates for the ministry. After completing his course here he was put in charge of a mission near Lisburn, where he held some great temperance meetings in a tent, with singing temperance sailors and soldiers he brought from Belfast to aid in the meetings. An old friend writes: "He thus enrolled a host of people on the temperance side from town and country,

such as the people never saw before. So great was the wave of enthusiasm he created on that subject that many of the rich and of the poor would have died for William Butler. Later he went to a mission on the west coast and worked for the fishermen and built a chapel for them, to which they gave his name, so that the first 'Butler Chapel' was a memorial to his devotion to the poor of the Donegal Circuit." Feeling the need of further preparation, he went to Didsbury College, near Manchester, to take a theological course under the venerable Dr. Hannah. An incident of his life there may well illustrate the passion for the salvation of souls which possessed him. It was the custom of the students to hold cottage prayer meetings in the adjacent villages. One morning a countryman appeared at the seminary asking for Mr. Butler and the other students who had led the meeting in a certain village the night before. He was at first refused, as it was near lecture hours, but persisted until his request was granted. The man had been in great distress of mind on account of his sins. The members of the class were called and fervently prayed for the awakened soul. So earnest were the students that they did not hear the bell which summoned them to a lecture. The second ringing was equally unheeded, but upon the third some left, and appeared in the lecture room to find an irate professor, who inquired with some acerbity about the apparent defection of the class. This was Professor Thornton, who many years afterward so charmed our General Conference in Chicago by his impressive reading of the Scriptures. When the explanation was given he replied, in a very different tone, "Go back, gentlemen; you have a task on hand more important than Greek." In the long life granted to William Butler the leading of a soul into the glorious light of a conscious salvation was the greatest work that could enlist his endeavor.

On the completion of his course at Didsbury he was

invited to the pastorate of a large church in England, but feeling that his work should be, at least at first, in his old field, he returned to Ireland and was appointed to a circuit under the venerable James Lynch, who had been one of the band of missionaries accompanying Dr. Coke to India in 1814. As they traveled together the junior preacher was greatly influenced by the old man's missionary enthusiasm. Mr. Lynch was never weary of recounting their experiences and telling of the trying days when, having lost their leader at sea, on landing they were without money, all the drafts having been made out in the name of Dr. Coke. As an appeal to England and the answer would require six months, in those days of slow communication, what should they do until money could reach them? In their distress they called upon the Governor, who received them kindly. Mr. Lynch, having told the story so many times, finally fell into a certain form of words and with the utmost unconsciousness would state: "We appealed to his Excellency, but first we went to God in prayer, and he said, 'Gentlemen, you shall have all the money you require.'"

For six years the young preacher labored in the Irish Conference, where his zeal won for him many friends. The Rev. James Shaw illustrates his systematic methods of working by a characteristic incident. Having promised to exchange with him, and to preach on the subject of missions, Mr. Shaw felt some natural trepidation. Arriving, however, in the town where he was to speak, he not only found his name placarded on walls and windows, and a congregation eager to listen to his words, but arrangements completed for the young people to accompany the preacher to the town where would be held the second service of the day. As a result of this careful planning the speaker was encouraged and the people inspired, and large collections were taken at each appointment.



MOSQUE AT DELHI

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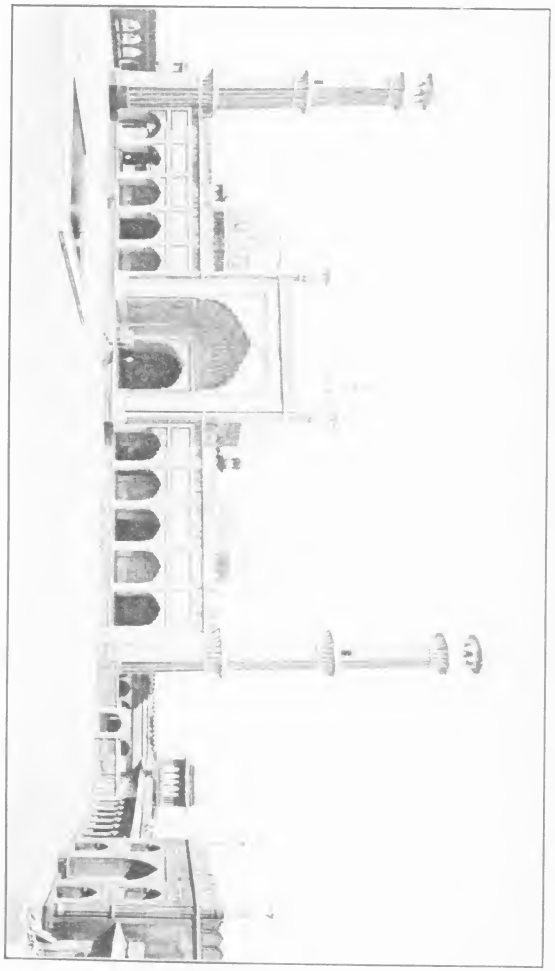

MOSQUE AT DELHI

At Wexford, William Butler was holding a series of revival services in the chapel of which Mr. Moses Rowe was an active member. His daughter Clementina, though not a professed Christian, had just taken a class in the Sunday school. During the meetings an especial appeal was made to any who might be attempting to teach what they did not themselves know by experience. This young lady was soon afterward happily converted. This fact, and also her close resemblance to the saintly Mrs. Crampton, gave the young preacher a deep interest in the daughter of his friend. Later he visited the family when about to preach his trial sermon before the Conference, which was on the text, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." The sermon was of great power, arousing unusual interest in the members of the Conference. He also visited in this home with his wife, an English lady from Manchester.

In 1850 certain events turned Mr. Butler's attention to the United States, and he was led to join the Methodist Church in this growing country, being received into the New York East Conference by Bishop Janes. On account of a special call to the New England Conference he was transferred and stationed at Williamsburg. On the voyage over the captain of the vessel was converted through his efforts. The missionary fire in his heart was not quenched, and during his pastorate at Shelburne Falls and at Westfield he wrote several appeals for the Church papers, made a compendium of missions, preached on the subject at the Biblical Institute at Concord, New Hampshire, and prepared the article on "Methodist Missions" for Newcomb's *Encyclopedia*. At Westfield he had hardly entered on his pastorate when his beautiful wife died suddenly, a blow by which he was almost crushed. The three little sons were tenderly cared for by the

parishioners, by whom Mrs. Butler had been greatly beloved, though she had been with them but a few months.

The missionary interest in the Methodist Church was rising. Dr. Alexander Duff was visiting in this country, urging upon the denomination its duty and privilege in the great land of India. Dr. Durbin, the Missionary Secretary, saw clearly that India was to be the leading mission field of the world; that the great battle between Christianity on the one hand and Islam and heathenism on the other must be fought out in that empire. In 1852 an appropriation was made, and a call for a man to go as superintendent, select a field, and lay out plans was published in the Church papers. Bishop Thoburn says: "Four years elapsed, during which this appropriation of seven thousand five hundred dollars was kept standing, before anyone with proper qualifications could be found willing to assume the responsible task of founding a great Mission in India. It would surprise our people at the present day if the whole truth were told about the search for a superintendent between 1852 and 1856. Incidentally I have heard of so many men who were asked, and who for various reasons were unable to accept the post, that I am inclined to the opinion that no other prominent post in the history of our Church was ever declined by so many nominees."

Finally Dr. Durbin published an article, in May, 1855, under the heading of "The Crisis," urging the matter of the India Mission on the heart of the Church, saying that if the right person did not soon appear the proposed Mission must be abandoned. William Butler watched eagerly to see if there would not be some response to this forcible plea. Meanwhile he had written to Miss Rowe, who had so attracted his attention in her father's house in Wexford, asking if she would come to aid him in his work. She consented, and sailed for Portland, Maine, where they were married, November 23, 1854. Afterward Dr. Durbin

wrote to him asking if he would be willing to go to the African Mission. The request came as a complete surprise, but he consented; though later, on account of his children, and the fact that his constitution would not be suited to the climate of Africa, it was thought best for him not to go to that field. He became naturalized as an American citizen and expected to devote his life to the Methodist Church in this country. The call for India was on his heart, but he refrained from offering himself, thinking that some one longer connected with the Church here, and therefore better known and more likely to command the interest of the membership for the great enterprise, would volunteer. Finally, on the tenth of October, five months after Dr. Durbin's article had appeared, as no other had been found, he offered himself for the post, his devoted wife being in full sympathy with his intention.

Dr. Daniel Steele repeats his words in making the decision: "When I consider the character of the Son of God, who made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of a man, who humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, I cannot longer refuse to answer the call of the Missionary Secretary to go down to those dark millions and proclaim the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ." It is worth noting that at this time William Butler was pastor of the Lynn Common Church, and that a Congregational pastor of the same city, Rev. Parsons Cooke, had just published a volume in which he endeavored to prove that the Methodist Church was not a branch of the Church of Christ, because of its lack of foreign missionary endeavor!

The volunteer was gladly accepted and was appointed Superintendent of the Mission. The expected colleagues were not ready when he sailed, on the ninth of April, 1856, with his wife and two children. On the previous day he took leave of his Conference in Salem, Massachusetts, and

a farewell meeting was held in his own church, at which Dr. Durbin counseled him to have confidence in the divine guidance and assured him that the Church would give him large discretion in the task he was about to undertake. Bishop Simpson wrote instructing him to "Lay broad and deep foundations for Methodism in India." That this behest was carried out the record of the Mission testifies.

Arrangements had been made to leave the two eldest boys with friends who had promised to care for them as their own. At almost the last moment these people reconsidered their decision, and the father was obliged to place his boys in a school at Wilton, Connecticut. This was the greatest trial which he endured on departing, and it was made the more bitter by the words of a member of the official board of his church, who upbraided him for leaving his children for the sake of the heathen, and asserted that if they should become wicked the blame would be on his head. What an awful thought to lay on a father's heart! Only by trusting in the promise of God made to whosoever should leave "children for the kingdom of God's sake," and by knowing in whom he had believed and being persuaded that he was "able to keep," was the father upheld in this separation. The brother who remained at home to care for his children failed in the task, and both went far astray, while of the two boys who were left in God's care one died, but as a Christian, and the other has been for nearly thirty years in the Mexico Mission, as successful in the work as was his father.

Some time was spent in London in consultation with the representatives of the various societies working in India, by whom the new missionary was invariably welcomed, and much help given in the way of showing the most needy parts of the field. The Rev. William Arthur, the author of *The Tongue of Fire,* entertained the American missionaries in his home, and as he had spent

some time in India he was able to assist them materially. One day they had gone into London to make some purchases and presented their letter of credit at the bank, only to be reminded that it was drawn at three days' sight. With only one shilling in pocket the missionary's situation partook of the nature of a dilemma. If the shilling were spent for luncheon there would be nothing left for omnibus fare. If they omitted luncheon, and returned to the home, the day would be lost for business and shopping. Finally, upon inquiry, it was learned that the president of the bank was the philanthropist Peabody. Asking for an interview, they were received most kindly. Mr. Peabody inquired for news from Salem and was pleased to find that his visitor had just come from that town. He thus satisfied himself of William Butler's identity and allowed him to draw all the money he needed.

At a mass meeting held in London as a farewell to the representative of the new Mission the venerable James Lynch, who had been the means of awakening his interest in missionary work, was on the platform and offered the closing prayer. Thus were brought together the beginnings of the work of the Wesleyan Church and that of the Methodist Episcopal for the great continent of India. The delay of three years which had passed before a suitable man could be found to open the new work was clearly seen to be providential, since entrance to the section of country finally selected as the most suitable for our Mission was accomplished at the close of the excitement caused by the annexation of the kingdom of Oudh and the banishment of its cruel and debased King.

As the steamer bearing the first missionaries for this field started on its outward voyage it passed a sister ship of the same line having on board the Dowager Queen of Oudh, the first woman of royal line who had ever left India. The object of her journey was to persuade the British government to leave the King of Oudh in power.

Had her request been granted the missionaries could not have entered that kingdom. How strange that these persons—one the representative of a cruel despotism, the others the messengers of the Prince of Peace—should thus cross pathways! Discussions on board ship turned on the recently published theories of Bishop Colenso, who had declared that he would admit to the Church a convert from heathenism with all his wives! He defended the proposition upon alleged scriptural grounds. The passengers on board the *Pera* were inclined to agree with Colenso's views until one asked: "If polygamy should not exclude from the Lord's table, then should polyandry? If the privilege be allowed to a man with five wives, why not to a woman with five husbands?" (Both conditions existed in India, though the latter is not common.) This view of the question changed the opinion of those who were inclined to favor the affirmative. A more rapid voyage than usual kept the steamer at Malta to await the overland mails, and the travelers were allowed the pleasure of spending some days on that interesting island. A tradition in the family asserts that, during their sightseeing, a very hungry company having gone to the hotel for luncheon, a large piece of the "roast beef of Old England" was placed before them. Mrs. Butler had an idea that beef would not be obtainable in India, since the Hindus hold the cow as sacred, and having a fine sea appetite, she resolved to fully show her appreciation of the slices of the cold roast lest she might have no second opportunity for long years. The number of helpings was originally placed at five, but the story has grown in the telling!

The city of Valletta held many reminders of the heroic achievements of the Crusaders. The church of the Knights of St. John kept as its chief treasure the keys of the city of Jerusalem, brought by the Knights when they were expelled from Palestine. It will be remembered

that Napoleon seized the great silver images of the apostles which formerly adorned this historic temple and ordered them to be turned into coin, coolly remarking that the apostles would do more good by alleviating the wants of his men than by standing silent at the altar. A silver railing was also one of the glories of this church, but some one had painted it over so that it escaped the notice of the conqueror. Of greater interest even than the sight of these objects was the ride across the island to St. Paul's Bay, which is reasonably believed to be the very spot where the great apostle was shipwrecked. William Butler took this journey in a reverent mood, and on arrival at the place where, as described in the twentieth chapter of Acts, "two seas met," and where the currents even now cast upon the shore any hapless vessel driven in by the storm, he went apart from his companions, and kneeling down on the sand, reviewed his call and commission, and pleaded with God that he might, like the apostle, be made a light unto the Gentiles to whom he was being sent. A renewal of his consecration came to him on that spot, with a blessed influence impossible to put into words. St. Paul had always been, next to his divine Lord, the greatest inspiration in his Christian life, and it was a joy indeed to touch the spot made sacred by the feet of the great apostle.

The journey was a long, weary one. The Suez Canal not having been opened, it was necessary for passengers to transship and cross from Cairo to Suez in rough carts. The mails and luggage alone required a train of seven hundred camels. The verdant fields of the "Land of Goshen" were delightful; but all too soon appeared the desert lands, where sand and dust and that plague of flies from which Egypt seems never to have been relieved, together with the tepid well water, made the discomfort very great. Those who have read *From Boston to Bareilly* will recall the description of the blessed relief the travelers experi-

enced when upon entering the cabin of the waiting steamer they found a great bowl piled up with ice from Wenham Lake, near Boston, which had twice passed the equator, and water from the Ganges to slake their thirst. "Heaven's bounty" water is called in India, where it is so precious. The first stop of their ship was at Ceylon, where a visit of a few hours allowed time for a drive to the Cinnamon Gardens and a call at the Wesleyan Mission House. Just as the hour drew near for returning to the steamer the strains of a familiar hymn were heard. There was not time to visit the class meeting then in session, but a share in the Christian worship of the Cingalese brethren was given to these new missionaries as they joined in spirit in the words of "Jesus, lover of my soul," the first Lord's song in the strange land to which they had come with their message about this same Jesus. At Madras, two days later, Mr. Butler had his greatest anxiety concerning the future of his work allayed by a conversation with a young native student. He had been longing to know if the subtle mind of the Hindus would accept Christ in the same way as he had done, and whether they would know Christ to the joy of their hearts as had been his glad experience. The student gave such clear testimony of the saving grace of God, and of his consecration to the work of the ministry in the endeavor to bring others of his countrymen to the same blessing, that the new missionary's heart was fully assured that Christ is the same satisfying portion to every heart which will open to receive his atonement.

At Calcutta the missionaries were met by two Scotch merchants, Mr. Young and Mr. Stewart, who had heard by the last steamer that the American Methodists were sending representatives, and so fully did they sympathize with all who were attempting to raise the condition of the heathen about them that they welcomed this missionary family, though of another denomination and na-

GROUP OF FAKIRS

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tionality, and entertained them during their stay in the city. This was but the beginning of the kindness and substantial help which the Methodist Mission has received in generous measure from Christian men in the civil and military service and from the merchants of India. The different missionary bodies in Calcutta hailed the advent of a new Mission with joy, and several fields were pressed upon the attention of the Superintendent as being each one more needy than the last mentioned. Dr. Duff, whose eloquent plea had been the inspiration for this undertaking, assisted in every way in his power, saying that he believed that our system of class meetings would be successful in that land. The name of this devoted and eminently successful missionary is associated with many good works for the welfare of India; still it may well be questioned if he did anything which has proved more of a blessing to the land he longed to redeem than he accomplished by the burning words which induced the Methodist Church, with all its enthusiasm and resources, to enter the work. The college established by Dr. Duff had at this time one thousand students, young men who were not only receiving an education, but being personally influenced by the upright character of this truly great man.

Here in Calcutta the American missionaries had their first view of the idolatry of Hinduism. The Dourga Poojah, or festival in honor of the goddess Kali, was in progress for a week. All the offices of the government were closed, and business was at a standstill while the masses engaged in their worship. Images of clay were made for this festival, and the priest having prayed the presence of the goddess into the images, it was then worshiped. Later the priest declared that Kali had departed from the figure, whereupon it was taken to the river, broken in pieces, and thrown into the rushing water. This was the sight which met the missionaries as they drove

along the bank, watching the workings of the system which they had come to supplant. The procession in honor of the goddess was even more dreadful, for a great image of her, eight feet high, was carried through the streets; her long tongue hung down upon her breast, her four hands held instruments of murder or skulls dripping with blood, and around her throat was a necklace of skulls. As the multitudes surged through the streets, mad with the idolatry which so bound their consciences, they cried out, "Victory to Kali!" This awful cry sank deep into the hearts of the newcomers. How long must they wait to hear some of these voices in glad hosannas? Would it be their privilege to lead some of these immortal souls into loyalty to the Lord of Life?

Another view of Hindu practices was brought to their attention by the reply made to their admiring notice of the beautiful little nine-year-old daughter of a baboo, when they were told that she would be married the next year! No wonder that they began with eagerness to attack the language, looking for the time when they might speak against these abuses. In a letter of Mrs. Butler's, written at this time, occurs the expression, "India is the land of breaking hearts."

CHAPTER III

THE SELECTION OF THE FIELD

"Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared."

OF all the jewels of the Orient, India is the choicest. Her history is one long record of the efforts of warring rulers to take her as a rich prize, the wealth of "Ormuz and of Ind" being the temptation before the eyes of each world conqueror. But why has she been the great object of desire to the missionary societies of the whole Christian Church? Under the shadow of the Himalayas there have been written those epics and hymns to which the two hundred and eighty millions of Hindus listen as to inspired teachings. No people have such a great mass of ancient literature, and these writings have a religious tone throughout. What, then, is the system that has resulted from these sacred books? Why did India call to the Methodist Church in 1856? For the reason that within her borders the most awful system of idolatry which has ever oppressed the minds of men has bound her people with cruel laws of caste and custom—an idolatry so exacting that its rules enter into the minutest details of their everyday life; a system which holds up for the adoration of men three hundred and thirty millions of deities, among which there is none of mercy or love for mankind; a teaching which keeps before their minds a horror of eight million births, which may be into the bodies of animals or of demons. This overshadowing fear of transmigration is set for us in one of their songs:

> "How many births are past I cannot tell;
> How many yet to come I cannot say;
> But this alone I know, and know full well,
> That pain and grief embitter all the way!"

A system which provides for its worshipers idols so hideous that they are loathsome to the healthy mind. The

pictures sold at the shrines of Kali are more or less familiar to our eyes, but let one of the sacred books describe her: "Kali, who has a terrible gaping mouth and uncombed hair; who has four hands and a splendid garland formed of the heads of giants she has slain, and whose blood she has drunk." Keshub Chunder Sen, the

THE GODDESS KALI.
From a colored picture sold to worshipers.

leader in the reform movement called the Brahmo Somaj, stated that "Idolatry is the deadly canker which has eaten into the vitals of native society;" and another Hindu writes that "Popular ideas on the subject of Kali worship by no means reach the mysterious vileness it suggests. Those inclined to dive into such filth must study the ritual." And, still, a system which advises its votaries in

the later books to attempt to please this evil spirit by offering human sacrifices. The Purana states: "If a devotee should scorch some member of his body the act would be very acceptable to the goddess; if he should draw some of his blood and present it it would be still more delectable; if he should cut off some portion of his own flesh that would be the most grateful of all. But if the worshiper should present a whole burnt offering it would prove acceptable in proportion to the importance of the beings thus immolated; by the blood of a crocodile the goddess will be pleased three months, by that of a tiger for a hundred years; the blood of a lion or a man will delight her appetite for a thousand years, while by the blood of three men slain in sacrifice she is pleased a hundred thousand years." The followers of this book, the Thugs, made it their practice to strangle unsuspecting travelers and defenseless strangers as their offering to this modern Moloch. And, again, a system which accords to woman a place lower than she holds in any other land, for, imprisoned in a zenana, her body was not so foully wronged as is her soul by the debasing teachings of these writings. In the ninth book of the *Code of Manu* she has explicit teaching that she is not to be allowed to receive the benefit which is supposed to be derived from the reading of the sacred books. The law is set forth in the following words: "Women have no business with the text of the Veda; this is fully settled; therefore, having no knowledge of the expiatory text, sinful women must be as foul as falsehood itself."

"But were there no beautiful things in these sacred books?" some may ask. Let Sir Monier Williams reply, after his constant study of fifty years: "After a life-long study of the religious books of the Hindus I feel compelled to express publicly my opinion of them. They begin with much promise and scintillations of truth and light, and occasional sublime thoughts from the source

of all truth and light, but end in sad corruption and lamentable impurities." The name of the one true God had been carried to India, it is true, by the Mohammedans, but with it they took their blind worship of Mohammed, their fatalism, their depraved social system, and their hatred of Christ. The Koran states that Allah, in creating the race, took a mass of clay and, dividing it into two parts, threw one half into hell, saying, "These to eternal fire, and I care not," and tossing the other half upward, "These to paradise, and I care not"—a faith which makes the quickest road to its paradise through the killing of the unbeliever.

What ground was there to suppose that Christianity would have any better fate than Buddhism, which far back, almost in the days of Isaiah the prophet, arose as a reform on this popular Hinduism and for a time carried everything before it, being adopted by the King, Asoka, who not only made it the state religion, but sent missionaries out into the countries beyond until it extended all over eastern Asia? It was a reform, but it contained no element of true life to lift the nations into an advanced civilization. "It is an outward constraint, not an inward inspiration. God is nothing; man is nothing; eternity is nothing. Hence the profound sadness of Buddhism. The only emancipation from self-love is in the perception of an infinite love. Buddhism, ignoring this infinite love, aiming at morality without religion, becomes at last the prey to the sadness of selfish isolation." Possibly Sidney Lanier is extravagant, for the Buddhist movement did restrain some of the most debased elements of Hinduism; yet he is right as he sings:

> "So, Buddha beautiful, I pardon thee
> That all thou didst for needy man was—nothing;
> And all thy best of being was but not to be."

The end and aim, then, of the three faiths which predominate in southern Asia may be thus contrasted with

Christianity: Hinduism, to escape from evil transmigrations and to reach Maya—illusion; Buddhism, so to consume all desire that Nirvana—extinction—may be attained; Mohammedanism, to accept Kismet—fate—and to reach a paradise of earthly delights. Against these the missionary placed his Gospel with its salvation from sin and fear of transmigration; its one "new birth" into a life of holy service and the resurrection to blessed activities in the mansions prepared in the city of our God.

The Provinces of Bellary, the Deccan, Rajputana, and others, were brought to the attention of the Superintendent as especially needy, but after five weeks in Calcutta he determined to go to the Northwest to consider the opening in Oudh and Rohilcund. The journey was undertaken in the best available method, which proved to be the buying of a small wagon which could be drawn by men. A good road existed, but the rivers were unbridged, or spanned by rude pontoons of boats. The travelers, having acquired very little of the language, met with some trying experiences, but after a while they found that the requests proffered by the coolies who drew the wagon generally amounted to a petition to be allowed to employ more men to pull them over some difficult place, so they fell into the habit of consenting to all demands. One evening on the bank of a river the coolies came to ask for something and were not satisfied with the nodded assent, but still continued their chatter. Finally two came to the door of the vehicle and motioned to Mrs. Butler to descend. The light was failing, and she knew that the short twilight of the tropics would soon be over; but there was nothing to do but to alight, whereupon two of the dirty, unclad fellows made a chair with their hands and motioned that she should put her arms around their necks that they might carry her across. Feeling that she was leaving all hope behind, she was borne down into the rushing water. The small boy of

the party objected vigorously to such close contact with the dark-skinned natives, and his protests uttered at the top of his lungs were wafted to the distracted mother on the other side of the river. She was distressed lest these frail-looking men would not be able to carry her husband's weight and might drop him in the middle of the stream. Just when these thoughts were troubling her mind she remembered that it was Saturday evening, and that the ladies of the church they had left had promised to gather every Saturday evening to pray for their missionaries. That memory sufficed; all fear departed, and she was able to meet the rest of the travelers on their arrival with a glad face. One of these rivers was so broad and had so many channels that it was a day's journey to cross it, and the government, recognizing this fact, had provided a rest house on either bank. Near one such place Mrs. Butler saw the dreadful sight, which, thank God, is now seldom witnessed, of women lying on the bank with their feet in the water of the sacred river waiting for death to relieve their sufferings, while some man of the family watched afar off until the time should come to push the lifeless body into the current. There these poor women lay, as far up the river side as she could see! The pity aroused in her heart then has never died. Waiting there by the river alone, and with no glorious hope of a better life and of a heaven prepared for them by One who had redeemed them with a great price!

To those who know the India of to-day, with its splendid military roads, fine bridges, and excellent railway equipment, the civilizing force of the British government is very apparent when contrasted with the uncomfortable means of travel in 1856. Mr. Tucker, the Commissioner at Benares, received the missionary most cordially and did his utmost to induce him to settle in his territory, showing what excellent preparatory work had been done, and offering substantial aid in the form of

yearly subscriptions. But on looking over the ground it was seen that missionaries of the Church of England were at work, and as the instructions were, if possible, to build on no other man's foundation it did not seem best to locate in Benares. Bishop Daltry, of the English Church, was a guest at the same house and showed a brotherly spirit rather unusual in those days toward a minister of a non-conformist Church. He even invited the Methodist preacher to conduct the morning devotions, though his own chaplain was with him. In parting he said, "Keep to the doctrines and teachings of Wesley, and God will give you success."

The Lieutenant Governor of the Northwest was at Benares to hold a great Durbar, at which the native princes were to show their loyalty. He very kindly invited the missionary to attend and have a place in the ceremony, while Mrs. Butler was privileged to sit behind a screen with the English ladies. The first arrivals were the princes of Delhi, who were received with much ceremony as members of the royal line of the Moguls. They were magnificently attired and covered with blazing jewels. The Governor shook hands with those highest in rank and bowed to the rest as they made their low salaams. Then a salver was brought on which was a silver bowl of attar of roses, with which the Governor touched the hand of each noble and presented him with "pawn," a mixture of spices done up in betel leaf and silver tinsel. These marks of favor having been received, each noble retired with profuse protestations of friendship for the English. None knew that the dreadful Mutiny was then being planned by these very princes. After these came the princes of Nepaul and nobles from the Punjab, wearing great fur caps and dressed in cloth of gold and silver. These were likewise honored. After them came a grandson of the "Lion of the Punjab," Runjeet Singh. The youth was about thirteen years of age, and as his educa-

tion had been intrusted to an Englishman he was able to address the Governor in English, which he spoke with fluency. He wished to go to England, but his mother was not willing.

The Rajah of Benares was the next guest of honor and was received with a salute of thirteen guns. He was more at home, and appeared to be amused at the thought of the English ladies being hidden behind a curtain like the ladies of a zenana. The last notable to appear was Amrut Rao, the grandson of the man who saved the life of Warren Hastings when the people of Benares had risen against him. He arrived and was presented in a plain dress, and then claimed the privilege of going to an anteroom to don the robes of state which had been presented to him, with his title, as a reward for this action. These robes were of cloth of gold, richly ornamented, while a valuable sword and a buckler on his arm completed the array. With great pomp the Governor presented to him a riding whip and an elephant goad, to signify that outside a beautiful charger and an elephant waited his acceptance. A lesser noble was presented with a watch and chain to show the government's appreciation of his action in opening a school, it being their policy to encourage education by every means. This description is here given that it may be seen how utterly unsuspecting were the English of the outbreak that was so soon to follow. They imagined that these ceremonies and the show of power would attach the people to their government; yet while at this Durbar these very men, with a few splendid exceptions, were planning for the overthrow of the government which now so highly honored them.

After surveying the field the Methodist representative decided that of those localities as yet unsupplied with organized missions the Provinces of Oudh and Rohilcund were the most needy. His good friend Commissioner Tucker told him that if he remained in Benares he would

A Group of Thugs

find a people prepared, but if he should go to Oudh, where the Mohammedan influence was so strong and the bigotry of the people so great, he would have to "take the bull by the horns." So in the very stronghold of the enemy the Mission of the Methodist Church was established. It was understood that twenty millions of unevangelized people were in these Provinces, which comprise a tract nearly as long as England and contain within their territory some of the most important shrines of "the throne land of Rama." As he passed through Allahabad the Presbyterian missionaries proved themselves true friends of the new work by giving to it a young man, educated in their schools, who could act as interpreter. This young student, Joel T. Janvier, was willing to go to the, to him, distant field, but the question arose as to whether his wife's mother could be induced to consent to the separation. The poor widow was called and the case presented. With tears in her eyes she replied, "Sahib, the Saviour came down from heaven to give himself for me, and why should I not give my daughter to his work?"

Mr. Muir, the Commissioner at Agra, afterward Sir William Muir, Lieutenant Governor of the Northwest Provinces, had been making a special study of Mohammedanism and later published a Life of Mohammed which stands at the head of the list of works on the subject. After an honorable career in India he retired and was elected President of Edinburgh University. When the Americans arrived he welcomed them to his home and showed great kindness, a delightful Christmas being spent under his roof. Here a friend provided a striking contrast. He took the new arrivals to see the most beautiful building in the world, the exquisite Taj Mahal. As it rose in its perfection in the midst of its lovely gardens it was like a bit of paradise. Immediately afterward the missionaries were escorted across the street—and in that

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short journey they seemed to arrive at the lower regions. The sight which awaited them was that of two hundred Thugs—men who under the cloak of their religion had made it their practice, according to the Kalika Purana, before mentioned, to delight the goddess by human sacrifices. They had made away with travelers on lonely roads, or broken into houses at night and murdered the inmates, not a child escaping. In no country boasting of any degree of civilization, save India, could such monsters claim religion as a pretext for their deeds. This religious sanction for the crimes committed by these men made it almost impossible for the native governments to cope with the evil, but the English authorities had no such scruples, and these two hundred had been imprisoned. A few days later some of them were photographed. It is well-nigh incredible that these faces here presented were of this class, but the one on the left acknowledged to thirty "sacrifices." During the Mutiny these men were released, and it is probable that they had a share in the awful atrocities of that period.

The Province selected for the Mission comprised an area equal to all of New England without Maine, with a population four times as large as that of the whole of New England. It extended from the Himalayas to the Ganges, and contained seven hundred large towns and cities. The capital of Oudh, Lucknow, had three times the population of Boston, and Bareilly was the home of two hundred thousand souls. William Butler felt that the Almighty had "fixed the bounds of our habitation," and that it was a field worthy of the powers of the great Methodist Church. It was the classic ground of Hinduism, and presented peculiar difficulties because of the many shrines which are found on the banks of the sacred rivers, which, as places of pilgrimage, are thronged by hundreds of thousands of worshipers every year. Oudh alone, when our Mission was founded, contained two hundred

and forty-six forts with eight thousand gunners. One of the three members of the commission which had informed the King of his removal told the missionary of the painful scene when these Englishmen went without a guard to break the news to Wajid Ali Shah. The corruption of the court had been so great that Bayard Taylor long before had written that "The East India Company would be fully justified in deposing the monarch." The old King wept and threw his turban on the floor, a sign of the deepest sorrow, refusing to accept the pension which was offered and which would support him in kingly state. But his wrath was as nothing compared to that of the Dowager Queen, who stormed through the screen behind which she sat for the interview. The King was almost an imbecile, possibly from the drugs administered by those who misgoverned in his name. After his removal to Calcutta he occupied a place on the banks of the Hugli. There he amused himself by watching the flights of his flocks of trained pigeons rising and soaring in figures obedient to the flag signals of an attendant.

The palaces and tombs of Lucknow were renowned for their splendor, the halls being filled with foreign curios as well as specimens of native art. There were costly clocks, French ornaments, and crystal chandeliers, on one of which the King was said to have spent fifty thousand dollars, while his needy people were neglected. The missionary's first view of the city was from the back of an elephant which the Commissioner had provided, insisting that it would not be safe for him to go into the streets alone. In front of the elephant went a mounted guard bearing a lance eleven feet in length to protect the American. So great was the lawlessness that every man in the bazaar carried a weapon. This first sight of the extreme depravity everywhere abounding was disheartening to the missionaries as they were carried through the crowded streets. All the magnificence of the architecture

and the rare beauty of the gardens were not sufficient to blind their eyes to the wickedness of the inhabitants. The splendid tomb of the great Nawab Azaf-ud-Doulah illustrated the fascinating beauty of the fabled Orient, while the condition of the masses indicated with equal clearness the effects of the Mohammedan misrule. The mosque being erected by the mother of the King, on which it was reported that she had expended over five millions of dollars, was beginning to fall because of dishonest work. Poor woman, she imagined herself so powerful that if she would condescend to go to London to ask for the favor she could induce the British government to allow the King to continue this state of things.

The Methodist missionary concluded that this kingdom sadly needed the Gospel of peace. In spite, therefore, of much opposition from the English officials, which was in striking contrast to the cordiality with which the missionary had been received elsewhere—those in Lucknow even going so far as to advise him to take the first ship back to America—he began a search for suitable headquarters. Nothing could be found adapted to his purpose; so he reluctantly moved on to Bareilly, where two officers, Colonel Troup and Lieutenant Gowan, and Judge Robertson welcomed the missionary and aided him in securing a fairly good piece of property. Joel was found to be an excellent interpreter and soon afterward entered into clear experience of the converting grace of God. A class meeting was established which was attended by six persons, one of them being Miss Maria Bolst, a Eurasian young lady who had been converted in the Baptist mission in Calcutta. She had been praying that God would send some Christian workers to Bareilly and was ready to assist Mrs. Butler to begin among the women. Together they went to the homes of some of the poorest of the people and begged the privilege of teaching their daughters. This was an unheard-of thing in this Province,

and no little girls could be secured to attend the school. The two Christian women could only plead with God to open the way to the hearts of their needy sisters. One man indeed said that he wished his daughter taught, but on going to his house it was soon discovered that the instruction was not for his daughter, and that those who desired it had no intention of using it for a good end. So the first message given by the Methodist Mission in a Hindu house was to fallen women.

Rumors were being circulated among the natives that the missionary had come as an agent of the British government to make Christians of them all by some mysterious method, no distinction of nationality between English and American being known. Services were opened for the English-speaking people and also in Hindustani, the first named being attended by many of the devoted officers of the army. Rumors of unrest in the native forces were constantly being heard, but so sure were many of these officers of the fidelity of those men who had "eaten their salt," as the Oriental expresses loyalty, that they did not credit these mutterings. The Presbyterian missionaries at Futtyghur learned of the real danger, and wrote to Bareilly urging that the Methodist missionaries join them, as they had prepared to leave for Calcutta at the first outbreak. Mr. Butler did not like to leave his post at the first alarm, and, while grateful for the offer, he refused to fly from his station. Stories were heard of little cakes which were being circulated in the villages, which were understood as signals for the uprising, and some fakirs were captured carrying orders to rise against the English. The officer in command at Bareilly sent all the ladies and noncombatants off to the hills, where it was hoped that they might be safe. The Mutiny broke out at Meerut on May 11th, and news of the slaughter was brought to Bareilly. Immediately Lieutenant Gowan came to the Mission to inform the Superintendent, who

then broke the news to his wife, and they prayed together. In an old notebook of this date are found the words: "I was delighted to hear the faith of her prayer. It was a prayer a martyr might have uttered, there was such trust in God and calm submission to his will. But she broke down when she came to pray for the innocent little children. My God, I give myself to thee. If I live may my life be more devotedly spent, but if otherwise, thy will be done. Remember my Mission; let it not die!" This was May 14. The missionaries did not feel it right to leave their work without further assurance of danger. Finally the commanding officer, Colonel Troup, came and urged them to go, saying that they could do no good, but ran a great risk by remaining, whereas by going they would be in safety and able to return when matters were adjusted. The good man, forgetting his high position, then knelt down and prayed for them and for the many who were to be ere long in such danger. After this prayer the missionaries were willing to leave, and preparations were made to depart to the hills after Sunday, the seventeenth. Mr. Butler went into his library and selected a few of his most precious books and his letter of instructions and passport. Only a few most necessary household things were gathered together and made ready for flight.

Naini Tal is a beautiful spot on the first spurs of the Himalayas, over six thousand feet above the sea. The village is situated in a narrow valley around a lake of singular loveliness. It has been compared to Lake Mohonk, though Naini Tal is much larger and the mountains surrounding it are fifteen thousand feet high. Their sides are covered with luxurious vegetation, and from their summits may be seen the majestic splendor of the snowy range which rises higher than any other mountains on earth. Naini Tal had been known as a sanitarium for people exhausted by the heat of the plains, and its seclusion inspired the hope that it might prove a safe refuge

till the storm of the rebellion was over. To reach this haven it was necessary to pass through the strip of land at the foot of the mountains and then ascend the six thousand feet by the winding road either on horseback or in rude chairs carried by the hardy mountaineers. The mountain people were not friendly to the plains folk, so there was little likelihood of their joining the mutineers. In this place it was hoped that a stand could be made until help would arrive from England. No one had an idea at this time of the long struggle which was to ensue before the rebellion was conquered.

CHAPTER IV

The Mutiny

"God will not allow one drop of blood to be shed for him without making it fruitful of eternal good."—Phillips Brooks.

The last Sunday in Bareilly was a day of dread. Only ten persons ventured to attend the service. On Monday preparations were made by the missionary household to depart, and as all the palanquins had been taken the only conveyance available was what they managed to contrive out of native bedsteads. These light frames were turned upside down and ropes tied to each corner, through which a long pole was passed, forming a sort of flat hammock. In this a person could be carried by four men. That morning, in the midst of these preparations, the home mail arrived, and in *The Christian Advocate* were the words, "Pray for your lonely William Butler." No reinforcements had reached him, though more than a year had passed, and therefore the Church was called upon to remember its representative in the distant field. How sorely was he in need of the prayers of God's people at that time!

After the preparations for flight were all completed the English judge of Bareilly came to protest. He said that the native judge, Khan Bahadur, had assured him that there was no danger, and he therefore objected to having the missionaries yield to the panic. So strong were his arguments that if the arrangements had not been fully made his remonstrances would have prevented the departure of the family. Alas! this crafty Mohammedan was the chief of the traitors, and Judge Robertson was one of the first to fall by his orders. That evening, too,

came the news that Delhi had risen and the Europeans had been massacred. So in the darkness of that sad night the little company took their leave, intrusting to Joel the care of the mission house. The first part of the road was quickly passed, but on the second day, about midnight, in the heart of the jungle which must be traversed in order to reach the foothills, the bearers put down their burdens and deserted. There were the fugitives, in this malarial region, with no possible way of proceeding; stranded in a jungle full of beasts of prey. The nearest village was twelve miles away. The Superintendent wrote of the situation: "It was an awful time, and for a few moments my agony was unutterable. I thought I had done all I could, and now everything was on the brink of failure! How vain was the help of man! I turned aside into the jungle and, taking off my hat, lifted my heart to God. If ever I prayed I prayed then! I besought God in mercy to influence the minds of these men. I reminded him of the mercies that had hitherto followed us. My prayer did not last two minutes, but how much I prayed in that time! I returned to the light and looked. Without a word from me the men bent to their burden and started. I had known what it was to be in peril by the heathen, but the feeling of divine mercy and care rose over it all. The next day one of my fellow-travelers, who had experienced great trouble by the way, and had been obliged to give heavy bribes to induce her bearers to go on, remarked, 'What could have happened to Mrs. Butler's bearers that they started so cheerfully and arrived here so soon without giving her the least trouble?' Ah, she knew not, but I knew. There is a God who heareth and answereth prayer!" The last two of the eleven miles of the journey, leading up the face of the mountain by the steep zigzag road, was undertaken at three o'clock in the morning. The fugitives arrived in their place of refuge just in time to hear the bell of the English church ringing, for that day

had been set apart as a time of humiliation and prayer for those in grave peril on the plains below.

On Sunday, May 31, the faithful Joel preached at Bareilly to the people on the text, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." During the closing prayer the guns opened fire, and the awful slaughter began. The rebels went to the mission premises, set fire to the house, and expressed their regret at not finding the missionary. Miss Maria Bolst, the first woman member of our Mission in India, was beheaded by a Sepoy just as she fled to the mission house in the vain hope of safety. Her body fell under the hedge of roses which had been Mrs. Butler's especial delight, and a friendly native woman buried her there. Fully one half of those who had attended the services were murdered, in some cases with great cruelty. The two officers who had warned the missionaries to leave managed to escape, Colonel Troup by riding all day under the awful sun of May, and finally both reached Naini Tal in safety. The Presbyterian missionaries at Futtyghur, who had invited the Methodist missionaries to come to them for safety, were massacred, those who drove them to the place where they were killed taunting them, and asking, "Where is now your God?" The atrocities practiced by the mutineers were awful, and one of their first acts in several places was to liberate the criminals from the jails so that they might join in the terrible work. Even the strict oriental laws of hospitality were violated in the palace of Delhi, where gentle Englishwomen were killed by the order of the Empress. Every missionary in that part of India perished save these two newly arrived Methodist workers.

It will be recalled that the founder of the Scotch Missions in India, Dr. Duff, had a most disastrous voyage when he set out in 1830. His ship went down off the coast of Africa, and he lost all he possessed, escaping

barely with his life. He was a second time shipwrecked, off Mauritius. The first Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission died on the voyage, and now the Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission was compelled, within ten weeks of the establishment of his work, to flee for his life and remain ten months in a place of refuge before it was possible to return to his station. In fact, so lost to the world was William Butler that Dr. Duff published an obituary of him, for the appreciative words of which the American missionary had the opportunity of thanking him years later when a guest at his table.

The little handful of refugees at Naini Tal were called together by the Commissioner of the Province and organized into a militia company. A very "awkward squad" it was, composed of noncombatants of every grade, from the youth of seventeen to the veteran of eighty. The situation was serious enough, but the appearance of the raw recruits brought a twinkle into the eye of the good commander as he estimated their capabilities. Each man was provided with some weapon of defense, and the missionary walked home with a musket on his shoulder and his pockets full of cartridges, with every intention of using them when it should become necessary in order to protect from the rebels the helpless women and children under his charge. Upon seeing him thus accoutered his wife declared that she had married a Methodist preacher, not a soldier; but he considered that he had taken the gun as a religious duty. The narrow path which zigzags up the mountain side to Naini Tal was cut away by the defenders so that in places only two could walk abreast. Great rocks were placed where they could be hurled down upon any invading party and the one small cannon planted in a position to command the road for a considerable distance. When, subsequently, a large force of the Sepoy army was sent to take the temporary stronghold, and five

different assaults were made, the thousands of mutineers were not able to face this little band of Christian men who stood for the defense of the women and children.

A congregation was gathered, and the missionary preached to them as a dying man to dying men. Before the rebellion was crushed every person in this congregation save two wore some badge of mourning. The hill natives are of a different race from the plains people and would not join them, to which fact, added to the fidelity of the Nawab of Rampur, who held the other entrance into this valley, the handful of refugees owed their safety. The villagers informed them that they were the last of Christian life left in India; that from where they stood to the sea on either side every white man had been killed. Scouts were sent out from time to time, but only one returned, he having had his nose and ears cut off. One message was received from Mr. Edwards, who was in hiding in the plains below. The man who ventured to bring it had the little note hidden in a bamboo cane, which he broke and produced the bit of paper. Knowing what a risk he had run to carry anything, Mrs. Edwards sent her message of gladness by a pantomime. She was dressed in the deepest of mourning when he arrived, as she had believed her husband had been killed, but she withdrew and returned all in white. This was described and fully comprehended by the husband when the faithful messenger returned.

Khan Bahadur, who had assumed the title of the Nawab of Rohilcund, put a price on the head of each of the refugees, Mr. Butler's being listed at five hundred rupees. This crafty Mohammedan was the chief of traitors. Judge Robertson, who had trusted him, was the first to fall under his orders. From the Rampur side there was great danger, as a force could come up and destroy the little force at Naini Tal, but some time before the English had sustained the Nawab in his right to the throne against an

ROAD IN THE HIMALAYAS

effort to supplant him. He now displayed his gratitude for their action and refused to join the Mutiny, though urged strongly and with threats, and even sent supplies, money, and medicine to the distressed company. The utter destruction of all in Bareilly induced the Superintendent to write concerning the valuable library he had left in the mission house: "All is lost, save life and the grace of God. The sympathy and prayers of the Church are still ours. My library gone; the collection of my life, the books that I had hoped might some day serve an important purpose in our Mission when it would have been our privilege to have trained some of the young men of India for usefulness. Here we are, like shipwrecked mariners, grateful to have escaped with our lives. Personally I do not so much regret these things, but on account of my Mission I am depressed. It is crippled. It has been covered with a cloud. Shall we give it up because earth and hell have risen up against us? Nay. Greater is He that is for us than all that can be sent against us!"

In constant anxiety the weeks passed until August 4, when another alarm caused the refugees to be sent thirty miles farther, to a place of greater safety. The ladies and children were dispatched first, and the Superintendent followed later in the evening; so night overtook him in the jungle. Here occurred another escape which he remembered with profound gratitude to the end of his life. As he went along the narrow road in the darkness and pouring rain, without a light or any protection from the wild beasts, his horse slipped over the edge of the precipice. The rider succeeded in throwing himself from the saddle down upon the road without losing his hold of the reins of the poor brute, which was struggling to regain his foothold. Finally, with the help from the reins, the horse clambered back to the path, tearing off his hind shoes in the violence of his struggles. Seven miles the refugee

Road in the Himalayas

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walked in the lonely jungle, the horse merely serving as company, as he could not be ridden—and, in fact, died from the injuries a few days later. At Almora comparative safety was found, and on August 15 they received the first news from the world. The postmaster at Bombay had found them and had managed to send a mail over the mountains outside of the disturbed area. In this mail three numbers of *The Christian Advocate* and three of *Zion's Herald* came. In September their communication was again cut off. A letter written at this time by the Superintendent to Dr. Durbin says: "This is one of the last efforts of hell to retain its relaxing grasp on India, and the issue will be for the salvation of millions. Don't be discouraged for us. If the sufferings abound so do the compensations; if I am cut off (which is not improbable) remember my Mission and sustain it."

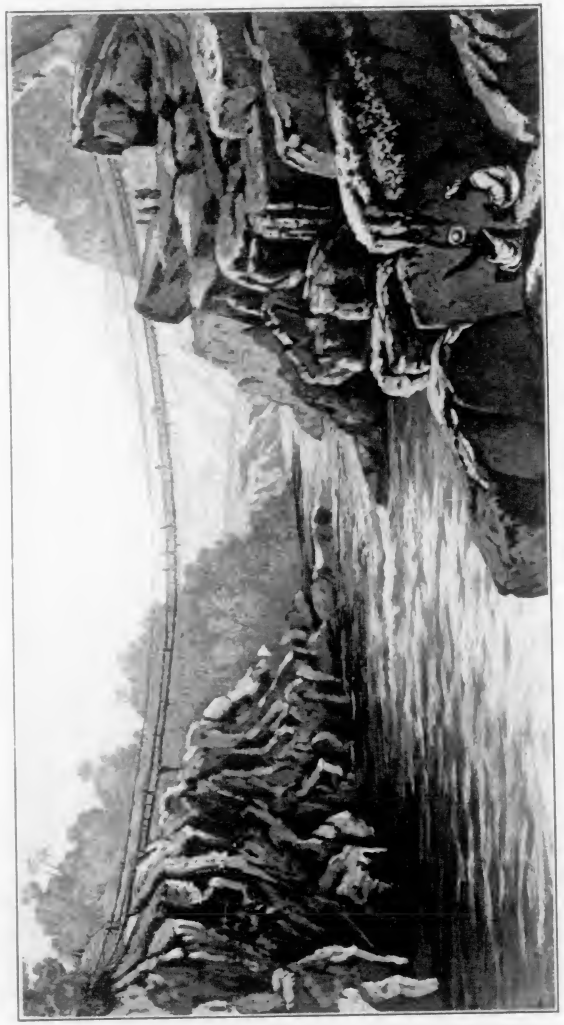
The safety of the little band of refugees in Naini Tal was guarded from the Nepaul side by the wise policy of the Prime Minister, Sir Jung Bahadur. When the Emperor of Delhi sent to ask that Nepaul join in the effort to rid India of Christian rule the Minister persuaded the Rajah to allow him to send the answer. It was in one sentence. To the Great Mogul, who fancied that his power was sufficient to crush Christianity and England's influence in India, he sent only these words: "I have seen Portsmouth!" What did this message signify? "I have seen Portsmouth!" The mystery of the communication was more disheartening than a direct refusal would have been. The Delhi Emperor did not fully understand, but he realized some serious interpretation. It meant to Jung Bahadur just this: a short time before he had visited England. The British government had wisely shown him many attentions and had taken him to the naval arsenal at Portsmouth, the greatest storehouse of munitions of war in the world. The wonderful resources of England were there displayed, and the envoy from Nepaul knew

that a power with such provisions for warfare could not possibly be finally defeated, so he held his master to its interests and saved Nepaul. Mr. Butler was deeply impressed by this incident. He was accustomed to use it in illustration of the source of faith in the Christian's heart when he has once entered into such close communion with God as to realize the almighty power. Perhaps he owed his confidence in the face of the special difficulties of his work to a revelation of this sort. In his marvelous conversion he had indeed known something of the power of God beyond the common experience, a power which never failed even in the most trying days of the Mutiny, when all Christian life around them was reported to have been destroyed. Even at that hour he begged for support for his Mission, though he might not be there to receive the reinforcements. His faith made him an optimist, and nothing aroused his enthusiasm or kindled his eye more than to speak of the triumphs already won for the cross of Christ and of those "greater things" which the Master had promised should be done by his disciples. The Church needs such a vision as this that she may not falter in the work of evangelizing the world. Pessimism is out of place in the heart of a Christian.

The gun of the station was to be fired for alarms, and the refugees had each his post for the defense. Finally, after months of suspense, the roar of the cannon was heard, and the ever-alert missionary started up, seizing his musket and hurrying to take his place. But the firing continued until the "royal twenty-one" had been boomed out over the hills. It could mean only one thing: Delhi had fallen! And it may well be imagined what rapture was kindled in one heart which realized not only that it meant life for himself and his dear ones, but also the downfall of the great enemy of the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ! Of the feelings of this missionary family and the wonderful escapes of some of their Christian friends *The*

Land of the Veda relates so fully that it is not necessa to repeat them here.

Soon after the cheering news of the fall of Delhi, the turning point in favor of the English arms, it was deemed safe to attempt to reach that city by a road over the mountains, requiring some eighteen days of travel. The necessity was urgent of gaining some English headquarters where a bill on London could be cashed. It may be well to note the way in which the little handful of refugees had been provided with the necessities of life during these seven months of siege. The money they had brought when they fled for their lives was soon exhausted. No mails were being received, and scarcity of food would have been a very serious addition to the anxieties of their position. The upright Christian character of the Commissioner of the Province had so impressed the people in the town that when he called the native merchants together and assured them that England would surely resume the government, and that they would some day be relieved even if the struggle were long and bitter, and asked them if they would take his order for the amount in the public treasury, to be repaid when Delhi should fall, their confidence in him was so great that they heartily consented. Henry Ramsey thus saved the lives of the refugees under his care by virtue of the record of his years of consistent living before the heathen. Through long intervals of suspense these orders of his constituted the only money available. The longed-for news of the fall of Delhi was delayed for five months. Even the children talked of it, and one little fellow was overheard saying to his brother as he gazed at a big hole in the top of his boot, "Never mind, Robbie; you shall have a new pair when Delhi falls." All sorts of promises were made for the glad time "when Delhi falls." Now it had fallen, and it was possible to journey across the mountains to that city through territory under British control. The Superintendent desired



BRIDGE IN THE HIMALAYAS

to go in order to meet the two missionary families which had landed in Calcutta in September. The trip would require seventeen days of rough travel, but the importance of the object decided him to venture. A small tent and the few necessities for comfort were secured, and with Mrs. Butler and their three months' old babe he started. The road taken wound over the mountains, by narrow paths on the edges of deep precipices, down into the valleys and across the rivers in such poor fashion that to cover ten miles was a good day's journey. Fires were built at night, not for warmth only, but to keep off the wild beasts; still, in spite of this precaution, a tiger came one night and carried off the goat which had been taken along to furnish milk for the baby, although the poor animal had been tied to the rope of the tent. The greatest danger of the trip was in crossing the Ganges on a grass rope bridge at Teree. Here the river rushed through a rocky gorge spanned merely by this native bridge, already in the last stages of decay. A new bridge was built immediately after. But for the missionary party there was no alternative. Across this swaying contrivance they must go. It was a very primitive sort of suspension bridge; it consisted of four ropes, two for a hand support and two below on which bamboos were tied for steps. Through the open spaces thus left the waters of the river could be seen tumbling on the rocks forty feet below. It seemed to Mrs. Butler that she could neither venture herself over this flimsy affair nor trust her life to the men to carry her across. But their errand was imperative, and this was the only available road; so she closed her eyes, daring to open them only once, in the middle of the bridge, when the sight of the raging waters made her quickly close them again. The men bore her gently over, and there she watched the others in their attempt to cross. One English lady refused to trust the bearers and attempted to walk. At first she went on well, but before she was halfway

Bridge in the Himalayas

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over she became panic-stricken, and for a time could neither advance nor return. The bridge was swaying and the emergency terrible. The native carriers hesitated to seize her and carry her over by force, yet she was in grave danger as she stood and shrieked with terror.

Not far from this miserable apology for a bridge the travelers entered the dominions of the Rajah of Teree, a friendly ruler. When he heard of the "English" passing through his state he sent gifts of money and food. The money was merely touched by the foreigners and then returned—this being the proper thing to do—but the food was gladly accepted. His Highness gave a musk ball to Mr. Butler, that curious article obtained from the musk deer which retains its powerful odor for years; this ball is still strong enough to perfume a room in a few minutes after the box in which it is inclosed is uncovered. It was a pleasant incident in the long journey, and a ruler who had remained faithful in this great rebellion was indeed worthy of the respect of every Christian, since powerful means had been brought to bear on all of them to unite to destroy English life in India. At Mussoorie some of the friends whose fate had been for a long time unknown were found in safety. The good physician, who was one of those who found Christ during the days of the little class meeting in Bareilly, was so glad to see Dr. Butler that he hugged him!

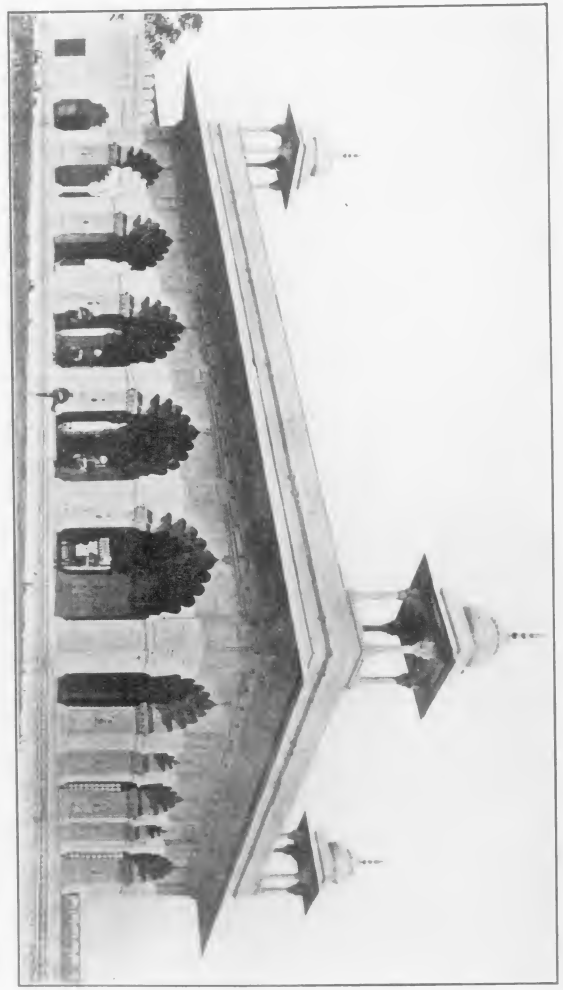
Near by there was a detachment of the army under General Eckford, who sent to ask that the missionary should come to preach to his soldiers—a request which was very gladly granted. General Eckford came out to greet his guests, and before any salutation could be offered he grasped Mr. Butler's hand and expressed the great thought which was filling his soul that morning: "Thirty-four years ago this day God for Christ's sake converted my soul and pardoned all my sins! How do you do?" Naturally the missionaries were quickly at

home with this devout member of the English Church, and remained for three days holding services for the soldiers.

The road to Delhi was open, and the travelers entered at night, the white face being sufficient passport to the city, from which the natives were still excluded at nightfall. The deserted palace grounds, the empty bazaars, and the humble aspect of the people who had borne themselves with such pride only a few months before, all betokened the wonderful change that had been wrought. Passes were given all the English people to see the points of interest in the ruins of the city, and the missionaries visited the Juma Musjid, said to be the greatest mosque in the world save the one at Mecca, where the native troops had taken up their quarters and were cooking their food in the cloister and grand court. The ruin of the Hindu temple was pathetic. The high priest informed Mr. Butler that he was very glad that the English "Raj"—rule—had returned, because the Mohammedans were no sooner in power than they came and smashed the idols and desecrated their holy places. He pointed to a heap of idols in the corner, some of them of beautiful workmanship, but all broken by the muskets of the Mohammedan soldiery. He allowed his visitor to take some of the fragments, telling him that the Mohammedans had induced the Hindus to join them by saying it would be "two faiths in one saddle," but he went on to say, "When they had full power we found that one must ride behind." Just twelve months before the missionary had seen some of the Delhi princes in all their splendor at the Durbar in Benares, where the gorgeousness of the Mogul line was displayed. Now as he entered Delhi he found them on trial for their lives. In front of the courthouse he came upon a gallows on which eighteen of these royal princes had just been hung, and a little later obtained permission to see the Emperor, the last of the line of the Great Moguls, the man

who had thought himself equal to the task of destroying all Christian life in India. He found the descendant of Tamerlane in a small house closely guarded by an English sentry, not only to prevent his possible escape, but to protect him from the violence of those who had so cruelly suffered the loss of friends that they could hardly wait for the law to inflict the proper penalty. When the Methodist missionary entered the country this Emperor was enjoying an income of nine hundred thousand dollars per annum, and was sustained in his position by the English; now he was about to be brought before an English military court to be sent into exile, where he would die and be buried in a foreign land without honor. Mrs. Butler was allowed to see the Empress, who had shared his guilt, and was therefore also exiled to Rangoon.

On Christmas Day, in the Dewanee Khass, the magnificent Audience Hall of the Empire, divine service was held. This Hall is said to be the most gorgeous audience room in the East. It is composed of beautiful arches of white marble, inlaid with mosaic of precious stones. This picture does scant justice to its exquisite proportions. On its walls are inscribed the words quoted by Moore in "Lalla Rookh:" "If there be a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this." In it stood the Crystal Throne, which was afterward sent to the Queen of England. The trial of the royal prisoners took place in this apartment. Dr. Butler felt that the scene he witnessed here was the most vivid picture of the judgment day he had ever imagined. From his high station on the Mogul throne the Emperor had fallen, until now he sat before an English officer on trial for his life. One day, while listening with intense interest to the evidence in the case of the Nawab of Bullubghur, the missionary and his wife became tired of standing. Looking around for seats, they saw that none had been provided. There were few people in Delhi to come as spectators, even to such a scene as this. It seems well to



DEWANEE KHASS

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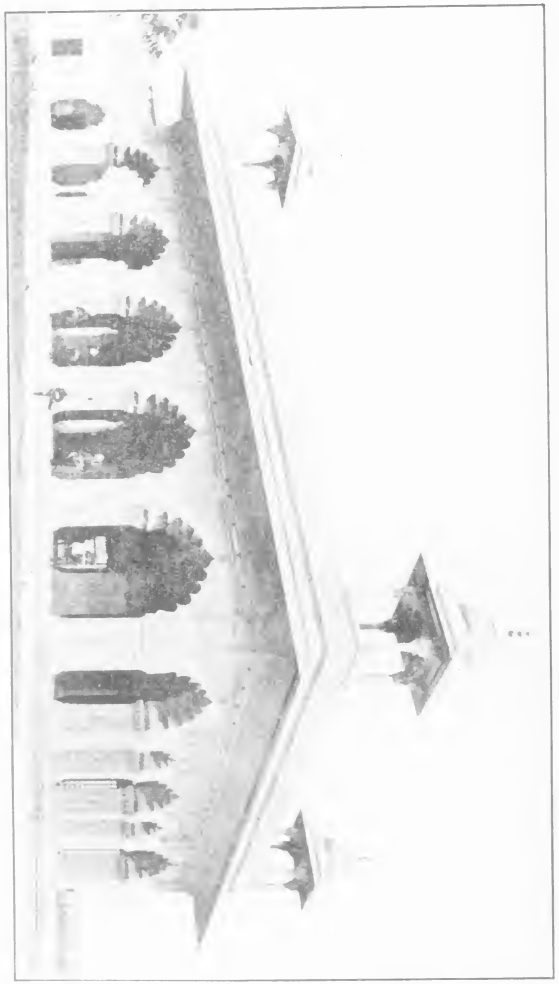


condense his own account as given in *From Boston to Bareilly:* "Anxious to remain, we tried to endure the fatigue a little longer, but endurance soon came to an end, and we were likely to sink from sheer exhaustion. I gave a questioning glance at the Crystal Throne, no more to be occupied by its imperial master, and wondered if I might dare to step forward and rest on it, but the presumption of thinking that I might sit on the throne of the Great Mogul, and in such a presence! However, on reflection it did not seem like such a great impropriety, after all. I knew that the throne and its former occupant were at a great discount; that he was a criminal, and would have no right to protest at the sacrilege of an American republican, nor did I suppose that the gentlemen of the court would order me to vacate it, so, gathering up all our resolution to take the responsibility anyhow, my wife and I sat down. The thing was done. There were a few glances and a quiet smile here and there among the gentlemen of the commission, and I saw a wondering glance from the Nawab of Bullubghur, the prince then on trial, who frowned, but nothing more. The seat was a very good one. It may be that I am the only Methodist preacher who has sat on a real throne, yet as I sat there I was soon as far as anyone need be from any personal vanity or self-assertion. Losing sight for the time of the trial of the prisoner, I was most wonderfully impressed with the lesson and significance of the situation. I asked, Is not this the hand of God in human history? What means this overthrow of one of earth's great dynasties; what shall be the end of these things? To me these questions had a peculiar significance. I had been doomed to be hung, with my wife and children, eight months before because we were Christians, by a lieutenant of this Empire, Khan Bahadur, who did hang on a gallows at Bareilly fifteen of my Christian neighbors and military officers of the English government and then gave their

bodies to insult and degradation; and now here we were, in the very palace of the fanatical Emperor who had ordered our death, sitting quietly on his throne, while he was a prisoner to be tried for his life.

"My mind seemed lifted up to a view of our Mission, its requirements, and its future; and a strong conviction of the power of God to meet all its rising wants shed its confidence over my soul. The hundred thousand Sepoys who had risen at this man's instigation to urge his interests in the cruel creed of the False Prophet against Christ and his people had been dashed back defeated. Our own mission field was yet entirely in their hands, but I knew that they would all soon be overthrown. Those who survived would not dare to return to their homes. What would become of their children, those left orphans and desolate? Again, famine was sure to follow the rebellion. The land would be thrown out of cultivation by the war and plunder of the Sepoys. So it was likely that within a short time thousands of destitute orphans would be left in misery and starvation within reach of our hands. The question arose whether we should avail ourselves of the opportunity to take a number of children, and not only save their lives, but also train them in the knowledge of Him who died for them, with the expectation that they would become the very helpers that we would require. There came before my mind the vision of the churches and schools of the early future, the college, the theological seminary, the cultured native agents, men and women, who would carry this blessed Gospel over the land.

"The question arose, How can this be done? Without hesitancy I assumed that it could be done; that the Church at home would stand by me if I enabled it to see the opportunity within our reach. I felt sure that the women of Methodism would respond for the portion of the scheme which especially contemplated the rescue and redemption of their own sex. The impulse grew strong to

communicate with those who could aid me; so I drew my notebook from my pocket, and there and then, on the Crystal Throne, sketched out my appeal asking that the Church would assume the support of these orphan children at an expense of twenty-five dollars per annum. The next day I found the new Director of Public Instruction, who gave me great encouragement and promised me the government Grant-in-aid, fifty per cent toward the support of all orphans we would take; so I wrote another letter, asking for one thousand dollars to be appropriated at once as the beginning of this work. A few days later Major Gowan, the officer who had so kindly advised us to flee from Bareilly, met me and surprised me by saying that he had the first orphan ready for me, a little fellow he had picked up (the son of a Sepoy officer who had been killed), who had been found on the back of an elephant on the field of battle.

"Soon after this I received a letter from Brother Wentworth, of Foochow, inviting me to come to China, saying, 'If British predominance is not soon established get leave of the Board and come on here, where there is as great need as in India;' yet he went on to remark that they were in great fear of a rebellion that would drive them from their station, stating that in case of an outbreak they were in an unfortunate condition for an escape."

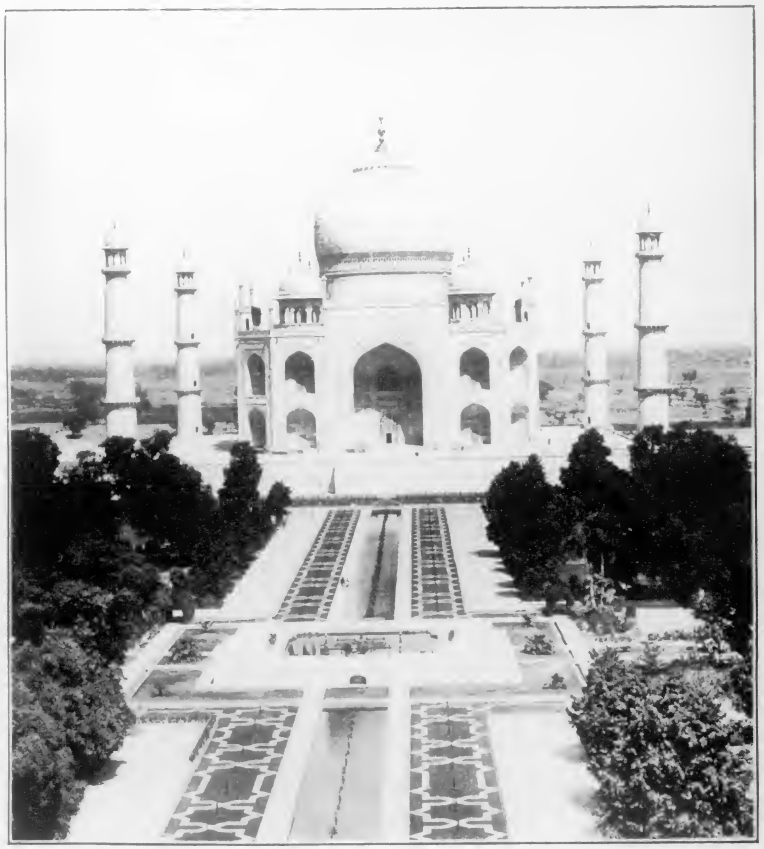
The long time which was required before any answer could be received from home had been shortened by the opening of the Atlantic Cable on August 5. In a letter written that fall the Superintendent rejoiced over the fact that "We get telegrams now in twenty-five or thirty days from New York." Postage was at that time thirty-five cents on each letter and five cents for newspapers.

CHAPTER V

Spears into Pruning Hooks

With minarets of marble rising stately from a sea
Of the dark-leaved mango's foliage, streaked by the jaman tree,
One miracle of whiteness the Taj of Agra stands
Like no work of human builders, but a care of angel hands.

The two missionaries whose farewell meeting had been held in Boston on May 31, the day of the massacre at Bareilly, arrived in September at Calcutta, and were met with the news of the Mutiny. At first they could hear nothing from their Superintendent and feared he was among the killed, but on the twenty-first they learned of his safety. Not until March was it deemed advisable for them to attempt to join him. The Superintendent came down to Agra to meet them, and as few European residences had been left standing he arranged for them to come to the Taj Mahal, where in the beautiful pavilion which stands opposite the mosque, fitly framing the lovely tomb, the joyful meeting took place. It was particularly appropriate that it should occur under the shadow of this, the most exquisite building in the world, which, erected over the body of a woman in a country where woman has been most cruelly degraded, stands in peerless beauty, forever a promise of the glorious position which the daughters of India shall yet occupy in their homes and their civilization. The effect of the Taj on the beholder is peculiarly fascinating. It is stated that Lady Sleeman exclaimed, after long reflection, "I would die to-morrow to have such another put over me!" Within the garden or park which surrounds this architectural gem, erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan for his Empress, Moom Taj, at a cost of what now is equivalent to sixty millions of dollars, the first band of missionaries which



The Taj Mahal

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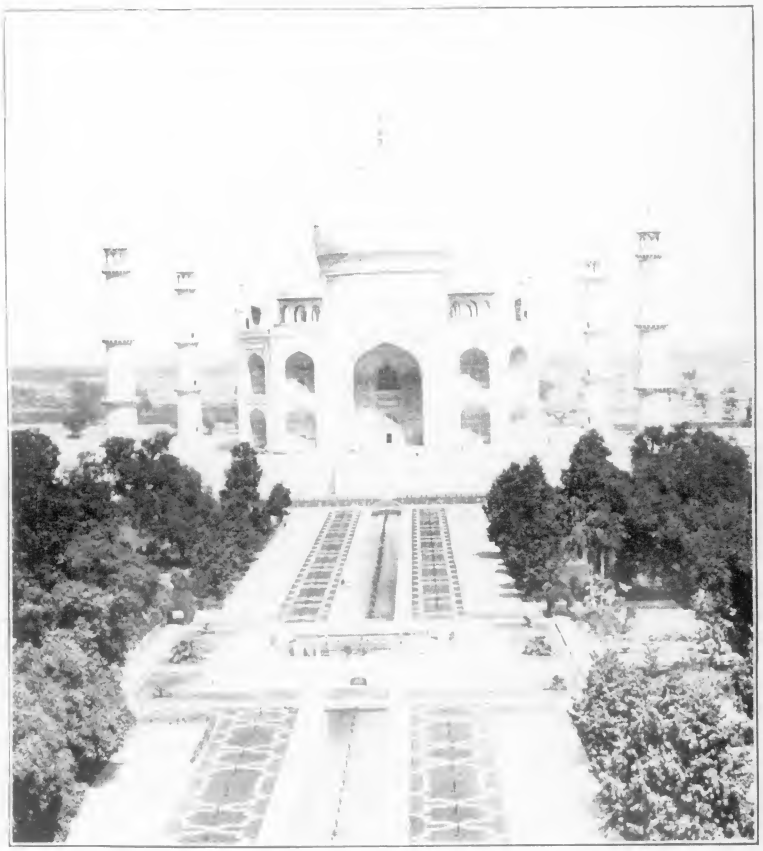


The Taj Mahal

the Methodist Church had sent were welcomed by the pioneer who had so longed for their help during the two years of his incumbency. Their task was to shape in India the Christian characters which should become polished corner stones for the palace of the King of Kings. What more fitting place could have been secured for this meeting? On the tomb of the Empress are the words: "Defend us from the tribe of unbelievers, Kaffirs"—this being a term of contempt for all who lack faith in Mohammed, but especially for Christians. Now her resting place is in the custody of the government of a Christian nation. So the little band of missionaries, six in number, stood around her tomb and sang together the doxology, which was sweetly echoed back from the perfect dome like an angelic chorus.

The joy of the Superintendent was unbounded. He wrote to the Missionary Secretary: "I have them at last! Glory to God! How I longed to see them after these twenty-two months! Thank the Church for having sent them. Little did Shah Jehan (King of the World) imagine when he built this, and inlaid its marble walls with the words of the Koran, that the missionaries of God's Messiah would find a friendly shelter in the inclosure, or sing, as we have just done with glowing hearts, our evangelical doxology over his very dust!"

Dr. Butler's description of the Taj as published in *The Land of the Veda* has been very widely appreciated. The events here recorded gave the author cause to write with peculiar sympathy, and subsequent visits gave opportunity for the close study without which the value of such exquisite work cannot be fully estimated.

Here also the faithful Joel came to recount his wonderful escapes during their separation. The missionary party journeyed back to Naini Tal, where the junior members applied themselves to the study of the language which they had begun while waiting in Calcutta. The first place

of worship for the Methodist Church in India, other than a mere room, was made out of an old sheep house, all three of the preachers laboring to change it into a suitable chapel. The total expense of the remodeling and fitting up was but four dollars and thirty-six cents; so it was not a grand place, and far too humble for formal dedication. The founder of the Mission went in and, alone, knelt to offer to the condescending God of mercy this, the humblest of all places where his name is recorded, beseeching him to make it the birthplace of some dark souls.

The prolongation of the strife at Bareilly induced the authorities at home to write and ask if it would not be best to abandon Rohilcund and select a section where the bigotry of the people would be less bitter. That quite roused the spirit of the Superintendent, for his idea was that the more wicked a place might be the more it needed Christian work. "Give up Bareilly? Never! It is ours by right divine, and the 'gates of hell' are not strong enough to wrest it from us." In fifteen months after he had been obliged to flee from that city it was taken by the English army, and William Butler went down almost immediately to look over the field. The site of his home was a desolate ruin, and all he could gather was a handful of charred paper and melted glass from the bookcases of his beloved library. To his great joy he found many of the officers of the army who had been friends to the Mission before the Mutiny. On a few occasions he acted as chaplain for the troops, of which about twenty-seven hundred men were stationed in Bareilly. They were chiefly Scotch regiments, some of them the heroic fellows who had marched with Havelock to the relief of Lucknow. Standing on the parade ground, with the drum of the regiment as a pulpit before him and the troops in a hollow square around joining in the one hundredth psalm, he preached on "the glorious liberty of the sons of God." It was one of the most inspiring experiences of his life. Of

the incident he wrote: "These brave men before me had performed one of the greatest feats known to history, notwithstanding that they lost nearly one half of their number in its execution. I looked at their sunbrowned faces and thought of the manly tears which they shed when, covered with dust and smoke, they rushed into the Residency, among the men and women they had suffered so much to save, and snatched up the children in their arms and thanked God that they were in time to save them. I was permitted to preach to them on their last battlefield." Alas! they had arrived too late to avert the awful massacre at Cawnpore, where the garrison, after holding out for months, trusted the pledge of the traitor, Nana Sahib, who promised a safe conduct to Calcutta, and who ordered that as they passed out each man was to lay down his arms. When the last Englishman had crossed the barrier a file of Sepoys stepped in between them and the ladies and children they had defended so long. Fire opened on the unarmed men, and only three escaped to tell of the awful treachery. The women and children were taken to a house in a garden where they were guarded until General Havelock came so close that the Nana Sahib feared he would enter and learn of his deed. So he ordered the ladies and children to be killed. To the credit of his soldiers be it told that they refused to execute this horrible command, and butchers from the bazaar were hired to accomplish it. They went in with their butchers' knives, and in a short time all was over; the bodies of the dead and the dying were cast into a well in the garden. When Havelock marched in the Nana Sahib fled and left the inhabitants of the city to suffer for his misdeeds. Some of the soldiers went into the house where the poor ladies and children had met their fate, and one of them, wading in on his heels through the gore, secured a tress of fair hair which had been severed from the head of one of the victims. The soldiers divided the lock and swore

that they would have a life for every hair. On learning of this Havelock called these men and presented the fact that, as representatives of a Christian nation, any such revenge was out of place, especially as the real criminal could not be reached and their revenge would fall on the innocent. No wonder that they pressed on in haste to save Lucknow from a similar fate! The heavy anxiety and fatigue, with the lack of proper food, cost Havelock his life, but he died knowing that he had saved the garrison of the Residency. This place and the garden in Cawnpore are now kept as beautiful parks. In the Cawnpore inclosure a graceful memorial building has been placed over the well into which the bodies were thrown, and is open to Europeans, but not to natives. The Residency at Lucknow is kept in its ruin, with the marks of shot and shell, and near by stands the Christian college of our Mission.

Khan Bahadur was in the prison in the fort at Bareilly, awaiting his trial when the Superintendent and Dr. Humphrey went to see him. He it was who ordered the burning of Mr. Butler's house and had a gallows erected for him, setting a price upon his head. In this interview he wished to know how the missionary escaped. They endeavored to turn his thoughts toward his own eternal welfare, knowing that soon he would be executed for his treachery and his many cruel murders, but he would not listen to their Christian teachings. His Mohammedan bigotry rose up bitterly against the mission of the Saviour. He wished nothing but the Koran. At his execution, when the sheriff asked him if he had anything to say, he replied, "I have two things to say: First, I hate you; and, second, I have had the satisfaction of killing a thousand Christian dogs, and I would kill a thousand more now if I had the power." This is the spirit with which this follower of Mohammed went into eternity, thinking that every life he had so sacrificed added to his reward.

Soon after the Superintendent went to Lucknow with a view to purchasing premises there. He was cordially received by the new Governor, Sir Robert Montgomery. Remembering how on his first visit, some eighteen months before, the British Resident had insisted on furnishing him with an elephant and an armed guard, he remarked that he was going to the bazaar, expecting a similar offer this time, instead of which he was cordially invited to return in time for lunch. So he walked off to the bazaar and found a most amazing change. Where every man had been armed he now found none with weapons save the native policemen. The Resident had disarmed the entire population and had informed them that all disputes were to be settled in the courts of law. It was amazing how well the new arrangement was working. The public shameless vice that had so shocked Mr. Butler when he last passed through the city was no longer to be seen. The order, the industry, and the propriety of the streets were something marvelous, and the people were civil. Here was a white man alone and unarmed among them, and he felt that the city was absolutely safe, although the ruins of the Residency and the other houses where English people had lived were sufficient to show how terrible had been the struggle. An amazing submissiveness had been developed. An illustration of this fact he was later wont to relate in his lecture on the Sepoy Rebellion, showing not only his keen appreciation of humor, but also the attitude of his mind, which from every incident of life drew a lesson on spiritual things and turned to the Holy Word, with which his memory was so enriched:

"Three weeks after my arrival at Lucknow as a result of diligent search we found premises for sale, which seemed just what we needed for our missionary establishment, belonging to a relative of the ex-King, a native nobleman in reduced circumstances. I went with this gentleman to the English magistrate's court to have the

deed recorded. For want of a more suitable place the court was then held in the splendid tomb of Asaf-ud-Doulah, the second King of Oudh. This was situated in the west end of the great bazaar, the fort occupied by English soldiers being at the other end of the bazaar, and between these two points at any time during the business hours of the day one could find eight or ten thousand men lounging about or engaged in trade. Eighteen months before such was the turbulence there that a Mohammedan yell of 'Deen! Deen!' ('The faith! the faith!') would have brought a mob of probably five thousand men around you, each in arms and ready for any deed of violence or blood.

"The court was filled, only the aisle in front of the table down to the door being unoccupied. We took seats on either side of the magistrate, and business was quietly proceeding when a tumult outside in the bazaar attracted our attention and in a few moments in rushed a jamadar (or sergeant) of police, followed by six of his men, all in a wonderful hurry and excitement. He was a large, heavy man, rigged out with a red turban on his head and a red sash around his waist, his sword tucked under his arm, his men being similarly decorated and accoutered. His face was flushed, for he had run hard, and, having for the moment lost his breath, when he drew up in front of the magistrate's table and joined his hands to address him he could not say a word. At length he gasped, 'O Sahib, there is dreadful trouble in the bazaar!' The magistrate finally succeeded in discovering that a white soldier had come out of the fort into the bazaar armed with a stout stick and that he had stretched on the ground the first man he met, and the rest, seeing what the poor victim had received, had retreated, jumping off their stalls and leaving money and goods behind them; 'And,' continued the distressed and terrified sergeant, 'Sir, the man is cutting capers in the middle of the bazaar, swinging his stick and challenging them to come on and offering to

fight them all. They are all in a heap at the end of the bazaar, and what am I to do?' 'What are you to do, you donkey? Go and arrest the man! What else would you do?' The astonished sergeant looked at the magistrate as if he could not believe his own ears and said, 'What did you say, Sahib?' 'I said, Go and arrest him.' He looked at Mr. Wood and, with deep distress at the danger of his disobedience, said: 'Sahib, it cannot be done. There is not a man in the bazaar that would dare to look him in the face.' Mr. Wood insisted, adding, 'If you are afraid, then take your six men,' who all stood in a line behind their gallant leader with about as much courage as Falstaff's squad, gazing right into the face of the magistrate. 'Surely seven of you armed with swords are enough to arrest one English soldier with only a stick in his hand.'

"It was all of no use. Go they would not, and much as they love livery and power and pay, they were ready to a man to resign the service rather than execute the commission; so that Mr. Wood had no alternative but to write to the English sergeant of the guard at the fort to send a couple of soldiers to arrest the man. A swift messenger by a back road soon delivered the letter. In a short time a military tread was heard, and the disturber of the peace, with a stick in his hand, was walked in between two of his brethren, right up to the magistrate's table. He looked around at the crowd and at us and at the magistrate in astonishment, seeming to say, 'What in the world have I been brought here for?' The magistrate broke the silence with, 'Well, sir, I am given to understand that you have been disturbing my people in the bazaar.' Steadying himself for a reply, the first word that he uttered showing that he was an Irishman, and half drunk at that, he said, with a significant twirl of the stick, 'Yes, yer Honor, I've been stirring them up a little!' looking very merry over it, as if he had been doing the state some service which ought to be recognized. It rather sobered him down, however,

to hear the magistrate's prompt and stern reply, 'Then, sir, I wish you to understand that I don't want them stirred up.' The soldier was incredulous. He evidently thought that the magistrate was only joking. 'Ah, now, yer Honor, you don't mean that at all, at all.' His Honor said that he did mean it, and asked him why he came into the bazaar. This question and its manner roused the soldier. He became serious, and bringing down the end of his stick with a sharp ring on the floor beside him, and the tears springing to his eyes, he stretched out his hand, and for a few moments he seemed to me the most eloquent speaker I had ever heard: 'Ah, yer Honor, listen to me. If yer Honor only knew the races I have had after these rascally Pandies, in rain and hunger and mud, and how many noble comrades have fallen by this side' (striking his thigh) 'and on this' (repeating the action). Here his feelings seemed to overcome him. He paused, and then added, 'Yer Honor, the spirit was up in me a little this mornin', and I thought I'd just come out and have a little bit of a fight on my own private account; but, yer Honor, I could not get a single one of the spalpeens to face me, and what was I to do, yer Honor?' His Honor's calm reply was, 'You were to let them alone.' But the poor fellow could not see it. A happy thought seemed to strike him, and the spirit of fun was once more in full possession. Stretching out his hand toward Mr. Wood, he exclaimed: 'Now, yer Honor, what's the use of talkin'? Just you say the word, and I'll lick out every mother's son of them for you in five minutes.' By this time he was in an attitude and looked the fighting Irishman all over. Mr. Wood, I suppose, made about the best effort of his life to keep his countenance. He could not afford to give way before the court. How he ever did it I cannot imagine. Being under no restrictions, I shook with laughter till I nearly fell off the chair, and all the more when I saw the effect of the attitude and the stick on the great fat Nawab on the other

side of the table. With his hands on his knees and with evident alarm he watched every movement of the soldier, and not knowing a word of English, he seemed to realize the fellow's antics boded no good to him personally. It was useless for the magistrate to rejoin that he did not want them 'licked out,' for the Irishman proceeded quite in a confidential way blandly to assure him, 'Yer Honor, you won't have the least trouble; you will only just have to say the word, and I'll do the business for you!'

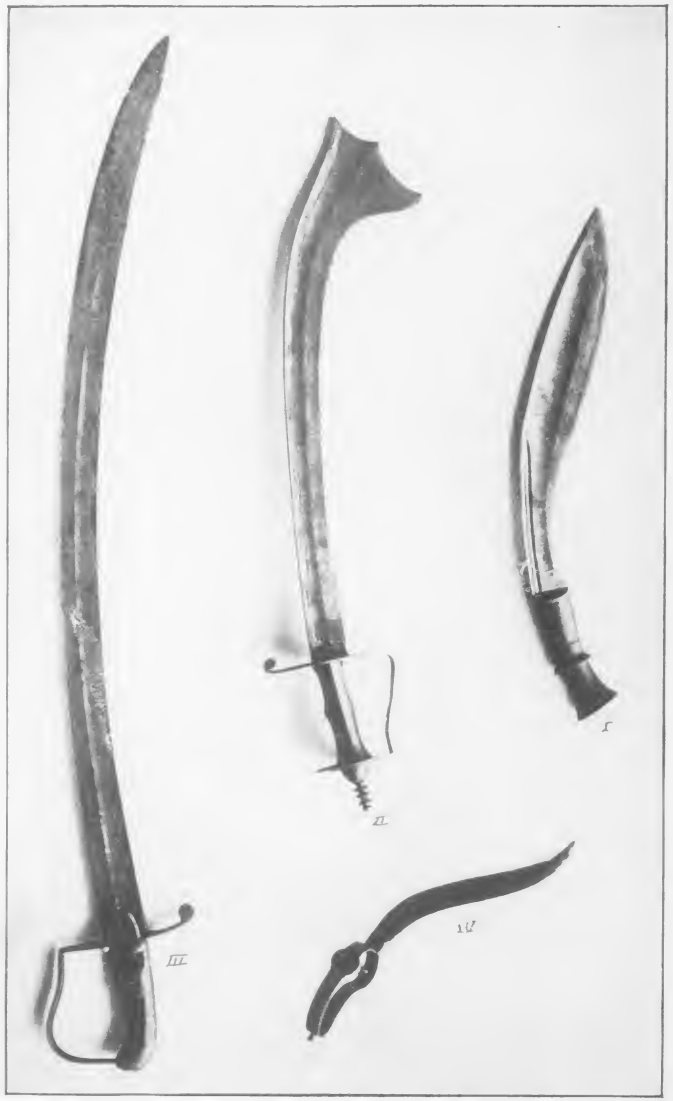
"Things were going from bad to worse. So, with the threat that if he ever found him in the bazaar again he would hand him up for court-martial, he had the guard take him away, to the great relief of the Nawab and the sergeant and all the natives present. And this was in Lucknow!

"Solomon says, 'There is a time to laugh.' I have found in my life few occasions more appropriate for that exercise than the one which I have faithfully described. My story has enough of the grave and the sad; let this, then, have a place, for it has a lesson beyond what appears on the surface of the ludicrous scene. One can read that lesson and even laugh over it, as I did, near the graves of Havelock and Henry Lawrence. To adequately appreciate the enlargement of heart on that occasion one would need to have experimentally known our previous conditions and to have ridden on an elephant's back with a Sepoy guard through those very bazaars; should have been acquainted as we were with those who endured that long agony of defense; should have stood with us for seven months on the hills of Naini Tal with the fear that you were the last of Christian life left in India, and that your fate at the hands of these bloody men might be but a question of time, hardly expecting deliverance, and then to drop right out of those circumstances into a scene like this! The blessed God himself would sanction laughter here. For, as when he 'turned again the captivity

of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing.' It was literally true in the bazaar of Lucknow that they said among the heathen, 'God hath done great things for them.'

"Even as I looked and laughed at the whimsical proposal of this half-drunken creature how vividly did God's promise come to my mind, as I saw him exulting in his ability and offering to fulfill to the letter those words of Holy Writ, so true then of the race which he even in his unworthiness there represented, that 'One should chase a thousand'—nay, even more than that, for he alone offered to do the work of the two to whom a covenant God had engaged that they should 'put ten thousand to flight.' The thoughts of their hearts were revealed in the candid remark made to us one day by an elderly native as, with a sigh, he exclaimed: 'It is so, Sahib, for some reason that we do not understand. God has left us and gone over to the Christian side. My children and grandchildren will probably be of your way of thinking, but I am too old to change. I want to die in the faith of my fathers.' Already, thank God, the blood even of the Sepoys flows in the veins of the Methodist ministry in Oudh and Rohilcund."

Sir Robert Montgomery invited Dr. Butler to see what use was being made of the great number of weapons which had been collected as the population was disarmed. In a large inclosure were great heaps of these: the cannon from the many forts of Oudh, the swords and guns of the people in the bazaars, and many curious native weapons, including the kookries and tulwars for disemboweling or beheading. Several blacksmiths were working hard at their forges turning all these into agricultural implements, "their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks," according to the promise in Holy Writ. The Governor offered some of them as relics, and they are still



SOME OF THE WEAPONS BROUGHT BY DR. BUTLER FROM LUCKNOW. All are rusted from the blood shed during the Mutiny. No. I is used with an upward thrust. No. II is for beheading. No. III, Army sword. No IV, Double-edged dagger.

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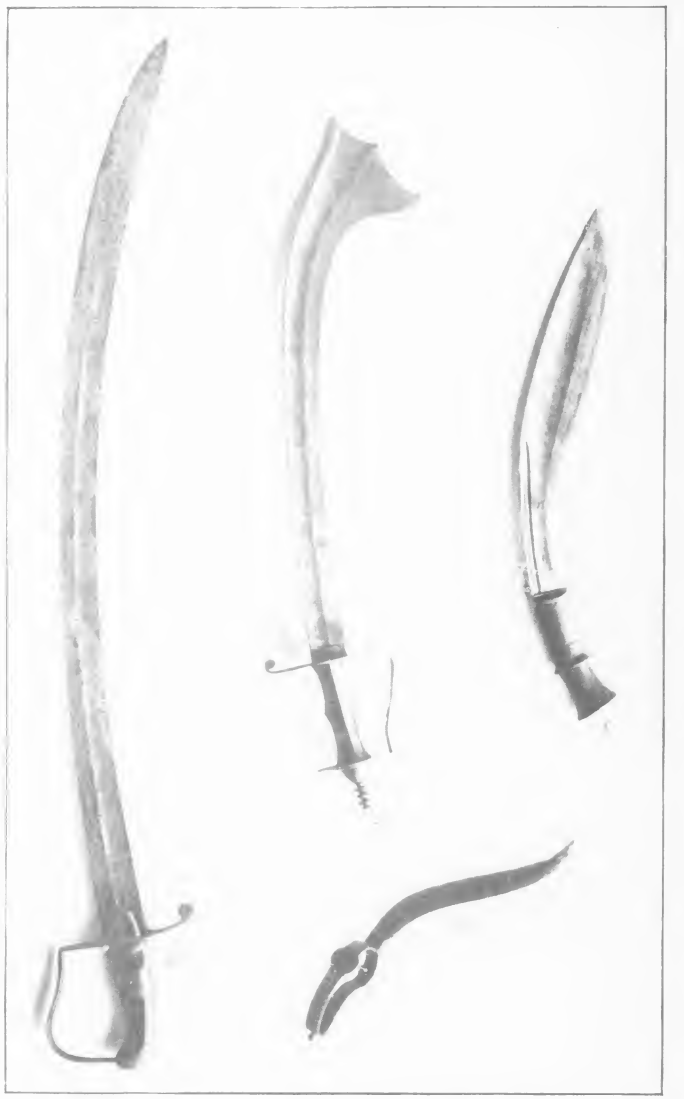


Some of the Arms of Sepoys and Others Who Used Them in the Bloody Days during the Mutiny
No. 1 is a Sepoy tulwar, or native sword. No. 2 is a Sepoy tulwar. No. 3 is a Sepoy sword. No. 4 is a Sepoy sword. No. 5 is a Sepoy sword. No. 6 is a Sepoy sword. No. 7 is a Sepoy sword. No. 8 is a Sepoy sword. No. 9 is a Sepoy sword. No. 10 is a Sepoy sword. No. 11 is a Sepoy sword. No. 12 is a Sepoy sword. No. 13 is a Sepoy sword. No. 14 is a Sepoy sword. No. 15 is a Sepoy sword. No. 16 is a Sepoy sword. No. 17 is a Sepoy sword. No. 18 is a Sepoy sword. No. 19 is a Sepoy sword. No. 20 is a Sepoy sword. No. 21 is a Sepoy sword. No. 22 is a Sepoy sword. No. 23 is a Sepoy sword. No. 24 is a Sepoy sword. No. 25 is a Sepoy sword. No. 26 is a Sepoy sword. No. 27 is a Sepoy sword. No. 28 is a Sepoy sword. No. 29 is a Sepoy sword. No. 30 is a Sepoy sword. No. 31 is a Sepoy sword. No. 32 is a Sepoy sword. No. 33 is a Sepoy sword. No. 34 is a Sepoy sword. No. 35 is a Sepoy sword. No. 36 is a Sepoy sword. No. 37 is a Sepoy sword. No. 38 is a Sepoy sword. No. 39 is a Sepoy sword. No. 40 is a Sepoy sword. No. 41 is a Sepoy sword. No. 42 is a Sepoy sword. No. 43 is a Sepoy sword. No. 44 is a Sepoy sword. No. 45 is a Sepoy sword. No. 46 is a Sepoy sword. No. 47 is a Sepoy sword. No. 48 is a Sepoy sword. No. 49 is a Sepoy sword. No. 50 is a Sepoy sword. No. 51 is a Sepoy sword. No. 52 is a Sepoy sword. No. 53 is a Sepoy sword. No. 54 is a Sepoy sword. No. 55 is a Sepoy sword. No. 56 is a Sepoy sword. No. 57 is a Sepoy sword. No. 58 is a Sepoy sword. No. 59 is a Sepoy sword. No. 60 is a Sepoy sword. No. 61 is a Sepoy sword. No. 62 is a Sepoy sword. No. 63 is a Sepoy sword. No. 64 is a Sepoy sword. No. 65 is a Sepoy sword. No. 66 is a Sepoy sword. No. 67 is a Sepoy sword. No. 68 is a Sepoy sword. No. 69 is a Sepoy sword. No. 70 is a Sepoy sword. No. 71 is a Sepoy sword. No. 72 is a Sepoy sword. No. 73 is a Sepoy sword. No. 74 is a Sepoy sword. No. 75 is a Sepoy sword. No. 76 is a Sepoy sword. No. 77 is a Sepoy sword. No. 78 is a Sepoy sword. No. 79 is a Sepoy sword. No. 80 is a Sepoy sword. No. 81 is a Sepoy sword. No. 82 is a Sepoy sword. No. 83 is a Sepoy sword. No. 84 is a Sepoy sword. No. 85 is a Sepoy sword. No. 86 is a Sepoy sword. No. 87 is a Sepoy sword. No. 88 is a Sepoy sword. No. 89 is a Sepoy sword. No. 90 is a Sepoy sword. No. 91 is a Sepoy sword. No. 92 is a Sepoy sword. No. 93 is a Sepoy sword. No. 94 is a Sepoy sword. No. 95 is a Sepoy sword. No. 96 is a Sepoy sword. No. 97 is a Sepoy sword. No. 98 is a Sepoy sword. No. 99 is a Sepoy sword. No. 100 is a Sepoy sword.

in our possession, with the rust on them caused by the blood stains of the massacres of the Christians.

Two regiments had remained faithful to the British—from mixed motives probably, but the fact that they did not join the mutineers made it advisable to honor them in the sight of all people. Accordingly they were drawn up on the parade ground at Bareilly, and all the regiments at the station, including the English officers and soldiers, marched past, each man saluting in his turn these whom the Queen delighted to honor. It was a wonderful sight to witness, the British officers saluting with raised swords these privates of a native regiment. From that time they bore the name of "The Faithful," and were justly proud of their distinction. If earthly honors count for so much in human lives what will it be to be acknowledged before the Lord God Almighty? Even the privates, those in humble rank—if they are only faithful!

Some of the English regiments were soon afterward ordered to Peshawar, a two months' march up country. These men had been through the Crimean campaign and the Persian war before they were called upon for this arduous service in the Mutiny. Many of them had enjoyed no home comforts during all this time of active service. The mission mother determined to give them one homelike entertainment; so invitation was extended for them to come to the mission for a cup of tea. Many of these men had been regular attendants at the preaching services, and some were Christians. None of them had tasted a cup of tea since they left England, years before, and their pleasure was a delight to witness. Large caldrons of hot water were prepared, and Mrs. Butler took pleasure in serving them, in the hospitable English fashion, as only one could who realized by actual experience of long peril what their name of "defenders" signified. Some of them wrote subsequently from their distant posts referring to the cheer of this happy occasion

and to their appreciation of the little prayer service which ended it. The incident was related by Dr. Butler in the hearing of Mrs. Emma Huntington Nason, who published it in the following graceful poem:

THE MISSION TEA PARTY

The war in the East had ended;
Its terrors were past, they said.
There was peace, once more, for the living,
And peace for the valiant dead.

Through the splendid squares of Lucknow
The Highlanders marched again;
The heroes of fortress and jungle—
Brave Havelock's peerless men!

Aye, open your gates, O Lucknow!
But measure, ye guards, your breath,
As ye think of those days, an hundred,
When Havelock marched with death.

Then welcome them back with rejoicing,
O minaret, tower, and shrine!
For these are the men who saved you,
Whose glory outlasteth thine!

Through the streets swept the colors of England,
Borne proudly aloft on the air;
While the "throne land of Rama" reechoed
The Christian's thanksgiving and prayer.

Then the heart of one beautiful woman
Was stirred by an impulse sweet,
As she thought of the long, forced marches,
The weary and blood-stained feet;

Of the pain, the hunger, the thirsting,
The death in the jungle's gloom,
The rescue of women and children
Threatened with direful doom.

And she said, "I will spread them a banquet
With a touch of the homeland cheer,
And the welcome their mothers would give them
Afar in the heatherlands dear.

"Not for thrice twelve months have they tasted
A simple cupful of tea!
I will serve it to-day for the heroes
Who periled their lives for me!

"Bid them come to the courts of the mission!"
Gay awnings were hastily hung;
While on tripods of curious fashion,
The teakettles merrily swung;

Swung and sung songs of the homeland;
Familiar and sweet were the tunes,
As if winds of the loch and the mountain
Blew soft through the Indian noons.

She fastened the tartan of Scotland
With the thistle-bloom over her breast;
And her own little winsome daughter
In the bonny bright plaid she dressed.

At the old gray gate of the mission,
'Neath turret and watchtowers high,
Where the dusk-eyed Indian princess
Had dreamed in the days gone by,

This fair-faced, brave-hearted woman,
A stranger from lands of the West,
To the ancient palace and gardens
Welcomed each war-worn guest.

And with Highland bonnets uplifted,
There under the Hindu palm,
The soldiers of Havelock listened
To the Hebrew's glorious psalm:

"Thou wentest before thy people,
And kings of armies did flee!"
Then gratefully under the shadows
They drank of the fragrant tea,

Served with the grace and the bounty
Of royal fête and of feast
To the tattered and smoke-grimed heroes
In halls of the storied East.

And many a battle-scarred soldier
Let fall from a glistening eye
Hot tears on the hand of his hostess
For whom he had thought to die.

And for her was the Highlander's blessing
Breathed low in that tenderer scene
When the pipers, proud in their places,
Played grandly "God save the Queen!"

The natives did not understand who these Highlanders were. During the siege at Naini Tal the refugees heard the strangest rumors about them. Those soldiers had been hurried off for this great emergency without preparation for the terrible heat of the climate, in their warm red coats and heavy shakos. The natives said that some very strange people had come to fight for the English—they were not men, and they were not women; but they wore skirts, and their hair stood up two feet above their heads! The appearance of the marines, who volunteered to bring up the cannon from Calcutta, also greatly impressed the natives. The report was circulated that a lot of great broad-shouldered men had come up, so strong that one of them could pick up a loaded cannon under each arm and run forward and fire them off, and then retreat to have them reloaded.

The change in sentiment among the natives was remarkable in that they accepted British rule so quickly and were even able soon to account for it by saying that they had received a revelation from Shiva that the European invasion was nothing more than one of his incarnations, which he had undertaken to prevent them from cutting each other's throats. This rumor found circulation in the Central Provinces. In view of the change in the attitude of the people the Superintendent felt that the time had arrived for the Methodist Church to enter, not by two, or even five, missionaries at a time, but his faith arose to the point of asking that twenty-four missionaries be sent at once, while he should raise as much as possible in India toward building houses for them. To this end, at the suggestion of the magistrate in Bareilly he presented the matter to some of the Christian men in the civil and military services, who subscribed liberally. Only one who was approached was alarmed at the proposition. It was General Sir James Outram, then head of the government in Oudh—the man who had led the cavalry in the

fierce struggle on crossing the Goomtee, by his valor and that of his men, completing the wonderful victory. He was given the title of "the Bayard of India," yet his courage failed when confronted by the proposition to attempt the assault against the strongholds of Satan. He asked if the Mission intended to provoke another Mutiny by such an invasion, and if it would not be wiser to introduce them quietly, one by one, so as not to alarm the kingdom. He would not give a rupee. "It's dangerous, sir; it's dangerous!" The Missionary Board agreed to send the large force desired, though not quite the full number arrived, and the peaceful conquest of the hearts of men has gone on without provoking any other rebellion.

The list of contributors grew, and some interested their friends at home, so that more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were thus given to our Mission by British sympathizers from 1857 to 1871. One officer wrote to a lady in Scotland, who sent five hundred rupees and repeated the gift the next year. Not for a long time afterward did Dr. Butler know that this generous friend who so substantially helped was the Countess of Aberdeen, whose generosity was well known to workers in many of the philanthropies of her own Church.

Though modest regarding his own abilities, when the need of the precious work committed to his care was in question the Superintendent was brave as a lion. Not content with asking a few friends, he addressed letters to all the prominent officials of the British government in India, asking their personal aid in establishing the Church of Christ in the newly conquered Provinces. Even Lord Canning, the Governor General, and Sir John Lawrence received and acknowledged this appeal. Nearly all answered, some saying that in their official position they could not contribute to religious effort, but that they would give to the philanthropic work he had undertaken to do in providing for the orphan children; while others re-

sponded with hearty sympathy for the religious side of the work. Not only was personal help given, but in some places grants of land for buildings and generous gifts for the schools.

A part of a note from Lieutenant Gowan is here quoted to show the spirit of some of these Christian men. He says: "Please find a check for six hundred rupees. As before, I leave the entire disposal of the money to you, as the Superintendent of the Mission, feeling sure that you will seek the guidance of God's Holy Spirit in its appropriation. I intend continuing to subscribe so long as I remain in India according to the means at my disposal, and as these will be probably materially increased very shortly, by my promotion, you may look for a corresponding increase in the amount of my remittances." The liberality here shown was continued even after this good friend had retired to England. Sir Henry Ramsey was probably the largest giver of money and other help. In all, during the first ten years of the Mission, about one hundred thousand dollars was given by those friends in India of different denominations who saw the value of the work of the Methodist Mission in elevating the people of the land, and by those who found Christ in the services held in English in the large centers from the very beginning of the Mission.

CHAPTER VI

MISSION ACTIVITIES

"Lift the stone and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood and there am I."

THE hearty response to the plea for more missionaries made it necessary for the Superintendent to see suitable houses erected. He was not therefore able to devote himself to the study of the language; nor were his instructions to do this, but to plan, prepare, and carry out the details of the administration of the Mission, while the young men who would be sent might thus be free to devote their entire energy to the acquiring of the vernaculars. Five missionaries were to arrive at the close of the third year, and for these homes must be prepared. The difficulties were many, because the government had requisitioned all the output from the brickyards, since the soldiers must have their barracks before the hot months and the heavy rains of July. In Bareilly every residence suitable for European occupancy had been destroyed save the Freemasons' Hall, which the mutineers had spared because of their superstitious feeling that it was something uncanny.

Joel was stationed at Lucknow, and a Eurasian helper who had been in the Residency during the siege, Joseph Fieldbrave, was the assistant at Bareilly. He was of a keen mind, and by being early on the ground helped to secure building supplies in a way which roused the curiosity of the chief engineer, who was seizing everything in the way of material for the barracks. Not being able to ascertain where Dr. Butler obtained his bricks, he imagined he might find out by flattering his assistant; so he rode up to Joseph, and in a friendly manner said he would like to ask a question. Joseph very readily promised

to answer. The officer began in a confidential manner, saying, "Joseph, it is wonderful how your Sahib does push his work along on these houses. Why, I pass by daily, and the walls grow higher, and yet his heap of brick and timber does not seem to grow less. It is wonderful. How does he do it? Where does he get his supplies?" Without any hesitancy Joseph replied, with a smile, "Don't you know, Sahib, that my Sahib is Jesus Christ's man?" "O yes, I know that; but what about the material?" "Well, Sahib, when he gets anxious sometimes about not having material enough he just goes and tells God in prayer, and asks for help, and God gives him just what he wants, and that is how he gets his supplies."

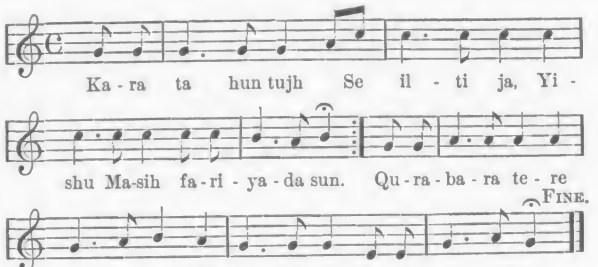
It was a novel idea to the major, and gathering up his reins, he bade Joseph farewell and rode off. The worthy Joseph came and told his chief with a twinkle in his eye. As they had about sixty men employed it may be interesting to know just how the supplies were sent. There were some ruins of buildings destroyed in the Mutiny, of which Joseph found he could purchase the material, have it pulled down, and still secure it at less than the market prices. Thus a bountiful supply was obtained. The houses went up rapidly, and this particular one on which he was engaged is still the residence of the missionary in charge of the Theological Seminary. Sometimes the Superintendent was criticised for building too substantial and high-studded houses; but the good health of those who have occupied them, who by this seeming extravagance have secured sufficient air for the long hot days when all doors must be tightly closed to keep out the burning winds, and the stability which makes these homes yet serviceable after forty-five years, is sufficient justification. It pays to take good care of the health of the workers and to give them all the aid possible to withstand the rigor of the climate.

Joseph was not only sagacious in business matters, but

at the dedication of the first church in Bareilly he took charge of the music. Not much was expected, but to the surprise of all the singing was very hearty, the words having been distributed on sheets of paper. Joseph had composed, or rather translated, hymns, and set them to native tunes, which were familiar and therefore easily taken up by the native Christians. This was really the beginning of our Methodist Hymnal, to which not only Joseph contributed, but also his son Isaac, who developed remarkable poetic talent. Some fifty of the hymns now in use were composed by Isaac Fieldbrave. Mrs. Humphrey, though in quite feeble health, rendered valuable service by her translations of our best hymns. The native tunes are very attractive to those accustomed to the oriental music. The two specimens given on the next page are great favorites.

The first meeting of the Mission was held at Bareilly August 20, 1858. Three missionaries, one European helper, and two natives answered the roll. What audacity for such a number to undertake the giant task of opposing the greatest system of idolatry the world has ever known! How insignificant a handful to attack the stronghold of Satan! "Not by might, nor by power," surely. Yet to William Butler was given the joy of living until he could see one hundred thousand of the people of India claiming Christ as Lord, brought into this loyalty through the agency of the Methodist Mission.

The famine which had been foreseen by the Superintendent appeared in the land, causing great destitution in the Provinces of Oudh and Rohilcund. As the churches at home had responded generously to his appeal for support for orphanages, Dr. Butler made an offer to the government to take one hundred and fifty of each sex of the destitute children who were being brought into Moradabad, and went with Joseph to make the selection. Attention has been called to the fact that many of the Eng-

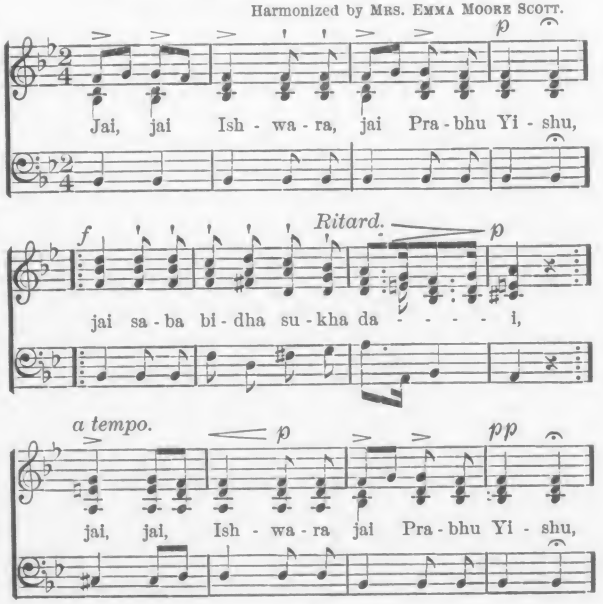


TRANSLATION:

Unto thee do I make my entreaty,
O, Jesus Christ, hear my complaint!
Expiation is through thy name,
O, Jesus Christ, hear my complaint!

Hindustani Bhajan. Jai, Jai Ishwara.

Harmonized by MRS. EMMA MOORE SCOTT.



lish officers were thoroughly in sympathy with the work of the Mission, but the magistrate in Moradabad was a most unworthy exception. He absolutely refused to allow the Mission to have the children, although he was willing that any Hindu or Mohammedan (these last being particularly willing to take the girls) should have all for whom they would apply. No persuasion availed to make him change his decision. Discouraged, the Superintendent returned to Bareilly to make this matter a subject of earnest prayer. His plea for help had been granted, a place had been prepared for these little ones, and the home Church was pledged to support them, but this unforeseen obstacle threatened to subvert the plan. Within a few days, however, the opposing magistrate was unexpectedly removed. This was justification for another trip to Moradabad, where the new incumbent was found to be a Christian man, who was indignant when he heard that any Englishman should have denied the petition of the missionaries. The children who had been selected were inquired for, but they could not be found. Finally it was discovered that they had been given over to some Mohammedan officials, to be brought up to a life of shame. The magistrate made a thorough investigation, and the offenders were forced to produce the children, who were then delivered to the missionaries. Large carts were loaded with the miserable, emaciated waifs, some of them mere babies and all showing the want of proper food. At Bareilly they were lifted out of the carts and put down before the door of the mission, some so exhausted that they could not stand. All were filthy and wretched, and three had died on the journey. A few weeks of Christian care and cleanliness and love made a wonderful transformation. To appreciate properly how precious the little girls especially were to the Mission we must recall the fact that up to this time it had been impossible to obtain access to the homes where the women were secluded, and that

the sacred books of the Hindus forbid a woman standing in a public assembly, so that even in the street preaching there was no opportunity to reach them with the Gospel. Some of the Hindus had taunted the Mission, saying that if it did reach a few of the young men they would not be allowed to take wives from the Hindu community; so the work could not advance against this obstacle. The effort was constantly made to get little girls into a school, and Mrs. Butler started out accompanied by a native helper, and with great courage tried to induce some of the very poor women to allow their daughters to attend a school. So anxious was she for the success of her undertaking that she was willing to pay the little girls for attending. At some of the meanest houses they stood as suppliants, only to receive answers of this sort from the scowling heathen mother: "Haven't you any children of your own? then what do you want with mine?" and the door would be shut in their faces.

Her husband was equally unsuccessful in arguing with an elderly native as he tried to present the advantages of an education for the girls. The Hindu did not wish to be discourteous, since he had been approached most kindly, but he steadily refused assent, and finally the real reason was disclosed by the inquiry, "What interest do you have in making my daughters Nautch girls?" The only women who were supposed to need an education were these public characters, and the native man could not conceive of any others as wanting to learn. It appeared impossible to persuade them that it would be a blessing to the lives of the daughters. Dr. Duff was a brave pioneer, yet he wrote in 1830: "You might as well try to scale a wall five hundred yards high as to attempt female education in India," and he resigned the effort in despair. Later he also said: "You might as well attempt to lift the loftiest peak of the Himalayas and throw it into the Bay of Bengal." However, the promise stands that the moun-

Garland Worn by Dr. Butler at the Durbar

Child Found Buried Alive

tains shall be cast into the midst of the sea, and this awful obstacle has been overcome by the perseverance of the saints who have prayed and toiled in the different Missions in India.

The first little orphan girl was sent to the Mission in November, 1858. She was pockmarked, blind of one eye, dirty and wild, yet the Superintendent brought her to Mrs. Butler as a very precious treasure, and as such she was received. A thorough washing, hair cutting, and good food soon transformed the waif into a happy child. She was named Almira Blake. Others came gradually, but now, after the famine, one hundred and fifty were given as the beginning of the splendid orphanage which has continued to this day a blessing to our Mission. Since the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society it has been under its care. One little one was found by a kind-hearted British soldier, who as he was passing along heard a faint cry. He found a babe only a few weeks old, apparently, buried alive, only its mouth being uncovered. A few hours longer and it must have died. Very tender care was necessary to revive the exhausted little creature. Sad are the histories of some of these waifs, but under the loving care afforded them in this institution they become happy and healthy and are trained to some useful work in the world.

The boys were taken to be trained as teachers should they prove able to receive such advantages, and for those less bright useful trades were taught. From these two institutions the Superintendent hoped that a splendid force of Christian young men and women would go out to influence their countrymen for Christ. Patrons in the home land named these children as they assumed their support in these orphanages.

The wonderful work of our Mission among the women of India had indeed a small beginning. The first record at hand is dated June, 1859, and Mrs. Butler then wrote:

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The boys were taken to be trained as teachers should they prove able to receive such advantages, and for those less bright useful trades were taught. From these two institutions the Superintendent hoped that a splendid force of Christian young men and women would go out to influence their countrymen for Christ. Patrons in the home land named these children as they assumed their support in these orphanages.

The wonderful work of our Mission among the women of India had indeed a small beginning. The first record at hand is dated June, 1859, and Mrs. Butler then wrote:

"Mrs. Pierce and I paid a visit to a Hindu lady on Saturday. There was the usual stir about ushering us into the zenana, and the ladies were decked out with a great deal of jewelry and tinsel. Mrs. Pierce is just learning how to speak to them, and she intends to visit in this way. We had Peggy with us, and she talked like a Christian to the ladies." Mrs. Butler writes again from Bareilly: "We have commenced our little school in the bazaar, but I do think it is the hardest kind of missionary work! We go early in the morning and sit in a close, smoky, hot, native room. We use every effort to try to coax the girls in, but they are so timid; they say we are going to kidnap them, to send them to foreign parts. They don't seem to want to learn to read; they don't want to learn to sew, or to get clean clothes, or to have their faces and hands washed. One day last week we had six little girls. We teach them to repeat a verse or two. Don't you think this discouraging? Yet this is how we must work here, our only hope and trust being on the promises God has given his dear Son that even these shall become his inheritance."

The Christian world knows of the seven weary years during which Dr. Judson waited for a convert. Our Mission in Foochow, China, had ten years of preparative labor. Our Mission in India had not this trial of faith, for in 1859 the Bareilly workers were encouraged by the conversion of Zahur-ul-Haqq, a fine-looking, scholarly Mohammedan who was convinced by hearing Dr. Humphrey relate his experience in a street service. The missionary told how God, through Christ, had taken away the load of sin from his own heart. This the hearer sought for himself and found. In spite of the protests of his father, who came thirty miles to attempt to dissuade him, the confession of Christ as his Saviour was publicly made on June 15, and first as teacher, then as preacher, and finally as presiding elder, he became a faithful and successful worker for his new Master. It is sometimes

said that we cannot reach the Mohammedans. This first convert is the answer to such statements.

Soon after this another convert was received. Ambica Charn was a young Hindu gentleman who had influential friends, and his conversion made a great stir in Bareilly. He was beaten by his relatives and every means used to induce him to give up his intention to be baptized, but without success. His baptism stirred the whole city and was the means of attracting the attention of thinking men to the mission. Ambica Charn wished his wife to come with him and believed that she was willing; but her friends so intimidated her that when she was brought into court in a closed conveyance, and the judge, who might not see her face, came near the palanquin in which she was, knocked three times and then asked her to say if she would go with her husband, she replied that she would not, and according to Hindu law she was thus separated from him. The man still lives to whom was given the honor of influencing these two converts, and he now rejoices over the multitudes who through our India Mission have counted Christ greater riches than the good things of this world.

In August, 1859, the second company of missionaries arrived at Lucknow, including Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Parker, Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Judd, Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Downey, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Waugh, and Rev. J. M. Thoburn; these with Dr. Humphrey, Mr. Pierce, and Mr. Knowles formed the working force. The boys' orphanage was located at Lucknow, and the girls were kept at Bareilly. The whole Church knows of the splendid years of service given by this band, two of whom were elected as Bishops for India, and by others who have given long terms of successful labor in the field.

Throughout William Butler's life he had a strong conviction that the way to win people was to show them that you had something they wanted. Not controversy, but

the preaching of an experimental salvation was his advice, both in India and Mexico. The lifting up of Christ was to be the aim, and he believed that this would suffice for the pulling down of the strongholds of sin. He felt that one of our greatest advantages in our Mission work in India was the fact that we had an oriental Bible to present to the oriental mind and heart, many of its parables fitting into the scenes of their everyday life and similar in its phraseology to that which they employ. This led to the feeling that a press was necessary to provide suitable literature. An appeal was accordingly drawn up to the members of the Mission, reminding them that the great Book Concern of our Church was founded with six hundred dollars, which was loaned for the purpose, and asking what they could do in this need of the India work. The document returned with the name of every missionary on the field subscribing for one hundred rupees. Thus the Publishing House was established as a great blessing to the Christian life of North India. The first printing press was made of cannon taken from the Sepoys, and was one of the first works of the government at the Rourkee shops. It was brought one hundred miles in a lumbering cart drawn by three bullocks, over roads which were mere tracks in the sands of the river beds and the paths among the ruts and stones. Its arrival at Bareilly was the occasion for great rejoicing in the Mission. Mr. Waugh had some knowledge of printing, and he agreed to train the orphan boys, thus affording them a means of livelihood. He had first to get an ink roller; not one was available in the whole Province, so one must be made. After long search a man in the penitentiary at Bareilly was found to be able to work in brass, and under the direction of the missionary he made the cylinder for the roller. Mr. Waugh compounded a mixture which was poured in and left to cool. The next morning the Superintendent and he were on the ground early to see the

result. It was a perfect success, and the blessed work of the press began. This same press is still occasionally in use, after forty years, at Lucknow, to which city the Publishing House was soon after removed. This is now the largest and most vigorous Mission Press in India; and so fully has it proved the wisdom of having an establishment for the printing of our own literature that three others are now in operation, at Calcutta, Madras, and Singapore, from each of which, in various languages, are being sent forth leaves of healing for the peoples of southern Asia.

The great amount of travel necessary in the first days called for the endurance which the splendid constitution of the Superintendent enabled him to exhibit. In one letter he mentions that the heavy rain made the roads so bad that he was twenty-six hours in going twenty-six miles, and had no regular meals for fifty hours. Bread and jam was the stand-by on this trip, as the rain would not allow the lighting of a fire, and absolutely nothing else could be obtained. The supply of timber available was so small that it was necessary for him to go to the forestry officer and secure from him permission to have certain trees out of the jungle and then to accompany the cutters and select his trees. At the time he wrote: "The progress of the younger brethren in the language is a joy to me. They go far ahead, as they are set free entirely to devote themselves to study, while even in the 'brick and mortar' of our Mission I know that I am serving Christ."

Going early one morning in a palanquin through the wheat fields during the hot weather, he looked out, just as the day dawned, to see the heads of the wheat bowing over, each with a drop of dew hanging from its tip. The early rays of the sun made them sparkle like jewels. It would be an attractive sight in any country, but in that dry and thirsty one, where such great suffering follows the lack of rain, resulting in the horrors of famine, it was

peculiarly significant to the missionary. In the land where so many were hungering and thirsting, seeking satisfaction in dumb idols, the promise of God was that he would come down as the dew: "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon."

In these early days the Superintendent had some amusing incidents in his travel. On one occasion he sat down to take his food in the shadow of a beautiful grove which happened to be near a monkey temple. The attention of the creatures was attracted to the food, and as people habitually came there with offerings of grain as an act of religious merit the monkeys appeared to take it for granted that the repast was spread for them, and were highly indignant when they were denied. They swarmed around, uttering shrill cries, and only by switching his walking stick constantly around with one hand was the missionary able to use the other in order to finish his meal. Soon after that he had some conversation with an old Brahman and asked him concerning the superstition the people felt about shooting monkeys. The old man repeated case after case of people who had been so unwise as to defy fate by killing a monkey, every one of them coming to a sad end immediately after his sacrilegious act.

On another occasion, Mrs. Butler being with him, they encamped under some trees and built a little fire to cook their breakfast. Unfortunately, near by was a great colony of wild bees, which, enraged by the smoke, descended on the travelers in fierce attack. Some English soldiers were camping near by, having with them several elephants. The savage bees attacked these also, and their attendants immediately cut the ropes with which they were tied and fled out of the way of harm. The missionaries were frightfully stung, and the horse, although taken away as quickly as possible, died from the effects.

It was near nightfall before the bees were expelled from the little carriage and the travelers were able to proceed on their way.

Another time, when he was journeying alone, the attendant, who had gone ahead to make arrangements, wishing to glorify himself as the servant of a great man, gave out the news that the Great Lord of the Christians was about to arrive. The whole village turned out to greet this important personage, headed by their priest, who, when the Superintendent drew near, made him a very gracious speech, in which he said that he had heard that the missionary was the great priest of his religion, and that as he was the head priest of the Hindu faith in that region they were therefore brothers. So he had come to welcome this new found brother and had brought him a present. He then produced a jar of buffalo's milk, into which he proceeded to pour a quantity of coarse sugar which he had brought tied up in one corner of the single garment which he wore, and afterward stirring the mixture with his fingers he presented it to the Great Lord. It was a difficult moment. To refuse a kindness which was meant as a great condescension would antagonize the people and thus arouse prejudice against our Mission, but to tackle the compound after seeing it prepared was beyond possibility; but remembering that with the Hindu custom is law, Mr. Butler explained, with many compliments, that it was not his "custom" to drink buffalo's milk so early in the morning, and this, with much smiling and bowing, saved the day.

In 1860, at Shahjahanpur, the Superintendent came across a curious case of a wolf-reared man. A human being had been carried off when merely a babe to the den of a wolf, and her tenderness having been in some way aroused the child was spared and brought up with her cubs. He had been rescued, and an English gentleman was sheltering the poor creature in his compound. He

was apparently twenty years of age when first discovered by a soldier who, passing through a road little traveled, saw in a ravine a pack of wolves and with them a human being. Reporting this to the magistrate a large number of coolies were sent out to try to rescue the man. The pack fled into a cave or den, whereupon the men began to dig, and one of them having seized one of the feet of the wild man they drew him out and succeeded in binding him and carried him to the town. He was very unwilling to wear clothing, but they had at last persuaded him to keep on a single garment. His skin had become brown by exposure to the sun and his face was wizened, his mouth pursed up and his head utterly unkempt.

Efforts had been made to teach him to talk, but he never made any sound except a quiet growl. He insisted on eating his food from the ground, and at first would take nothing but raw meat. An offensive odor was noticed from his body, like that from the animals with which he had been associated all his life previous to his capture. Dr. Butler was particularly interested because during the building operations in Bareilly one night they were aroused by the cry of a mother who had been lying with a baby on her arm asleep. A wolf had stolen up and had clutched the child by the shoulder, trying to lift it off, but the mother, aroused in time, by her shrill cry of alarm frightened the wolf away. Cases of children being reared by wolves have been more or less frequently discovered, and in no case on record was the rescued individual, if grown to manhood, ever able to learn human speech or manners.

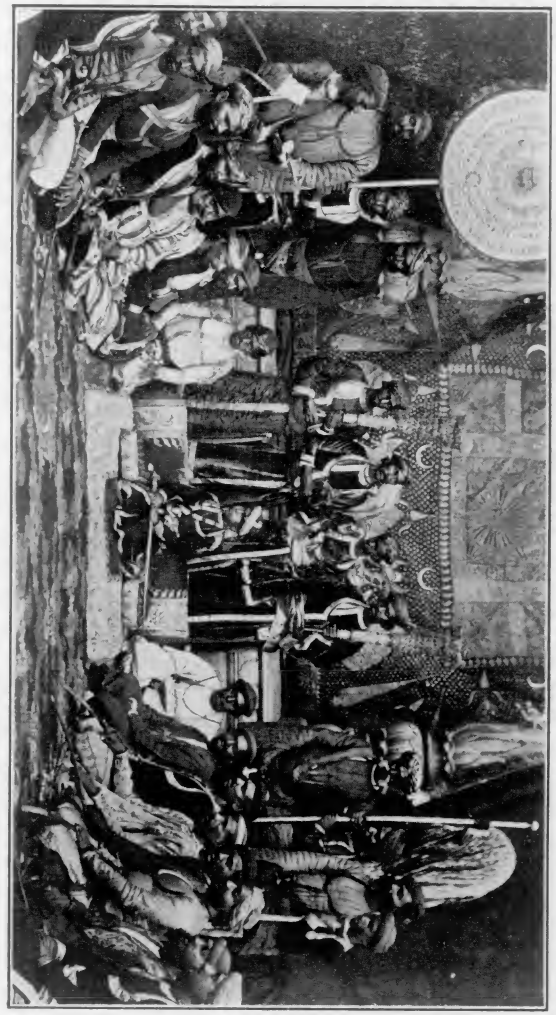
The survivors in Naini Tal who had been saved from death during the Mutiny by the faithfulness of the Nawab of Rampore, wishing to extend to him an expression of their gratitude, joined together and ordered a magnificent silver service from London, accompanied by a richly ornamented address on parchment, and the committee

informed the Nawab of their desire to visit him and present him with a token of their gratitude. A formal invitation was soon received from the Nawab, and in January, 1860, twenty-three of the eighty-seven defenders, all who were able to gather at Rampore, met in the plain outside the city, where the servants of the Nawab had pitched tents for their use.

A large durbar, or reception tent, occupied the center. At about nine o'clock in the morning a cloud of dust at the city gates and the booming of cannon announced that the royal cavalcade was on its way to the camp. The reason for his faithfulness to the British was that he had been protected on the throne by them against the pretender to whom his brother, when dying, had endeavored to transfer it. The British, in recognition of his fidelity, had enlarged his dominions. The testimonial now to be presented was merely an offering from the civilians who had been fugitives in Naini Tal. The Nawab entered the tent and was seated in state to receive each one of the survivors, who were introduced and placed according to their rank. As a mark of honor he had come to receive them and escort them in person to the palace. The introductions over he gave the signal to depart, and the guests were mounted in the howdahs on the backs of the great elephants from his stables. Thirty of the richly caparisoned animals formed a procession, and following them came the magnificent Arabian and Persian horses of the Nawab, his attendants, his band, the artillery, cavalry, and infantry closing the rear. The elephants moved in two lines, so close together that their backs looked like an undulating floor covered with a red carpet, so that it seemed that a man could walk from one of the brilliant processions to the other along the broad backs of the intelligent beasts. On entering the city the royal salute was fired, which was repeated on arrival at the palace. Alighting, each guest was invested with a

choice garland of gold and silver tinsel work adorned with jewels. This was placed around the neck, falling to the waist. This showed that they were the bidden and accepted guests of the royal master, and illustrated beautifully the custom set forth in the parable of our Lord concerning the wedding garment. It was worn all the time that the guests remained within the city, and procured for them abundant honor, the guards presenting arms as the wearers passed, and even the elephants having been trained to raise their trunks in salute to those bearing this sign of the favor of the Nawab.

The guests were first conducted to the elaborately decorated throne room, where they were seated in a semicircle in front of the Nawab, and an entertainment was provided for their pleasure. First, Nautch girls, most elaborately dressed and covered with jewels, came to dance and sing; then the court buffoons played their best antics and jokes, and a burlesque on an English court judge was presented by having criminals brought in under ridiculous charges for impossible offenses and the most absurd judgments pronounced by the worthy in the chair. This style of entertainment was not to the taste of the missionary, so he slipped out, in company with a friend, mounted one of the elephants and took a view of the city, returning in time for the presentation and address which was offered by Colonel, afterward Sir Henry Ramsey. The Nawab took the opportunity to confer gifts of honor upon some of his chief officers, the first in line being the commander of his army. Knowing how much they were indebted to these men, in so loyally sustaining their master's position in spite of efforts made to induce them to join the mutineers, the English honored each man with a cheer as he was presented. Cheers are not a part of the procedure of an oriental court, and at first seemed to surprise all parties, but these were very quickly understood and



DURBAR OF NATIVE PRINCE

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very gratefully received. Each person to be distinguished was brought in before the Nawab, an officer standing near by with a tray containing the gifts, and a short address was made by the Nawab on the special acts of devoted service for which the recipient was to be honored. The gift was in its nature significant of the profession of the person favored, the master receiving a dress of state made of cloth of gold, and the general a sword and shield of rich manufacture.

An elaborate dinner was arranged for the English guests. When all were seated "the king came in to see his guests," every one of whom, of course, had retained his festive garland, and the servants standing by the chairs watched their sovereign's eye and hand as he quickly drew their attention to anything required. The ceremony ended at ten o'clock that night. This was the day of the Methodist missionary at the court of an Eastern King.

The kindness shown by this Mohammedan ruler to our missionaries is especially noteworthy, as a few years later, on the arrival of Dr. Clara Swain and the establishment of the first medical mission for women in the Orient, the Nawab gave a fine piece of land and a building to be used for the first hospital for women in India. The policy of the different rulers who have succeeded him has remained unchanged in its friendliness toward our Mission.

The Rajah of Rewah was another ruler who had remained faithful to the English cause, and during the terrible days of the Mutiny he heard of a number of fugitives, chiefly ladies and children, who were hiding in a neighboring forest. He immediately sent messengers and escorted the foreigners to comfortable quarters near his palace. They were fed and protected until the time arrived when they could be safely sent to Calcutta, and then he supplied them with the means of returning to England. This humane act had exposed him to grave

danger. When the news of this remarkable act reached Queen Victoria she commanded that he be invested with the newly established Order of the Star of India. A royal Durbar was proclaimed for this man whom the Queen delighted to honor. The Superintendent was invited to this magnificent ceremony, which was arranged in the open plain, hundreds of tents being pitched for the occasion. The royal pavilions were gay with bright colors and glistened with gold and silver hangings, while from lofty poles floated the banner of Great Britain and those of the attendant Nawabs and Rajahs in great numbers. The Governor General occupied a chair of state in the center of the pavilion, and around him were grouped the military and civil officers according to their rank. A chair was vacant on his right hand. On the approach of the Rajah a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and as he appeared at the entrance all rose to receive him, while, supported by his attendant, he moved slowly and with apparent difficulty up the long aisle. The Governor General escorted him to the place of honor. The Rajah was attired in cloth of gold with a superb cashmere shawl bound about his waist and a jeweled sword hanging at his side. His white turban was covered with jewels in rich ornamentation, and chains of precious stones were about his neck. The presiding officer expressed the gratitude of the Queen for the humane act of her faithful ally, and placed upon his breast the magnificent Star of the Order. As he stood before the assembly, the center of attraction for all eyes, he seemed a glowing embodiment of the fabled wealth of Ind. In a few words he expressed his thanks for the honor and for her Majesty's kindness, and then, with his hands muffled in the folds of his coat, passed painfully back to the entrance, where his attendants lifted him to the howdah of his elephant.

As the brilliant assembly moved out from the pavilion Dr. Butler asked a friend, "What is the matter with the

Rajah, that he moves so slowly?" "Ah," came the reply, "he is a leper." This superbly attired individual was poorer than the poorest in his dominions who possessed the blessing of health; for he whose wealth and honor made him the envy of his compatriots was losing his hands and feet in the ravages of this awful disease! Poor India! This indeed was a picture of the great country; rich, and coveted by the nations of the world, but sick with the malady of a debasing religion, with none to help until the Great Physician shall be brought to heal her sorrows and make her clean.

Before the Mutiny a native who became a Christian was at a disadvantage in obtaining employment, the East India Company discriminating against him, while his heathen neighbors would neither buy from him nor give him work. The converts were in danger of starving unless taken into Mission employ. The danger of making them thus depend on foreign rupees, and so laying them open to the charge of having changed their faith for pecuniary reasons, was considerable. When the Mutiny had broken out Sir John Lawrence was Governor of the Punjab, and the missionaries waited upon him to say that if their public preaching in the streets of Lahore was any embarrassment, in the condition of the country, they were willing to pause for a season if he thought best. His reply, which will be a lasting honor to his name, was, "No, gentlemen; prosecute your preaching and missionary enterprises just as usual," and went on to say that in his opinion "Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen." The missionaries did not preach a sermon the less in the Punjab for the rebellion. Though all India around them rose against the British, the Punjab stood firm. The East India Company was abolished, while this brave man, Sir John Lawrence, was chosen to be the Viceroy of India and native Christians were sought for to fill good appointments. They are now found in all depart-

ments, and even the converts from the lowest castes are in positions of usefulness and honor.

The delightful spirit of unity among the Missions is shown by the following letter which arrived at the time when our missionaries were in some anxiety lest the Civil War would so cripple our Missionary Society that they would not be able to sustain the work:

My dear Dr. Butler:

Some of us to whom the cause of Christ in connection with every branch of Christ's Church is dear are beginning to feel very anxious about the probable effects of the disastrous war in America on all American missions. We are therefore making inquiries on the subject in order, if necessary, to apply to our friends alike in India and in Britain. We would all be saddened to see any of these valuable missions curtailed in any way. Will you please therefore tell me how your Mission is likely to be affected? Will your Board be in difficulties? If so, which?

Do let me know without delay, as we are anxious to adopt measures to do what we can to help brethren in need.

Besides the interest I feel in your Mission as a branch of service I am especially interested from having been in America—from the great kindness I experienced when there and for the generous confidence placed in me by your Society in electing me an honorary member.

Have you, for instance, any orphans brought in from the famine? If so, are you likely to be in difficulty about their support?

All these, or any other details, pray send me without delay.

Yours affectionately,

Alexander Duff.

That the Church at home sustained the work even under the trying circumstances of the war does not lessen the gratitude felt by the Methodist Mission for this mark of Christian generosity. The generous proposition was all the more welcome in consideration of the anxiety of some of the missionaries as to the venturesome spirit of the Superintendent in accepting the charge of so many orphan children. To their fears as to a possible bankruptcy for the Mission his faith answered, claiming these little ones for God's service. No want has ever come to them, or to

the Mission as a result of its care for the helpless. In fact, so marked was the hand of Providence in the early work of the Mission that an impression went abroad among the English officials that it was best to do what the Superintendent of the Methodist Mission asked, for some who had refused help or obstructed the work, like the magistrate who refused to give him the orphan children, had been most unexpectedly removed or had died. This was not known to him at the time, but years later he heard of it from one of the other missionaries. It was not the person only who impressed these onlookers, but the power so clearly seen working through him and his brethren in the Mission.

CHAPTER VII

Led in New Paths

"O Christian women, for the temples set
Throughout earth's desert lands, do you forget
The sanctuary curtains need your broidery yet?"

Each land has its problems; the India Mission had them in full measure. The question of admitting a polygamist into Christian church fellowship, provided that the relation had been taken before the man was reached by Christian teaching, came early to the front. In 1859 a man with two wives became a Christian and desired to be received. The matter was the more difficult to settle since the first wife, being childless, had urged her husband to take the second one, believing that without a son to officiate at his funeral ceremony he would not have a happy transmigration. The second wife had borne him five children, her eldest daughter having grown up and been married before the contact with Christianity raised the question which must now be decided. The poor man wished to do what was right, but after repeated conferences with the two women he could not say which should be put away. Finally the family traveled to Bareilly and put the case before the Superintendent, who naturally shrank from giving any advice on so delicate a question. He listened to their statements, lifting his heart meanwhile to the God of Justice to make the right way plain to the distressed hearts of the company. The first wife stated her case, urging that she had been a true and faithful wife during all the years of her married life, and that though God had denied her the children she felt that her fidelity should plead for her in this hour. The second wife set forth her claims, above all that she was the mother of the

children. No word of bitterness was uttered by either side, all spoke under the sense of the heavy sacrifice which Christianity was then demanding of them. The children looked on with sad faces. The one to whom this painful question had been referred wrote: "All the time my heart was going up in prayer for the merciful intervention of Him whose holy law was requiring the sacrifice from those who would be his followers, so that we might be guided wisely, and without any compromise which he would reject, from out of those intricate circumstances into which their false religion had led them. I felt a strong hope, in view of the husband's manifest anxiety to do what was right before God, that the Merciful One would not leave us in this perplexity, but would cause light to rise upon the obscurity. I could not imagine how it was to be done. 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity,' and it was certainly here; for when the pleadings were ceasing, and solemn silence was over us—each heart hushed to listen for the decision which must come now to save the whole effort from confusion and a collapse that would surely sacrifice the future peace of the family and effectually impede their conversion to Christianity—then help seemed to come from heaven. The oldest daughter of the second wife, herself married, and with a babe on her bosom, stirred by an impulse which impelled her to decided action, rose to her feet and crossed the room to the sad and weeping first wife and tenderly addressing her, said, 'Mother, I have now a home of my own, and if you will only consent to be the discarded one, so that my father may be able to carry out his religious convictions, I will take you to my heart and home and I will be a loving daughter to you all the days of your life.' Love solved the whole difficulty. The old woman threw her arms around the dear girl and crossed the room to sit by her side, and the matter was settled without another word being spoken. We were all in tears to see this wonderful,

merciful, and beautiful solution of one of the most unique and painful difficulties in which a number of human hearts could be entangled. The feelings of all parties were saved and honored; God's law was obeyed, and the whole family received into Christianity and its holy relations."

The high Christian standard was thus upheld in the very beginning of the work, and the need of avoiding any compromise in this matter is manifest by noting not only the habits of the people, but by reading the authority for the practice of polygamy in the sacred writings of the Hindus. Manu, the lawgiver, declares in *Institutes,* section 154: "Though he be enamored of another woman or devoid of good qualities, yet a husband must constantly be revered as a god by a virtuous wife." And in the popular "Sakuntala" the young wife is exhorted to "Show due reverence to thy husband and to those whom he reveres; though he have other wives, be rather an affectionate handmaid to them than a rival." The Koran allowing four wives or concubines, and an almost unlimited freedom of divorce, the public opinion of the country is so low that no possible compromise could be allowed in the Christian Church.

The great need for special work for the women of India led the Superintendent to ask that two single ladies should come who would be able to give their whole time to the effort. These ladies were sent, but did not long remain in the work. The need, however, did not change, and it was a burden on the heart of the founder that so little could be done to lift the curtain that separated the women in their zenanas from all opportunity to hear the glad tidings which they so sorely missed. Daughters bound by Satan, lo, these many years!

While on a visit to Calcutta in 1864 he suffered from an attack of cholera, that awful scourge of India, which left him so weak that a sea voyage was ordered by his physician as the only chance of recovering his health. It

Elephant Lifting Teak

being impossible to leave for America at such short notice passage was taken to Burmah, where the convalescent and his wife had the pleasure of seeing the work resulting from the efforts of the heroic Judson and his fellow-laborers. Kind missionary friends entertained them and escorted them to the places of greatest interest. The grave of the Emperor of Delhi was near the barracks of the soldiers, the spot where the last of the Moguls was laid being unmarked even by a headstone. His predecessors rest in those magnificent tombs which are the admiration of every traveler in the East, while all that is mortal of the last of the line lies in this obscure grave on a foreign shore. Far different were the reflections suggested as they stood at beautiful Amherst by the grave of Ann Haseltine Judson, the brave woman who shared the perils through which Dr. Judson passed and cared for him so heroically during his long and cruel imprisonment. Her name stands high on the list of those who have counted not their lives dear unto themselves. At the head of the grave on that lonely spot of the seashore rose a tall hopia tree which could be seen twenty miles out at sea. Mrs. Judson was the first of the missionary ladies to learn the Burmese and to work for the women of the land. Her experiences while Dr. Judson was imprisoned, when she was obliged not only to care for herself but to provide him with food, are most thrillingly related in her biography. At Maulmain were Mr. and Mrs. Hough and Mr. Wade, who had experienced something of the awful treatment of the cruel Burman king. The two brethren had been condemned to death and brought to the public square, their heads were actually on the executioner's block waiting for the sword to fall, when a British war-ship, which had come up the river unobserved, threw a shell right into the square. The executioners dropped their swords and fled, while the court and the crowd of spectators followed suit. The two missionaries heard the shot and the result-

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ing commotion without knowing what it meant. When they finally dared raise their heads they were alone in the square and soon gained British protection. Judson was in prison at Ava at the time.

The visiting missionary wished especially to see the work among the Karens, which up to that date was the most remarkable mission of modern times. The Baptist friends, therefore, arranged that he should accompany one of their number who was to go to a Karen village a long way off in the forest. The party started one Saturday morning in a boat, expecting to make the distance by nightfall, but as they sailed up the river the boatmen took a wrong branch, which caused such delay that night came on before they reached the place where they should change to the land conveyance. They landed at an old Buddhist temple, whose priest, learning of their predicament—for the Karen brethren had gone home, supposing that they were not to come that day—offered the hospitality of the temple. He shared his evening meal with them and allowed the party to sleep on the floor at the feet of the great placid image of Buddha. This was very astonishing to the missionary from India, accustomed to the touch-me-not ideas of the caste-observing Hindus, who would consider their inner sanctuaries defiled by the presence of a Christian and their food contaminated if his shadow should fall within the circle made around their cooking place.

At dawn the next day the kind priest aroused them, saying that the friends from the Karen village had arrived. They must start soon if they would reach the service in the forest in good season. The conveyance was a rude sort of sled, rising at each end like a scow or canoe, and harnessed to an elephant. When they had taken their seats on the floor of this vehicle the elephant started off over the rice fields and hillocks, taking everything that came in his way across that wild, trackless country. When

he reached a branch of the river the great creature would slide down into the water, the sled following with a splash and the passengers holding on for dear life. Sometimes he would cross forthwith and again remain in the stream and enjoy his bath, refusing to proceed until so inclined. Then, climbing up the slippery bank on the opposite side, he would bump over the next stretch of rice fields, which are almost as hummocky as our corn lands. The convalescent missionary was wondering how much longer he could possibly endure this fearful jolting when through the depths of the forest came the clear, sweet sound of a bell. He had heard many beautiful bells, in fact had just come from Rangoon, where the imposing Shaon Dagon pagoda stands three hundred feet above the little hill on which it is erected, and from the gilt umbrella surmounting the structure hang hundreds of gold bells which sway in the breeze and tinkle together with a charming sound floating down as if from the skies. Great bells of some metal which gives out a clear silvery tone were found at such pagodas, but this one was sweeter than them all, for it was a Christian bell in the very heart of the Burmese forest, and, like Aaron's holy bells, was sounding before the Lord.

Soon the elephant brought the weary travelers into a little clearing where, nestling under the giant trees, was a Karen village and in the center a modest church. The people were flocking into the sacred inclosure from all sides of the hamlet. The scene was one of peace and beauty. The men seated themselves on one side of the church, and the women on the other. After eight years of life in India, where the women are compelled to veil their faces and to be secluded as far as possible from the public gaze, these bright Karen women with unveiled faces and beautiful flowers twined in their luxuriant hair seemed wonderfully blessed. The women would nod their heads in approving response to the good things said from the

pulpit, causing the bell-like flowers to shed their fragrance like incense filling the house.

The missionary preached to them on the benefits of Christianity, translating his remarks for the benefit of Dr. Butler. When the Christian workers entered that village they could not get a man to listen to their words—all were drunk. They were lazy and would not work, and were poverty-stricken and unhappy. The women were compelled to do all the labor. (Vigorous nods of assent from the sisters.) "But now, look at your condition. You are all Christians, educated, industrious, and," turning to his guest he said, "There is a family altar in every house." Here, deep in the heart of a Burmese forest, was a community enjoying the delights of Christian fellowship. Thank God for such an example of what the Gospel can accomplish!

At Maulmain the celebrated sawmills were visited, where the intelligent elephants were stacking huge teak logs in even piles. No wonder that the Hindus place the head of an elephant on the figure of their god of wisdom, for of all animals these are the most sagacious and capable of being trained to the help of man. The great beasts would lift the teak, carefully watching the heavy timber to see if it were nicely balanced, then, walking off to the place where the logs were being piled, adjust each in its place with a nicety hardly excelled by human intelligence.

A tea party for the India missionaries was arranged to which about one hundred and fifty of the Burmese were invited. The foreigners were given a table and the natives occupied the veranda. The latter were greatly interested in the speeches made to them about their brethren and sisters in the far-away Mission—even farther away than Bengal! At Rangoon the pastor of the church had been Dr. Judson's helper. On the Sunday passed there Dr. Butler had the privilege of joining in the service and of seeing three converts baptized. The political condition

of Burmah recalled the effort made by the cruel King to regain part of his territory which had been taken from him by the British. He sent an ambassador to Calcutta to interview Lord Dalhousie, then the Governor General of India. The envoy awaited his time to present his petition. The opportunity arrived one evening at the Government House, when, as Dalhousie stood by a window, the Burman envoy made his request. Dalhousie understood the native character, and desiring to give an answer which could not be misinterpreted he drew the ambassador out on the balcony, where the moon could be seen at its height, shining with the brilliancy known only in the tropics. Pointing up, he said to the terrified envoy, who feared some dreadful penalty about to be visited upon him for his temerity, "Tell your master that as long as the moon rides in the heavens so long will the British flag wave over Pegu!" Whether this be true or not, the reign of the Sun of Righteousness that has begun in Burmah shall never pass away.

Soon after leaving this interesting country Dr. Butler received an invitation from a leading merchant to return to open a Methodist mission, as he felt that there was room and opportunity for more laborers. Our forces were more needed elsewhere and many years passed before the Methodist Church undertook to do its part in Burmah. The work in India was extending so rapidly and such wonderful openings were manifest that a proposition was made by the Superintendent to cross the Ganges and so stretch farther the boundaries which a short time before had seemed to many to cover too great a field for our strength. This was the first intimation of the remarkable extension destined to our Church in India. Bishop Thoburn, now the aggressive leader and prophet of our hosts in that land, states that he did not then regard the proposition with favor, so heavy were the burdens already resting on our Mission. Yet in the short space of seven years

the Ganges was crossed, and henceforth no boundaries confined the activities of the Methodist Church in India.

Though partially restored by the visit to Burmah, the health of the Superintendent was not fully established. This fact, coupled with that of the splendid force of missionaries now in the field, made him feel that he could leave the Mission organized into an Annual Conference. During the visit of Bishop Thomson this plan was accomplished, the progress of the work being shown by the names of twenty-seven native workers who then received their appointments. In 1865 Dr. Butler sailed away from India, not imagining that he would ever be permitted to see his field and fellow-workers again. The account of his work there would not be complete without paying tribute, as he was glad to do, to the splendid manner in which he was sustained in all his endeavors by his devoted wife. No complaint was heard from her lips even when they were compelled to flee for their lives to Naini Tal, where a babe was born soon after the terrible journey, nor during the many migrations which changed her home eighteen times in seven years. She had married an itinerant preacher indeed! Whether living in tents, hovels, or a palace—which sounds attractive, but it was in ruins and without doors, so that the wild dogs entered at night—or in the sad days when during the absence of her husband on one of his visits of inspection she was alone with her dying child, and had to make all the arrangements with the native pastor for the resting place of her darling, she did not repine. Never under the most trying circumstances did she say, "Stay," when by his going he could advance the cause so precious to them both. A letter to a sister tells of the perplexities of life in India at this time. Her four children were all more or less affected by the terrible heat, a visiting missionary was ill and likewise his three recently orphaned children, and fifteen people were to be cared for in a place far from

Mrs. William Butler

supplies, in a climate where most of the food would not keep over night. To the unfailing courage and faith of his true "helpmeet" the missionary joyfully accorded a full share of whatever success may have crowned his life-work.

Passage was taken by way of the Cape of Good Hope in the expectation that the long sea voyage prescribed by the physician might complete his recovery. A cyclone so disabled the ship that it was obliged to stay in Cape Town for repairs, and here the returning missionary had the pleasure of meeting some of the veteran preachers. One of them had known Livingstone well. He gave to Dr. Butler some poisoned arrows, an immense pair of wild buffalo horns, an assegai and a rhinoceros club which the great explorer had brought down from the heart of the continent. These were ever cherished among his choicest treasures. Here also he learned of the utter failure of Bishop Colenso's plans for admitting polygamists into the Christian Church; the young men arguing that if their fathers might be permitted to keep their plural wives surely it was no harm for them to take a number, and disaster to the Church was the result.

The long voyage, one hundred and twenty-three days, was made more tedious because the box of books which had been packed especially for this time had inadvertently been left in Calcutta. The passengers were not in sympathy with missions, in fact none of them appeared to have any interest in Christianity. The gentlemen, chiefly military officers, were, to a man, in favor of the Confederacy. Discussion ran high, the missionary standing alone in favor of the Union cause. These officers were not above teasing the missionary children. They would point to a sail on the horizon and say, "Now that is Captain Semmes, on the *Alabama;* when he comes on board we will have to give you up, for you are only Americans and Northerners." Such annoyances continued until one day an officer

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approached one of the brothers and asked, "What do you think of yourselves anyway? You are only one family and all the rest of us are for the South." The youngster looked up and said, innocently, "I think we are lambs in the midst of wolves." The rebuke raised a shout from the bystanders, but the officer was so greatly offended that for the sake of peace the father was obliged to assure him that he had not suggested any retort to the boy. However, after that the missionary children were unmolested. There were forty-three children on board and no place reserved for them in the crowded vessel. In order to keep our boys employed they would be perched on the edge of the bunk to do some sewing, being promised as a reward that they should each have a shilling on arriving in London. Bravely the two chaps stitched away, spending their shilling in imagination as if it were a fortune. One of them suddenly awakened to thoughts of the future, and rushing to his father demanded to know who was his heir. He had probably heard the officers on board speak of the heir to some great estate in England. The father looked up in surprise. He was a missionary returning in broken health, with considerable anxiety in his mind about the future, and certainly not aware of possessing any great amount of worldly possessions, so he asked the child, "Heir to what?" "Why, to the boxes and things!"

As the steamer approached Southampton, May 16, 1865, and took the pilot on board, the passengers, who had been shut off from news of the world's doings for four months, crowded around him eagerly asking to be informed. He replied that there was no news. "But what about the war in America?" Then realizing how long the travelers had been without tidings he said: "The war is over. The South is defeated and Lincoln is assassinated." A hush fell over the group as they seized the papers he had brought. The British idea of the sovereignty of the ruler of a nation, and the fact that a Southerner had conde-

scended to so mean a crime as regicide, completely changed the sentiments of a majority of the passengers, and some of them came to apologize to the Americans for their harsh criticisms of the President. The London *Punch* published a poem of similar purpose, from which Dr. Butler quoted with frequency as showing how nobly the English confessed their misjudgment.

"*You* lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face!

"*You*, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain!

"Beside this corpse that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?"

. . . . . .

"Yes! He had lived to shame me for my sneer;
To lame my pencil and confute my pen:
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This railsplitter—a true-born prince of men!"

When the returned missionary reached London he was invited to preach in City Road Chapel, and accounted it a great privilege to occupy Wesley's pulpit and to visit the places made sacred by their associations with the holy life of our great leader. A trip was made to greet his old friends in the Irish Conference, then in session. Bishop Janes was present, as delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and saw the missionaries enter. Coming down to meet them in the aisle he extended his hands in welcome, saying, "God sent you to India to do a great work, and you have done it!" Imagine the enthusiasm aroused in the warm-hearted members of the Conference by this speech, and the arrival of the man who had received his training in their ranks!

Bishop Janes and Dr. Scott were planning to visit the Lakes of Killarney and the missionaries went with them. At one of the hotels on the way they asked for an open carriage, as a change from the jaunting car in which they had come. As they finished lunch and started to the carriage the Bishop offered his arm to Mrs. Butler, and they walked out to be greeted with vociferous cheers by a large crowd which had gathered. No one could understand the cause of this demonstration until they discovered that this was the carriage commonly used for wedding parties and that the Bishop and the lady were supposed to be the happy couple. As they were laughing over this incident they failed to observe a thief who climbed upon the carriage and cut the cords which held one of the pieces of luggage. When discovered the man was running down the road as fast as he could go. Dr. Scott had some important papers in his baggage and did not wish to lose them, so he jumped out and ran after the thief. Bishop Janes also had some things which he prized, so he followed Dr. Scott; the India missionary possessed documents of value to his work, so he ran also. These three men were supposed to be invalids, but in pursuing the rascal they made surprising time. It was a long chase, but the valuable piece of luggage was rescued. Perhaps the exercise was what all needed for their restoration to health, for certainly decided improvement was manifested soon after.

Together these friends visited the rectory at Madeley, where the manuscripts, study table, and grave of the sainted Fletcher were objects of great interest. In a journal of Dr. Butler's are the words: "I gathered a bunch of flowers in the garden and left with the feeling of earnest desire that God might increase my personal holiness. How little did Fletcher imagine to what an extent the Methodism he so nobly defended would grow, and that a Bishop from the West and a missionary from the East

would one day visit his grave and thank God that he ever lived!"

In order that the older children, who had been deprived of suitable educational advantages in India, might profit by the historical and other sights of the city of London more than two weeks was devoted to escorting them to all the places of greatest interest, such as the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the Houses of Parliament. At the close of these delightful excursions the young folks were made to stand in line and were asked which of all the wonderful things they had been privileged to see they had enjoyed the most. The father fondly expected to hear them declare the Abbey, or the Regalia, or some other of the truly notable spectacles of the great metropolis, but with one voice all three exclaimed, "Tom Thumb!" It is to be hoped that the disappointment of the ambitious parents was somewhat modified by later events.

Upon landing in New York a great demand for Dr. Butler to give missionary addresses occupied his time until spring, when he was stationed at Walnut Street Church, Chelsea, Massachusetts. Here his son John began Christian work by visiting an old colored woman, an invalid member of the church. His modest request that he might be allowed to read and pray with her so delighted the old auntie that she told her pastor on his next call of the pleasure she had received from the visit. It was a profound joy to him to learn that one of his sons was thus beginning his ministry, and he looked forward to the time when he also should preach "the glorious Gospel of the grace of God." A later pastorate at Dorchester Street Church, South Boston, brought the family near the Perkins Institute, the world's most remarkable institution for the blind. The marvelous success achieved in the case of Laura Bridgman was attracting wide attention. Dr. Butler visited her, and in order to assist her comprehension of his topic carried several idols. When

she had felt them over, and was told that human beings were worshiping these bits of brass and stone, she expressed her intense surprise and sorrow by a curious moan that brought tears to all eyes. There were no schools for blind girls in India except those being erected by Christian missionaries. Sick animals of all sorts had endowed homes in various cities, notably in Bombay, but the little blind daughters of India had suffered without care until aided by the Christian Church.

During this pastorate Dr. and Mrs. Parker came to visit their old Superintendent. Mrs. Butler had shortly before been invited to address the ladies of the Congregational churches of Boston on the subject of the condition of the women of India, and had also been present when the Woman's Board of Missions of the Congregational Church was organized. She talked with Mrs. Parker of the need for more work among the women of Methodism and they agreed as to the possibility of organizing a similar Society in our Church. Mrs. Lewis Flanders, who was present, offered to bring the matter before the meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Tremont Street Church in Boston, to be held the next day. This she did, and a committee was appointed to invite Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Butler to address a meeting. The call was sent out, but the day proved very rainy, and only eight women braved the storm to attend. The organization was effected, however, on that day, March 23, 1869, under the name of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The time was propitious and the new Society prospered. A publication, intended to be the organ of the Society, was established, and Mrs. W. F. Warren was elected editor of *The Heathen Woman's Friend*. Mr. Flanders kindly promised to back the enterprise financially, but the paper paid its way from the beginning. The question was raised soon after whether two missionaries could be sent out at

once to India; two suitable candidates being ready. The faith of some wavered as to raising the thousand dollars necessary, but Mrs. Edward F. Porter rose and said, "Let us send the missionaries, and let the Methodist women of Boston walk the streets in calico gowns, if need be, in order to do it!" The two were sent, to begin the glorious work of the Society in India which has been so greatly blessed of God.

Dr. Butler was now called to the Secretaryship of the American and Foreign Christian Union, an organization devoted to work in Papal lands. The headquarters of the Society being in New York, the family moved to Passaic, New Jersey, where Mrs. Butler soon after had the privilege of entertaining the two lady missionaries, pioneers of the host of those consecrated women who have counted not their lives dear unto themselves that they might teach among the women of heathen and pagan lands the blessed news of the Saviour's coming. Miss Isabella Thoburn went to take the school work and Dr. Clara Swain to begin medical work. The latter was the first woman physician to go to the women of the Orient. The women of Methodism should thank God that he inspired them thus to be leaders in the branch of service which has proved of such wonderful assistance in all our missions. The heart of the founder of the Mission was deeply stirred as he saw these two devoted handmaidens of the Lord depart on their journey to the land where he had realized the awful need among the women and yet had never been permitted to see the face of a zenana lady or to speak one word to the hearts of any of the secluded ones. It was a joy to know that now his beloved Mission was to be reinforced by these two, before whom the barriers would fall as they went as sisters into the homes of the people. The look upon the faces of these dear missionaries, when they stood on the deck as the steamer moved out from the wharf, was one of joy at being sent

to their glorious task. In England these pioneers were entertained at the home of Mrs. Butler's sister, and one of her sons volunteered to pass their baggage through the customs. Part of it was to go through to India direct, so in reply to his inquiry as to the contents of their trunks they told him to say that they contained only their personal effects. The young man repeated this to the inspector, who, however, decided to open one curious long box. When the cover was taken off a skeleton was displayed to the astonished gaze. Word ran up and down the docks that an American lady had arrived with a corpse in her baggage! It was some time before the matter was fully explained to the curious crowd that gathered. This same skeleton caused curious questioning in India when Dr. Swain used it in the classes of medical students, who knew enough of English to receive instruction but not to set forth their theological queries. So some of the girls went to another missionary, who had been longer in the country and understood the language well, and asked this question: "You say that you believe in the resurrection of the dead. Now, that woman died in America and her bones are here. How is she to rise?"

The resurrection of the dead is a difficult doctrine for the Hindu to accept. Transmigration he fears; but our glorious assurance comes to his heart only when he accepts Christ, and is thus made free from the fear of millions of births.

In the early days of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society many situations arose which required the exercise of much tact. The ladies who undertook to interest the members of the churches were not accustomed to public speaking and were reluctant to appear in mixed audiences. At the Sing Sing camp meeting a service had been arranged to introduce the subject to the attention of the ladies present, and Mrs. Butler was invited to make the address. She asked her husband to conduct the opening

exercises, which he gladly did and then retired. Alas, some men insisted on remaining to see what the sisters were doing. In vain the speaker explained that she was not accustomed to addressing a public assembly, and that she could not proceed until the gentlemen departed. Still they did not stir. Finally a tall lady arose and asked if she should undertake to effect their removal, and on receiving permission went out to secure a policeman to guard the door, whereupon the offending men departed. Soon Dr. Butler came around to see how the meeting was progressing, as he was naturally much interested in its success. The policeman interposed, "You cannot go in." "Why, it is my wife who is speaking!" The guardian of the law was not to be hoodwinked in that way, so he remarked, "That is all very well, but you will move on." This rebuff was not quite as severe as that which a minister of the Baltimore Conference received when he insisted on knowing what had been done at a meeting which was announced only for the ladies. His hostess in answering the question looked around at the curious faces of the other ministers who sat at her table, and told them without a smile that when she entered she found the church crowded with ladies, all of whom were singing heartily, "Only man is vile."

The story of the enthusiasm of Queen Isabella in selling her jewels in order that the intrepid Columbus might sail to the New World is familiar to every child. The story of the jewels which were laid on the altar in the early days of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is known to God only, and the reward has been hidden deep in the hearts of those who denied themselves for the sake of their perishing sisters who were without knowledge of God and without hope.

The demand for information from the returned missionary on the subject of India finally induced him to put it into permanent form, and during the next two years he

prepared and published *The Land of the Veda.* He therein described the people and religions of India, the causes leading to the Sepoy Rebellion and his personal experiences during the conflict. The demand for the book was so great that the first edition was immediately exhausted. An especially bound copy was presented to Queen Victoria and the following letter received in reply from her secretary:

THE REV. WILLIAM BUTLER, D.D.

Sir: I am commanded by the Queen to acknowledge your letter and the very handsome volume, entitled *The Land of the Veda*, which you have forwarded.

I am to signify her Majesty's acceptance of it, and to express her thanks for placing in her hands a work of so much interest and importance as regards the British Empire in the East.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

THOMAS BIDDULPH.

The book has been extensively used in Sunday school libraries of other denominations as well as in our own. It is still kept as a reference volume in public libraries. In one of our Eastern cities quite recently four ladies were appointed by the leading woman's club to prepare papers on India. The first arose and read her essay, stating that she had found the material for it in *The Land of the Veda.* The second followed with a like statement, and all four expressed their indebtedness to the book for their material. It would be impossible to reproduce here the high commendations of friends and missionary workers who found in this work inspiration as well as information, and after thirty years it is recommended as a reference volume in the text-book on India for the United Study of Missions.

The Aztec Calendar

CHAPTER VIII

Aztec Land

"The best reward for having wrought well is to have more to do."

In the quaint city of Nuremberg is the oldest globe known; on it, far out in the Atlantic Ocean, is a bit of land with the name "Saint Columba's Isle." This is believed to be the first representation of Mexico, to which the good saint went on his mission from Iona, thus giving rise to the tradition existing among the Mexicans of a "fair God" who was to return and teach them peace and good will. That this tradition proved favorable to the Spaniards, making their conquest far more easy than it could otherwise have been, cannot well be doubted, but alas for the good will so ardently desired!

Mexico has not received from the people of the United States the attention which her brave struggle for freedom deserves. The first of the seventeen nations south of our border to follow our example in breaking away from transatlantic dominion, she has succeeded against heavier odds than those which opposed our independence. The Spaniards landed in Mexico in 1515. The Puritans landed in New England in 1620. For the elevation of the people of the colony Harvard College was founded in 1636. For the oppression of the people of Mexico the Inquisition was established there in 1572. The results of the two systems are readily to be discovered. The aborigines of Mexico boasted of a high degree of civilization, possessing a written language, institutions of learning, arts and industries, and an elaborate system of computing time, of which the Calendar Stone is a remarkable example. It is a monolith eleven feet in diameter and is said to weigh twenty-six tons, with the carving of its symbols

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"The best reward for having wrought well is to have more to do."

IN the quaint city of Nuremberg is the oldest globe known; on it, far out in the Atlantic Ocean, is a bit of land with the name "Saint Columba's Isle." This is believed to be the first representation of Mexico, to which the good saint went on his mission from Iona, thus giving rise to the tradition existing among the Mexicans of a "fair God" who was to return and teach them peace and good will. That this tradition proved favorable to the Spaniards, making their conquest far more easy than it could otherwise have been, cannot well be doubted, but alas for the good will so ardently desired!

Mexico has not received from the people of the United States the attention which her brave struggle for freedom deserves. The first of the seventeen nations south of our border to follow our example in breaking away from transatlantic dominion, she has succeeded against heavier odds than those which opposed our independence. The Spaniards landed in Mexico in 1515. The Puritans landed in New England in 1620. For the elevation of the people of the colony Harvard College was founded in 1636. For the oppression of the people of Mexico the Inquisition was established there in 1572. The results of the two systems are readily to be discovered. The aborigines of Mexico boasted of a high degree of civilization, possessing a written language, institutions of learning, arts and industries, and an elaborate system of computing time, of which the Calendar Stone is a remarkable example. It is a monolith eleven feet in diameter and is said to weigh twenty-six tons, with the carving of its symbols

nine inches deep. Although we cannot yet decipher much of its meaning we still know something of the Aztec method of measuring time. Their cycle was of fifty-two years, and at the expiration of this period all the household utensils were broken and the fires extinguished, to be relighted with elaborate ceremonies on the first day of the new cycle. The key to the hieroglyphs on the Calendar Stone was doubtless lost to us when Archbishop Zumarraga gathered up the parchments, on which the migrations of the tribes were set forth in elaborate picture writing, and destroyed them at an Auto da Fé in the square of the City of Mexico. These would be almost priceless to-day, but few escaped the zeal of the churchman. The value of this small number serves to show how great was the loss to the world occasioned by this act of vandalism.

In one ancient book of the Maya Quiches in Yucatan is the tradition of the origin of the nations which inhabited the fertile land, being driven southward by the invasions of the Toltecs and Aztecs. It states that they came from the East across immense tracts of land and water; that they did not bow down to wood and stone idols, but lifting their eyes toward heaven adored their Creator.

The account of the origin of man in this book is that, after consulting together, the gods made men of clay. These were not satisfactory, being lacking in intelligence, and so they were destroyed by water. Then the gods made men of wood; still the result was not as desired. The chronicle states that "they moved about fairly well, they peopled the world with sons and daughters, but the heart and intelligence were lacking. They held no memory of their Maker and Former; they forgot the Heart of Heaven." Then were the gods wroth and rained upon them night and day a thick resin, and the earth was darkened. Men went mad with terror and thus all were destroyed save a few, "who now exist in the woods in the

form of little apes." Once more the gods essayed to create man. Out of corn was the flesh composed. At last there were men worthy of their origin and destiny. Again the chronicle: "Verily at last did the gods look on beings who could see with their eyes, handle with their hands, and understand with their hearts." In fact, those men were too perfect, and the gods were compelled to breathe a cloud over their eyes lest they should make themselves equal with their creators. "They had as yet no worship, save the breathing of their souls; only they gazed up into heaven not knowing what they had come so far to do." For this very cause, so quaintly stated in the old manuscript, the attention of the Christian world was attracted to Mexico, to the masses of the people who are still ignorant of "what they have come so far to do," as revealed in the Word of God, which has been a forbidden book in that land. Now the fullest liberty of conscience has been won as well as political freedom, but at a great cost of life and treasure.

To Miss Melinda Rankin Mexico owes the beginning of Bible work. The reports of the eagerness with which the Gospels, Testaments, and evangelical literature were received in the vicinity of her station on the northern border awakened deep interest and led to the extension of the work of the American and Foreign Christian Union. This interdenominational society had begun work in Mexico through Dr. Henry Riley, an Englishman, born in Chile, who had a fine command of the Spanish language and an understanding of the Latin-American character. The comparatively recent repulse of the foreign invasion of Mexico and the reestablishment of the excellent Laws of Reform under which liberty of conscience was guaranteed, made the time most opportune. "The Intervention," planned by the clericals of Mexico, Napoleon III, and the Pope, had succeeded in maintaining for the brief term of three years on the soil of Mexico a

foreign empire. Maximilian of Austria was induced to accept the hazardous undertaking, backed by Austrian gold, French troops, and the blessing of the infallible Pius IX. In spite of the protest which reached the new ruler from loyal Mexican patriots he came and set up his court in the capital, while the Indian president, Benito Juarez, was obliged to retire to the frontier.

Mexico had won her independence from Spain in 1821, but her first relief from the bondage of clerical despotism was secured in 1857, when Benito Juarez drew up the Laws of Reform which constitute Mexico's Magna Charta. Under these laws the immense property of the Church, computed at one third of all the real estate of the country, was sequestrated, and portions of it were taken for the public use in the form of schools, hospitals, and libraries. Naturally this did not meet with the approval of the hierarchy, hence the plot to place Maximilian, of the loyal Catholic house of Hapsburg, on the throne of Mexico. The French troops which forced a way for him were an offense to the American nation, but as our hands were tied by the Civil War nothing could be done until, at its conclusion, a graceful note from Secretary Seward to the French Emperor reminded him of the existence of "the Monroe Doctrine" and of its violation by the presence of foreign troops in Mexico. Some of our regiments were sent to Texas, many of the soldiers never learning the reason for this order, but Napoleon realized shortly that his position was too precarious to allow him to venture a quarrel with the victorious government of the United States. The Empress Carlotta started for Paris to beg him to continue his assistance, but failed to induce him to brave American displeasure. The French troops were accordingly withdrawn and the patriot army soon recaptured the government for their president, Benito Juarez. In *Mexico in Transition* is given a full account of the political situation of that epoch and the mercy exer-

cised by the Mexicans in ending the great struggle with so little bloodshed.

The excitement following these events was just subsiding, the monasteries and nunneries were being secularized for the good of the nation, their occupants having been exiled, when the Protestant forces entered. The public mind was in a receptive condition, and thus the hour was propitious for the presentation of the new faith. Dr. Riley had considerable success for a time and the American and Foreign Christian Union cooperated with him in establishing places for evangelical worship. Dr. Butler's intimate knowledge of Roman Catholicism, derived from his contact with it during his early life and ministry, gave him great interest in this work and he would have been glad to pursue it, but after three years Bishop Harris wrote asking if he would consent to return to India to assume the superintendency of another Mission, with Bombay as the center. William Taylor had been in that city and had been given access to the English-speaking people, hence it was felt that more work should be undertaken in that Presidency. This was in October, 1872. It was an important question, since Dr. Butler was now fifty-four years of age, involving as it did the giving up of the home he had built and renewed separation from some of his children. Still he replied: "If it seems to be the mind of God and the Church that we are the persons required my wife and I are willing to go. I should appreciate the privilege of founding another Mission in India, and particularly in the Bombay Presidency, while I am chiefly influenced in view of that which my wife might accomplish in zenana work in a place so soon to become the chief city of India."

This invitation from the Bishop was followed by most cordial letters from some of the brethren who had come to his aid in the early days in India, and was peculiarly gratifying as a testimony to the love they bore him and

their appreciation of his plans for North India. However, in November the Missionary Board decided that the opening in Mexico required that the Methodist Church should enter that field, and Dr. Butler was asked to undertake the superintendency of the Mission. Through his work for the American and Foreign Christian Union he was in possession of the facts concerning the political and religious situation in that land which assisted him in deciding to accept the position. His instructions from Bishop Simpson were to see that our Mission there kept itself wholly out of politics—the Mexican nation being weary of political interference by members of the hierarchy. Younger men were promised as aids who could acquire the language and make the necessary translations under his supervision.

The best means of communication at that time was by steamers to Vera Cruz, *via* Havana, a ten days' trip with three weeks' intervals between the sailings. It was possible, however, to go by *diligencia* from the Texan border, a long and expensive journey of twenty days. Bishop Haven went down to look over the field a few weeks before the missionary could start. On February 4, 1873, a farewell meeting was held in New York at which Bishop Simpson gave the reasons which had led the Methodist Church to believe itself providentially called to enter Mexico at this time. We may quote a brief paragraph: "There is always an interest about the hour of farewell. Even if friends go abroad for pleasure, and but for a temporary absence, the hour comes with emotion, for we well know the contingency of time and space. If they go on some adventurous journey the interest deepens; if they go for some high and holy mission, not for pleasure, but for toil, exposure, privation, labor for others, then the departure becomes sublime and our interest culminates in the thought, *They go for God.* Dr. Butler, accompanied by his wife, goes to his new field, a second time turning

his back upon home for his work's sake. . . . Look at the position of Mexico and you cannot escape the conviction that it is to be the central power among the Spanish-speaking people. . . . Seventeen years ago it was my lot to commission Dr. Butler to go to India to found our Mission. He was greeted by terrible scenes. All the horror of the Sepoy Rebellion raged about him. God was with him, and he stood on the peak of the Himalayas and beyond the midnight saw the coming glory of Gospel triumph. Faith saw then what has since come to light."

Leaving two of his sons to continue their education, one in the School of Theology of Boston University, the Superintendent sailed from New York, stopping at Havana, where he visited the cathedral in which the remains of Columbus were treasured. A religion of form, with the common people neglected by the spiritual leaders, held the Pearl of the Antilles in its grasp.

On February 23, 1873, William Butler approached the shore of Mexico. As the vessel neared the harbor of Vera Cruz a glorious view was presented of the snow-clad peak of Orizaba towering up into the sky. The dawn broke and warmed the lofty summit into glowing light, while just above it hung a brilliant planet, like a diadem upon its brow—beautiful vision, a token for good to his mission in this land which had been following cunningly devised fables, but for which at last the day was dawning. What was before him he did not know; but the promises which he had tested in the past years still stood firm. The first railroad in the Republic had been opened but a few weeks before Dr. Butler arrived. It was, and is still, considered a marvel of engineering, as it rises over eight thousand feet from the sea in a run of two hundred and sixty-three miles. An ordinary style of engine would not draw the train up the steep grades, so the double-ender "Fairlee" was built for the purpose.

The scenery along the road curving around the peaks

and passing through the valleys is wonderfully beautiful. The peak of Orizaba is in sight for a large part of the ride. Starting from the tropics, with luxuriant verdure on the low levels, the gradual rise brings the traveler to the temperate region, where the character of the foliage changes to more familiar forms. One deep gorge had earned for itself the name of the "Little Hell," from the difficulty of bridging the awful chasm. The village of Maltrata lies at the foot of an abruptly rising mountain up which the train must climb by a succession of skillfully constructed zigzags. A stretch of thirteen miles is required to compass the distance of two miles which separates the two stations. The Indians who offered fruits and vegetables at one station took the footpath and were found waiting at the other to smile again upon the passengers whose train has been winding up the steep grades. From the upper station a magnificent view was obtained of the whole valley embosoming the town, its red-domed church in the center and the humble dwellings of the Indians clustered about it. The soil was closely cultivated and the valley green and fair. To William Butler it seemed a promised land, and he then and there claimed it for his King.

At the halfway station opportunity offered to study the Mexican people and customs. It was discovered that one car in every train was filled with soldiers under arms, this being a reminder of the troublous time, so recently over, when brigandage was common and the large convoy of silver going down to the port every month for the European steamer was a tempting prize. So rich were the mines of Mexico, and so well worked for the Spanish crown, that one third of all the silver in the world was said to have come from these Mexican hills. The menu of the restaurant proved that no loyal New Englander need suffer in Mexico for food, since the staple article of diet is first cousin to the "baked bean" of Boston.

An American lieutenant here displayed that arrogance which so justly offends the Mexican people, as he boasted in a loud voice of what he would have done if he had been in the country during the recent struggles, how he "would have thrown his sword in the balance." As neither he nor his sword was very large, the presumption was most ridiculous. The Superintendent felt that if he was to do good in Mexico he must see and appreciate the best side of the people. Their politeness and unfailing courtesy to strangers was illustrated by the way in which the guide tells the American visitors about the flags taken from us during the war of 1847-48. Instead of stating that these flags were captured, he speaks of them as "left by the American army," and only those well informed know that they were captured in hard fight. Some delightful acts of kindness were shown to the Mission by men prominent in political life, though the fanaticism of the people made it advisable for them to offer such services in a semiprivate manner. Dr. Butler's desire to treat the Mexican people with courtesy equal to their own resulted in a confusion of ideas one day when, going rapidly around a corner, he came into collision with a big Indian woman who was advancing with equal momentum on the left side of the walk. Both were to blame, but the missionary raised his hat and stammered out an apology, for which he used the only Spanish word he could command at the moment. The astonishment of the poor woman at having a gentleman take pains to apologize to her was increased when she heard from his lips the word *Gracias!* ("Thanks!") As the Americans hurried away they could hear her hearty laughter as she recounted the incident to the admiring crowd. However, the effort to do the right thing was not lost, for it endeared the American missionary to the people, who are quick to understand intention no matter how it may be veiled in broken language.

Bishop Haven was awaiting the Superintendent in Mexico City, and together they searched for suitable property for the Mission. The fanatical landlords were unwilling to rent to heretics, and a house on a narrow side street was the only one obtainable; the landlord consenting to let it for a sum sufficiently large to purchase forgiveness for his lapse from orthodoxy. Two rooms on the ground floor were thrown together and fitted up as a schoolroom and chapel. A brave showing in the face of the finest cathedral on this side of the world! For that of Mexico surpasses any other in this country, with its wonderful treasures of jeweled shrines and the magnificent paintings on its altars.

The masses of the people were found to be in the bondage of an ignorant and superstitious form of Roman Catholicism, left without education by the priests whose immense revenues were drawn from the estates granted them at the time of the conquest. The German scientist, Humboldt, stated regarding the condition of Mexico as he observed it, that "the introduction of the Romish religion had no other effect upon the Mexican than to substitute new ceremonies and dogmas for the rites of their former worship. Dogma had not succeeded dogma, but only ceremony to ceremony. I have seen them marked, and adorned with dangling bells, perform savage dances around the altar while a monk of St. Francis elevated the Host." The immense clerical establishments had been held for the good of the occupants. It was found that only three per cent of the population could read and write, the public scribe being seen in all the large squares of the cities and towns. The chaplain who accompanied the French forces to Mexico, the Abbé Domenech, published in Paris, on his return in 1867, a severe criticism on the condition of the Catholic Church there. He states that "the Mexican is not a Catholic; he is simply a Christian because he has been baptized." "In all Spanish America

there are among the priests the veriest wretches—men who make an infamous traffic in religion. One of the greatest evils in Mexico is the exorbitant fee demanded for the performance of the marriage ceremony. The priests compel the poor to live without marriage by extorting for the nuptial benediction a sum that a Mexican mechanic, with his limited wages, could scarcely accumulate even with the strictest economy in fifty years. This is no exaggeration. The consequences of the exorbitant demands for perquisites in general are as injurious to public morality as to religion. Priests who are recognized as fathers of families are by no means rare. The people only rail at the conduct of their pastors when they are not contented with one wife. Can a clergy of such a character produce saints? Nevertheless they must not be taken for 'heretics.'" Such was the condition of the people of Mexico that one of the prominent political leaders said to Dr. Butler in 1875, "My people are to-day in a far worse condition than they were when Cortez burned his ships behind him in the harbor of Vera Cruz and marched to the conquest of Montezuma's Empire; worse fed, worse clad, worse housed, and more ignorant than they were that day." The farseeing Benito Juarez, who had done so much to break up the power of the Church and turn its immense resources toward the uplifting of the nation, saw the need of a purer faith for his people. Shortly before his death he said to an intimate friend, now a government officer, who repeated it to Dr. Butler, "Upon the development of Protestantism largely depends the future happiness of our country."

Into a country such as this the representative of the Methodist Church entered in 1873. The land was filled with magnificent churches; the finest cathedral on this continent, as previously mentioned, being in the capital, that containing the most elaborate interior decoration in the City of Puebla. The tradition regarding the latter is

that as the workmen toiled by day the angels came and built as much more by night. The chief object of adoration throughout the country is the Virgin of Guadalupe, whose shrine in the suburbs of Mexico City is remarkable for its magnificent cathedral and the throngs of pilgrims who frequent the holy spot. On December 12th an

The Virgin of Guadalupe.

annual pilgrimage to this shrine attracts thousands of Indians from all parts of the republic. The legend concerning her may be briefly recounted: An Indian named Juan Diego was passing over the rocky hill on his way to the city when he was astonished by an apparition of the Virgin, who spoke kindly to him and told him that a member of his family who was lying dangerously ill would

recover. Another day he passed by the same place, grateful for the miraculous cure, when the Virgin appeared a second time. She then commanded him to go to the Archbishop to say that she desired a shrine built on this hill. The Indian went, but failed to impress the truth of his story on his hearers. Returning sorrowful, because of his failure, the Virgin came to him for the third time, and declaring herself the mother of the Indians, told him to gather the roses at her feet and to carry them to the Archbishop's palace as proof of the veracity of his statements. When the vision disappeared Juan Diego looked around, and there on the summit of the hill, where before there had been nothing but rocks and sand, were beautiful roses. These he gathered in his tilma and went to the Archbishop. When he opened the tilma, to show the roses, lo, instead was a painting of the blessed Virgin! This was received as an infallible proof of his statements, and a magnificent cathedral now holds the miraculously painted picture, while on the summit of the hill a smaller church was erected. The opportuneness of the miracle can easily be seen. The Indians did not like to worship the Virgin that had been carried at the head of the conquering army which had deprived them of their freedom, and it was necessary to impress them with the idea that they possessed one truly their own. So fully did the legend meet this need that the followers of the two Virgins, if they chanced to meet as they passed through the streets in their respective processions, in former days quite frequently came to blows as a result of the rivalry between the two factions.

In the church on the summit of the rock are boards hung beside the different shrines, which are covered with votive offerings, many of them being small silver images representing hands and feet or eyes, or more elaborate paintings on wood on which are depicted wonderful escapes from death and disaster. Halfway up the

hill is a set of sails cut in stone and erected by the captain of a vessel in gratitude for delivery from shipwreck. At the foot of the hill is a sacred well in which bubbles a very active spring of sulphur water. The grating covering it is constantly surrounded by Indians letting down their jars to secure some of the miraculous fluid to be carried to sufferers in their distant homes. Outside the cathedral, in fact, under its very porticos, are gambling booths of every description, where demoralizing play goes on beneath the shadow and under the patronage of the Church.

At the time of the festival of Our Lady cock-fighting and similar sports often engage the attention of the worshipers who have just paid their devotions to the miraculous painting, the authenticity of which is often called in question. Inside the frame are straps of gold literally covered with emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, yet the wealth of Our Lady of Guadalupe is small compared to that possessed by Our Lady of Remedies, the image worshiped by those of Spanish birth and descent. Before the liberation from Spain she was the popular object of adoration, and her robes were so thickly embroidered with precious stones that one robe was valued at three million dollars. During the Intervention the Empress Carlotta, in order to popularize herself with the people, walked in the procession of Our Lady of Remedies through the streets of the capital bearing a lighted taper in her hand. The native races having now come to the front, the patroness of the Spaniards is naturally less popular, while the Virgin who appeared to the Indian is truly the idol of the hour. Under her picture is a sentence from the Psalms, said to have been quoted by Pope Gregory on hearing of the wonderful apparition, "He hath not so dealt with any nation," and beneath one of her images the priests have even dared to place the words of our divine Saviour, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you

SEEKING THE FAVOR OF GOD BY PENANCE IN MEXICO
(Photo by Waite)

rest." A Manual for nine days' prayer to the Virgin, authorized by the members of the Chapter of Holy Mary of Guadalupe in 1885, printed in New York, uses these words: "The Holy Spirit has also made thee the dispenser of all his gifts and graces. All the three divine persons concurred to crown thee at thy glorious ascension to the heavens and then there was conferred upon thee absolute power over all created things in heaven and on earth"!

Another shrine of great fame is that at Amecameca, to which pilgrims go as to Guadalupe, sometimes on their knees up a steep road paved with rough stones, where an image of the Saviour is the chief object upon the shrine at the top of the hill. He is represented as lying in the tomb, while above is the painting of the Virgin robed in gorgeous colors, with rays of light surrounding her divine person. A dead Christ—and a living Virgin as the intercessor! Here is the photograph of a devotee trying to find peace by toiling up the hard stony path on her knees. The picture of the road will show how heavy is her self-imposed task, and one does not marvel that friends are casting their garments in the way to make the journey less painful to her lacerated knees.

A number of people were found who had been seeking the truth for themselves, and some of these were glad to join the Methodist congregation and to receive evangelical teaching. Services were opened in several places, the government affording protection according to the provisions of the Constitution. The need of suitable quarters became very pressing. The Superintendent went up and down the city, but wherever a desirable property was found it would mysteriously be withdrawn from sale as soon as the fact of a Protestant desiring it was discovered. The question became a serious one, as a number of orphans had been given into the care of the Mission, and with the arrival of the teachers of the Woman's Foreign

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Missionary Society, Miss Warner and Miss Hastings, and the increase in the congregation, larger quarters were a necessity. Finally it was learned that the Chiarini Circus, in the heart of the city, had failed and the building was for sale. It would not be safe for the Protestant missionary to go to look at it in the daytime, so at ten o'clock one night he went around and knocked at the great door. The sleepy janitor opened the portal a little way only and was reluctant to admit anyone at such an hour; but a silver dollar proved sufficiently persuasive, and he escorted Dr. Butler over the building by the light of a smoky lantern.

Although in a condition of complete disorder its adaptability for mission purposes was apparent. Inquiry was made regarding the owners and it was discovered that, among the many interested, an old lady whose signature was absolutely necessary was so fanatical that she would rather see the building burned to the ground than occupied by heretics. The location was admirable and there was space enough for the accommodation of our different branches of work. For three weeks the matter was on the heart of the Superintendent, while he prayed earnestly that God would open the way by which a permanent home might be obtained for our Mission in Mexico. His own narrative must here be presented:

"I was standing at the street corner conversing with a friend, the American consul, when a gentleman passed on the other side of the street. My friend signaled just in time before he reached the corner. The stranger came over and we were introduced. During the conversation India was mentioned. 'What!' said I, 'have you been in India?' 'Yes, I fought under Havelock and was one of the volunteer cavalry which rode with him into Lucknow.' Instantly it flashed across my mind that here was help at last, if I could win him. I replied, 'I have done my best to immortalize you and your gallant commander.' Asking

him to remain where we were for a few minutes I went home and took a copy of *The Land of the Veda,* which I opened for him at the portrait of General Havelock. He looked at it astonished, and said, 'That is indeed our illustrious commander,' and commenced at once to read the pages that referred to the bravery of the heroes led by their devout general. I stood prayerfully and anxiously waiting. Finally, turning to me, he said, 'How much I would like to possess this book.' It was presented to him as a gift from the author. Thanking me with genuine heartiness he exclaimed, 'Is there not something I can do for you to show you my gratitude?' I had learned that he was an Irishman, and a Catholic, but Providence led me to feel that he could and would help me. So I replied, 'You are probably the only man in this city who can do something very necessary for me.' I explained the circumstances, how we were anxious to secure a suitable property for our work, but that the bigoted old lady would not be willing to sell it to us and I feared to trust any brokers in the city, lest they should be induced to fail us. He asked, 'Would you trust me?' I felt free to say I would. 'Have you the money?' 'Yes, the money is already in the bank.' 'Well, say nothing until I come to you to-morrow morning and I will arrange it all for you.' I reminded him that I was a Protestant missionary and that he was a Catholic, but he said, 'What of that? Have five hundred dollars ready for me to-morrow.' He came the next day, took the money, paid the installment, and took the receipt. The property was his and all secure. As soon as the papers in the case were ready he took me to the government office and made out a deed to me, as agent of the Missionary Society of our Church, and the Circus of Chiarini was ours.

"He had, meanwhile, when his purpose leaked out, an enticing offer of five thousand dollars to be unfaithful to us, but he spurned the temptation. Surely the hearts of

all men are in the hands of God. Here, when I needed it so much, after all my anxiety, was this warm-hearted Irishman brought in good time twelve thousand miles across the world, attracted to me by a common interest which that *Land of the Veda* represented to us both, ready to do this service that I could not safely ask any lawyer or broker or any other Roman Catholic in the City of Mexico to do."

The splendid property thus providentially secured for our Mission is especially interesting because it was once part of the palace of the Emperor Montezuma. The portion now used as our church had a garden open to the sky surrounded by a double row of beautiful stone arches magnificently carved. Here was one of the celebrated fish gardens described by Spanish historians. After the conquest these properties were divided and this portion became part of the great Franciscan convent. The magnificent church of San Francisco adjoins it on the north. The Franciscans are the missionary monks of the Roman Catholic Church, and there is a certain sense of poetic justice in our occupancy of a part of their great monastery to carry on the work which these Franciscan fathers should have done for the elevation and Christianization of the nation. This establishment was said to cover a space of five city blocks, and when the property was sequestrated by the government it was found that sixteen monks were enjoying all its revenues and profits, though they had a small army of followers to care for their interests. When the government cut up the property, intersecting it by two streets, this portion was sold and after a time came into the possession of a theatrical company. The odor of sanctity may have interfered with the success of the enterprise, as the company failed and the property was sold again, this time falling into the hands of a circus company. The last, however, of these transitions of ownership seemed to some of the Roman Catholics worst

of all. One of the Church organs in the City of Mexico published the following notice:

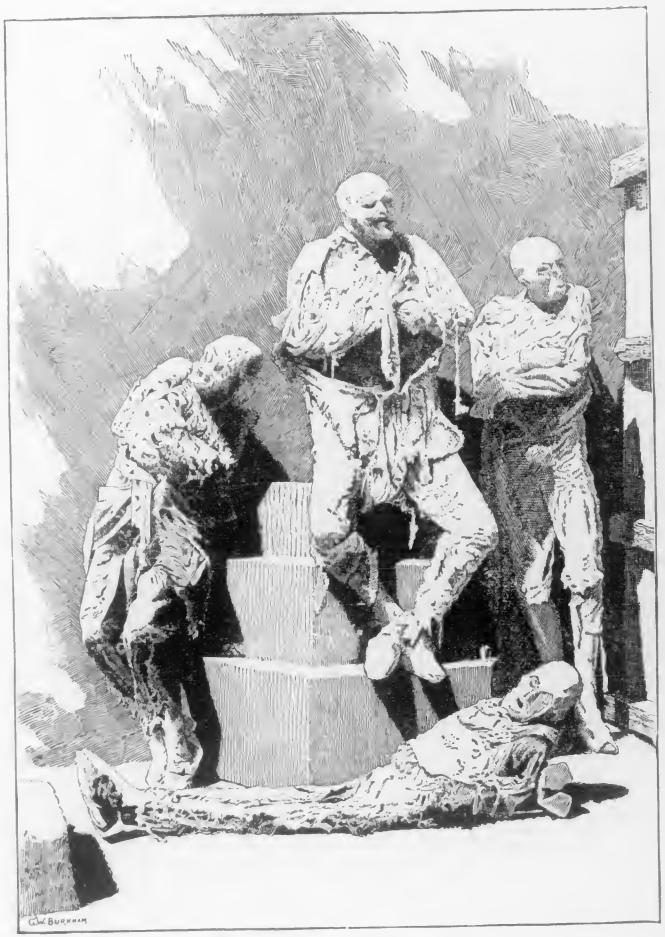
EACH TIME WORSE.

It is said that the Protestants have purchased the Chiarini Circus. As is known, this place is formed out of a patio of the Monastery of San Francisco, the venerated saints of Balaunzaran and Pinzon! You will wander lamenting around that place which was sanctified by the presence of the sons of San Francisco and which is profaned in a descending scale by rope dancing, immoral shows, licentious balls, and the ceremonies of a dissenting sect which is the enemy of the Church. It is a real profanation, but it cannot be remedied, for power protects the profaners.

The Superintendent writes again: "Equally remarkable was our purchase of the property secured for our work in the City of Puebla. While Mexico City is the political capital, Puebla may be considered as the ecclesiastical capital of the country. A branch of the Inquisition had been established in each city with equal powers. No Protestantism existed in any section of the country for this diabolical institution to expend its energy upon during the three hundred years of its existence. Its care, then, was directed toward its own people, and evidently extended to more than questions of religious opinion. The immense premises of the Dominican monks fell at last into the hands of the Republican forces, and the people, especially those from whose homes fathers, brothers, or sons had disappeared and of whose fate something might be learned within those walls, demanded permission to search, as did the Parisians at the Bastile. The request was granted and the excited searchers went through the whole establishment from the ground to the roof. A few survivors were found, but the majority of seekers were disappointed. Baffled and enraged, they were about to leave when some one remarked on the amazing thickness of the walls. A new trend of thought was started. The walls were struck and in places seemed to sound hollow. Openings were made, and within narrow cells were found

the forms of those they sought, manacled and ghastly, not arrayed in grave vestments but in their daily clothing, as when last seen alive. These bodies of victims buried alive for their love of freedom or of Christ—or both, it may be—were tenderly lifted out into the open patio and a photographer called. A flower stand was near, and four of the skeletons, recent enough to be handled without breaking up, although not recognizable, were placed against it, and the sun painted for us the faithful and enduring proof which the Liberals of Mexico can hand down in evidence to future generations of what the Church of Rome did with their fellow-countrymen. The cells were four feet six inches on the square and seven feet high. These spaces were left open, when building, until the victim was condemned and bound in the examining chapel above and brought down to the corridor where the cells were located. Men or women, for women were among the number, were placed in the cell and a 'brother' of the order was ready to build up the entrance before their faces and leave them to a horrible death, while a coat of plaster and whitewash made all invisible. Two bodies of such sufferers may still be seen in a glass case in the National Museum in Mexico City.

"When we came to Puebla to look for property (a year later than our purchase in Mexico City) people were timid about renting or selling to us. A German Jew living in Puebla had bought a portion of the Inquisition. Both in India and in Mexico I have made all sorts of purchases for our Society, but when we stood beside this man on the dais of the examining chapel of the Inquisition in Puebla, and realized that a Jew was actually offering the Inquisition for sale to a Methodist preacher, this seemed about the most extraordinary transaction in real estate that we had ever known. Around us were the evidences of popular vengeance that had been wreaked on the accursed building. The doors, windows, and floors had been



MARTYRS OF THE INQUISITION

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A SCENE IN THE INQUISITION

torn open and smashed to pieces and the plaster defaced; but all this could soon be repaired. On the upper floor was a suite of rooms which would make a comfortable parsonage, and the examining chapel could be made the first Methodist Episcopal church in Puebla. A few months later, in laying out the rooms for a theological seminary, we made an additional discovery of dead secrets. The workman in digging had come on a number of human skeletons packed together in rows. They were packed close together for about two feet in depth, the trench running the entire length of the corridor. The mayor of the city was notified to send the city carts and grant them proper burial. The people were annoyed that Protestant strangers should make such a discovery."

The part of the San Franciscan monastery in Mexico City proved well adapted to our work. Its central location was a decided advantage and the audacity of its purchase attracted attention. A number began to attend the services, and the surprise and joy with which they heard the Gospel in their own tongue was clearly manifested. A faithful band soon gathered, of whom some were loyal church members. Among the first was an elderly woman named Tomasita, who testified that during her almost sixty years of life she had been constantly seeking for God, but had not found him until she came into these evangelical services and heard the good news of the Gospel proclaimed and prayers offered in a tongue which she could understand. The liberty of the Gospel into which she entered was a great joy to her heart, and in her new found privilege of uttering to God the desire of her own heart she would forget all about those who might be around her and talk with him face to face. Her prayers had a blessed influence, yet sometimes, in her simplicity and complete forgetfulness of others, sentences would occur which would cause the members of the Mission to smile; as when the dear old soul lifted up her voice in

meeting most fervently and ended her petition by asking the Lord to forgive her if she had not used the right language, for she never saw the inside of a spelling book, or on another occasion, when she begged him to help her to be patient with her husband, since he was not so good-natured as her first one. We may smile at her ingenuousness, but the dear soul had learned, after weary years of mumbling Latin prayers which she could not understand, the secret of going to God for her daily needs for body and soul. We have no mission in Mexico unless we can bring this message to the people; that through Jesus Christ as the only intercessor they may approach unto God. Tomasita lived to a venerable old age, and up to the last would walk three miles on Sunday in order to attend the service of our church.

Father Rodriguez was one of the early helpers. He was a priest of a small village and apparently sincere in all his work for the people. Hearing that a cobbler in his village had a copy of the Bible the priest went down one day to remonstrate with him for reading such a book. Being a wise cobbler he merely said, "Did you ever read it yourself?" The priest was obliged to confess that he had not. The cobbler then loaned him the precious volume, which the priest read, and as a result his candid mind led him to see that he had not been teaching the truth to the people as it is taught in the Word of God. He came out from his Church; he began to study evangelical doctrines, he soon afterward joined our Mission, and became one of our most successful preachers. He labored for three years and then died, after a long and trying illness. The ignorant people of the City of Mexico circulated the report that when he died his body would turn black, because he was a priest who had broken his vows. Learning this, the Mission determined to give him a public funeral and to provide a coffin with a plate of glass, in order that his face might be seen. Our church in the

City of Mexico was crowded at the service by people who came to see if the rumor were really true. God granted that Father Rodriguez should die with a happy expression on his face, and as the curious crowds pressed forward for a glance they could not but be convinced that the peace of God shone on his countenance. Thus in his death this converted priest preached against the superstitiousness of the people even more effectively than in any of his sermons.

There were some noble workers who were carrying on evangelical services independently; among them Father Palacios, a man of high standing, who had been one of the officiating priests at the cathedral in the capital and was also second chaplain to the so-called Emperor Maximilian. His own view of the exactions of the Church led him to feel dissatisfied with his position, and a little book entitled *Nights with the Romanists* opened his eyes to some of the errors in their teachings. He then surrendered his parchments and began a little service in an upper room. As a friend of President Juarez he undoubtedly influenced this great leader in the matter of providing for religious freedom. Father Palacios was at first connected with the movement under Dr. Riley, but did not feel quite satisfied, and, having withdrawn, was holding his own service when our Mission entered Mexico. For ten years he watched our methods and work before he joined our Church, but he then became one of our most loyal pastors and served successfully as a preacher in the Mexico Conference until his death.

Another of our Mexican brethren told of the heart hunger which possessed his father, and of his going to the priest and purchasing the privilege of reading the Bible. For this permission he paid the "padre" the sum of sixty dollars, and faithfully used the concession in teaching his children. Others told of the hiding place where the precious book obtained from the American soldiers had

been secreted from the priest. Proclamation was issued against the "Evangelicos," in which it was declared that our churches were "godless," "Protestantism is the *carte blanche* for sin," "They adore the devil and sing hymns in honor of Belial." These and similar expressions in the public press showed the ignorance of the masses. As a rule no notice was taken of these publications; but one penny sheet became so offensive in publishing the names and addresses of people who attended our services, in order that a universal boycott might be enforced against them, that the Superintendent called the attention of the government to its violation of the Law of Reform, and the vile language was discontinued. When some of the converts were persecuted, and others lost their lives through the fanaticism of mobs, Dr. Butler went to President Diaz, who received the news with sorrow and promised all the protection of the government to suppress such acts. He told the Superintendent that if ever he had reason to fear another outbreak he might come to him at once and, without waiting for the usual official ceremony, send up his card and the President would be with him in five minutes. And it was the pleasure of the founder of the Methodist Mission to testify that the government of Mexico invariably did all that was possible to protect the liberty of worship which their magnificent Constitution affords.

POPOCATAPETL FROM AMECAMECA

CHAPTER IX

THE OPEN BIBLE

"They stand, those regal mountains, with crowns of spotless snow,
Forever changeless, grand, sublime, as ages come and go.
Each day the morning cometh in through the eastern gate
With trailing robes of pink and gold, and still they stand and wait
For that more glorious morning, for the more joyful sounds:
Lift up your heads, ye gates of gold!
The King of Glory comes."

FROM the front windows of the Mission building in the City of Mexico the glorious view of the two volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, is ever an inspiration. Their hoary heads have looked down on wonderful changes of race, kingdom, and faith; now they are beholding in the beautiful valley of Anahuac a people free indeed, with the open Bible and liberty of conscience for all. A pure form of Christianity is not only winning adherents, but leavening the old Church which had allowed the commandments of men to obscure the Word of God.

The Superintendent had already been sped on his way by two farewell meetings; now an opportunity arose to attend one for others. The departing ones were the Jesuits, and in August, 1873, Dr. Butler stood in the railway station and watched the last of the order leaving Mexico by command of the government, since it had been proved that they were instrumental in keeping the country in a state of political unrest. A few devotees were in tears, and fell on their knees to receive the parting blessing of the priests, but the majority of the people looked on with indifference, if not satisfaction. A special act had been passed by the Mexican Congress, under the title of

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"The Pernicious Foreigners' Act," to enable the government to deal with any who might attempt to return. The monks and nuns had been expelled earlier, and no monastery or convent longer existed in Catholic Mexico, a land so heavily burdened with them so short a time before. Even the number of churches had been reduced, those not needed for worship being put to secular uses. The church of San Augustine, where Madam Calderon witnessed the awful penance of scourging, was now the public library. Readers of *Mexico in Transition* will recall the description which this Catholic lady gives of the penances during Easter week; of the men gathered in one church and the women in another, all being provided with lashes of iron with small spikes. The priest, on the occasion when she was permitted to be present, preached on the suffering of Christ. Suddenly the lights were extinguished and he cried out, "My brothers, when Christ was fastened to the pillar by the Jews he was scourged." The writer adds: "Suddenly we heard the sound of hundreds of scourges descending on the bare flesh. Before ten minutes had passed the sound of scourging became the sound of splashing, from the blood that was flowing. If they had scourged each other their energy might be less astonishing. Incredible as it may seem, this continued for half an hour. Now and then, but very seldom, a suppressed groan was heard, with occasionally the voice of the monk encouraging them by ejaculations or short passages of Scripture. Sometimes the organ struck up and the poor wretches in a faint voice tried to join in the Miserere. At the end of half an hour a little bell was rung and the monk was heard calling upon them to desist, but such was their enthusiasm that the horrible lashing continued louder than ever." The record of this frank writer does not state that the monk read for these poor souls, who in this torture endeavored to find pardon for sin, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, "He was wounded for our transgres-

sions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and by his stripes we are healed." In the window of the Mission bookstore open Bibles were kept constantly, so that passers-by who dared not own a Bible might read for themselves the message of God to their longing hearts. Men would be noticed coming every day to read the freshly turned page. Occasionally one would venture in to ask that another might be turned, that he might thus read the remainder of the chapter. Such passages as that quoted above and the words of our Lord were the favorite selections for the window pulpit.

The flat roof of the cloisters which surround Trinity Church in Mexico City, as the old monastery is now named, is a delightful place in the quiet evening hour, and to it the Superintendent would go to rest from the many cares of the day. In the spring the beautiful Cross of May, the Mexican name of the constellation which we know as the Southern Cross, rises above the horizon, and it was one of the pleasures of the Mission life to watch for its appearance. All about the lovely valley of Mexico the mountains rise like those round about Jerusalem. A number of orphan children were intrusted to the care of the Mission, about forty-seven at this time, and their playground was this same flat roof. When the Superintendent appeared among them there would be a grand rush to see who could reach "grandpapa" first and how many could cuddle into the spacious folds of his study coat. Their conversation was limited, as his few words of Spanish were matched by their small English vocabulary, but no interpreter was needed when his hand went into his pocket and drew forth something which served to purchase the long sticks of molasses candy dear to the hearts of children the world over. All sorts of impostors found in him a ready victim, and no repeated discoveries of deceit in these folk availed to disturb his faith in humanity in general.

Mexico seemed to be a favorite resort for queer people from the States. There was the poor simple fellow who walked all the way from Texas reading the Bible to the little groups of Indians in the villages. He read only in English, but they treated him kindly and listened as if able to comprehend. Then there were the men who were always having hard luck—according to their own accounts—just when they were on the point of making a fortune. Others had come down to teach the Mexicans something they already knew, and so on. The incredulous scorn of other members of the family never sufficed to make its head doubt these pathetic tales unless there was too strong evidence of recent drinking. A more innocent look than usual on his face was understood by these affectionate doubters to mean that his pocket had been emptied for the last stray with a glib tongue. But they loved him none the less for his tender heart.

Remembering the usefulness of our Christian hymns in his former Mission the Superintendent was intensely interested in their speedy translation into Spanish, and in this Bishop Simpson fully agreed with him. He asked that the persons who should be selected for missionaries might be, as far as possible, those who could sing. The good Bishop wrote: "I have a great anxiety to try the full influence of Christian song [in Mexico]. Luther had great power in this direction. Wesley, both by poetry and song, accomplished much. I am no singer—I do not know that you are. Nor am I anxious, for your field is to plan, counsel, direct. But the young men and women who go ought to be able to lead. We should have the best hymns and Sunday school songs translated at an early date." This department of the work was pressed, and soon a goodly number were available in the melodious Spanish. An incident showing their immediate utility is worthy of notice. The wife of a Mexican freethinker was induced to send her children to our day school. In

President Porfirio Diaz

her youth she had lived in Cuba and had known some Americans. One of her pleasant memories of this American family was that they were in the habit of singing something with the refrain, "Hallelujah! thine the glory." The father and the children at last persuaded her to attend one of the school exhibitions and, to her surprise, the identical hymn was sung by the scholars, but in her own tongue. The strains touched a tender chord and led to her giving up the worship of images and experiencing for herself the joy of singing from her heart, "We praise thee, O God!"

The Mission having been reinforced by the arrival of Revs. C. W. Drees and John W. Butler, Pachuca and Puebla were entered. A little later Messrs. Siberts and Craver came for Guanajuato, where they encountered great opposition, the Mission house being surrounded on one occasion by a howling mob yelling, "Death to the Protestants," and only the timely arrival of the troops sent by the Governor of the State preventing a massacre. The authorities, however, were always willing to uphold the Constitution, which provides for liberty of worship. When the examining chapel of the Inquisition in Puebla was opened for the first service warnings were sent that a plot had been laid to kill all the missionaries if they should attempt to profane the sacred precincts with Protestant worship. Many of the English residents joined in urging that the dedication should be postponed until it could be accomplished more quietly, but the Superintendent believed the work to be of God, and that the government would do its utmost to preserve peace. The Governor of the State was informed of the threats and assured the missionaries that they were acting clearly within their rights in holding the service. When the time arrived Dr. Butler and his son went down from the capital, the American consul volunteering to accompany them, as he said, "to see fair play." An armed guard—not asked

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for—escorted the missionary party from the hotel to the building and a cordon of soldiers was placed around the entire block. The excitement of the populace rose to such a height that, in spite of all these precautions, some poor fanatic managed to throw a large stone through a window, the missile crossing the chapel and striking the opposite wall, but fortunately injuring no one. The consul had been in the army and his fighting spirit was aroused. He put his hand in his pocket and drew it out full of silver dollars, which he clapped down on the pulpit, saying: "Dr. Butler, go ahead! Here is the beginning of a fund to repair broken glass." Mr. Drees continued his work there and the people soon came to understand the purpose of the Mission. The property remained in our possession for several years and many souls were converted to God in that old examining chapel, which then echoed shouts of praise instead of the sighs and groans of the unhappy victims of a cruel system. A change in the character of the locality made it desirable later to move to a healthier location, where a beautiful new church now adjoins the Theological Seminary and the school of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

In secluded places the people were found to have been gathering in secret to read the Word of God, copies of Gospels and Testaments having come into their possession by gifts from Christian soldiers of the American army, who, in 1847-48, went to Mexico in that war which the United States so unjustly waged against the new Republic. Providentially an edition of the New Testament in Spanish had just been printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society when the war was declared, and many copies were carried in the knapsacks of our men and distributed in Mexico. When the army retired the priests made an effort to secure these books, but many had learned to love them, and in "caves and dens of the earth" they met secretly to hear the precious words. At one such hiding

place in the Sierra our Mission held a little service in memory of these persecuted disciples. The eagerness of some of the Mexicans to obtain Bibles and Christian literature issued by our Mission was touching. The first tract printed was entitled "Bob, the Cabin Boy," and its reception made it evident that more such helps should be provided. In 1876 the Superintendent made a trip to the United States at his own charges to present this need of a Mission Press. Bishop Ames gave him the first contribution of one hundred dollars, saying emphatically: "Brother Butler, you are right; Methodism never became a power in any land without the printing press. Go ahead!" God gave him the hearts of the members of the Church, and in a short time enough was collected to purchase a good press. The deeds of the complete outfit were turned over to the Missionary Society free of encumbrance. The first words printed were: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men." An illustrated paper, *The Christian Advocate,* established first as a monthly, is now a weekly with the largest circulation of any Protestant periodical in the Republic, although there are several others of excellent standing issued by the different Missions. From time to time special gifts have been given for the translation and publication of Christian books, and in this way Binney's *Compend,* the *Life of Wesley,* Moody's *Heaven,* and similar works, have been provided for our Mexican brethren.

Through all his travel by *diligencia* and on horseback in the early days William Butler never carried a pistol nor did he receive any annoyance. When not incited to fanaticism the people showed themselves friendly and ready to receive instruction. Two of the younger missionaries were kindly supplied by friends when going to Mexico with pistols, which were supposed to be necessary for their protection, but years afterward they testified that the only use to which their weapons had been put was to fire at

the cats which made night hideous on the roof of the cloisters in Mexico!

Bishop Simpson was deeply interested in the new Mission and made a visit soon after it was opened, in his sermons and addresses producing a very pleasant impression on the Mexicans. During his call on the President of the Republic he referred most felicitously to the seal of the two nations, each having the figure of the bird of power, the eagle, but that there was this difference between them: The one on the seal of the United States of the north was at rest, while that on the seal of the United States of

SEAL OF MEXICO.

Mexico was still struggling with the serpent which had threatened its national life!

Travel off the one railroad was by *diligencia*, the old style of lumbering vehicle drawn by mules, sometimes as many as eleven being used to pull the great hulk up the inclines. The driver had all he could do to manage the reins, so a second man was given charge of the whip and the bag of stones with which he would take accurate aim at the ear of a lazy mule which might be guilty of shirking work.

Sometimes the deep mud would prove too much for even the eleven mules, and then the passengers must alight

and tug at long ropes. On one occasion it was quite edifying to see that the man next to the missionary was a Catholic priest, and the two pulled very effectively together. Water was not always to be obtained, and in certain sections the only beverage available was "pulque," the national drink of Mexico, made from the maguey. As it is intoxicating, though mildly so, the American would not accept it, to the astonishment of the other passengers. He used the luscious fruits which abound in that favored country to allay thirst when the wayside supply of water was deemed unsafe.

A seat on top of the coach was greatly to be desired, but often this could not be secured and the Superintendent had to travel inside. This was to him a peculiar hardship, since every other one of the twelve passengers, men, women, and children, would be likely to smoke all day. As he had a special dislike for tobacco, one experiment when a boy being quite sufficient for him, the ordeal was dreadful, and when, as often happened, others would insist on pulling down the leather curtains to exclude the dust, his suffering was acute. The foundation for the asthma which burdened his latter days was laid on these journeys.

In Guanajuato the arrival of the missionary with the tracts and Gospels caused great commotion in the episcopal palace. A proclamation was issued, signed by the Rev. Joseph Mary de Jesus, a copy of which is still in our possession, against these tracts, especially mentioning the "Dairyman's Daughter" and "What do the Protestants Believe?" and ordering that they should be burned or given up to the priests. It was read for three Sundays in all the churches of the diocese. The result of this advertising was a large increase in the number taken and read.

Some wonderful openings for the Gospel were found in out-of-the-way places. One day a delegation of Indians came in and sat in a solemn row in the study till their spokesman had stated their errand. They had secured a

copy of the Gospel of John in some way, and the head man of the village being able to read the entire population had been accustomed to meet and hear the blessed words. Their fingers, hardened by toil in the fields, had at last worn away the pages where the best-loved passages were recorded, so that the fourteenth chapter was now hardly legible. They had heard in their distant village that such books might now be purchased in the capital, and the delegation came seeking the book. They had collected two dollars and proffered this amount for the precious volume. Their joy was delightful to behold when not only one but several copies were given, together with other books and tracts. A preacher was sent to their village, and in a short time a church was built there and all the inhabitants became regular attendants at our worship. Another similar delegation came begging for a church and pastor, using the argument that "the mud in their country was better than the mud down here." By this they meant that they would make good adobe bricks for the chapel and school if some one could be spared to teach them.

A venerable man, ninety-nine years of age, was converted, and his joy in the Lord was great. The family had been without religion and were drifting toward Spiritualism. They experienced a wonderful change, established a family altar, said grace before meat, and began the study of God's Word. When the pastor would visit them and talk of the mercy of Jesus they would exclaim, "How precious! We had never heard this before!" This was indeed the work for which Dr. Butler had entered Mexico, to tell of the preciousness of Christ to those who accept him.

Dr. Butler served as pastor of the Union congregation, composed of the American and English residents of the capital, many of whom heartily supported the work in the Spanish language. When he had been appointed to the

work in Mexico he hoped that he might be able to give five years of service there. Six were granted before his health yielded to the unfriendly climate and his various hardships. In the winter of 1879 the development of a serious lung trouble caused his physician to order a change to a lower altitude. The cold weather forbade his coming north and he was finally ordered to Naples, as the climate most suited to his condition. The work had become well established and was prospering, and he was able to leave, confident that the experimental stage had passed. Dr. Drees was appointed Superintendent until the Mission should take the form of an Annual Conference.

The voyage was made through the West India Islands, and in the balmy air of that southern sea the invalid improved sufficiently to come on deck and converse with the other passengers. One was a Jewish rabbi of some prominence. He loaned his ritual to Dr. Butler, but could not answer his questions later as to the reason why the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was omitted from the book which contained numerous other selections from the prophet, nor could he explain the meaning of the chapter to his own satisfaction. In this ritual was a service to be used for certain feasts, which introduces the following responses:

"Blessed be God, King of the universe, that I was not born a heathen.
Blessed be God, King of the universe, that I was not born a slave.
Blessed be God, King of the universe, that I was not born a woman."
The women shall then say:
"Blessed be God, King of the universe, who hath made me according to thy will."

These sentiments were especially distasteful to the missionary, who had such an exalted idea of the position attainable by woman in the Church of God and in all its activities. There is no justification for this heartless litany in the Old Testament, much less in the New.

A run of twenty-seven days brought him to Plymouth,

where the Rev. John Hay was waiting to greet his old friend and fellow-student at Didsbury College. An opportunity came for Dr. Butler to deliver lectures in Lancashire, where the explanation of the events following our Civil War and the Intervention in Mexico was listened to with deep interest by large audiences which were closely in touch with the whole question, some of the auditors being the brave men who nearly starved for lack of work in the cotton mills, caused by the Southern blockade, yet who declared that they would not have the blockade broken even to afford them employment, since it would put off the day of the liberation of the enslaved. It will be recalled what a wonderful reception Beecher had from these same Lancashire men when he pleaded before them for the Union.

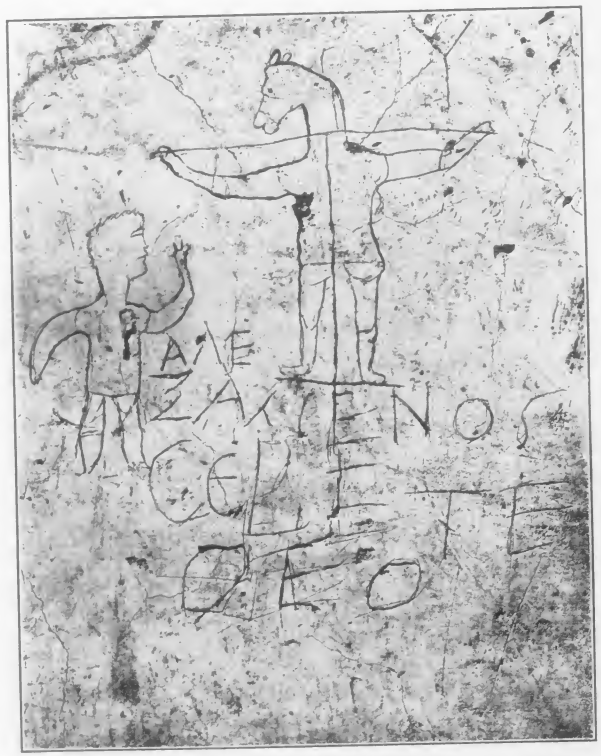
In Paris the McAll Mission halls were found to be centers for the same work which had been carried on in Mexico—preaching the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ to supersede the endeavor to win it by austerities and the payment of money. The knowledge of spiritual things evidenced by these French workingmen was wonderfully cheering.

In Naples and in Rome the Mission of the Wesleyan brethren as well as our own showed signs of prosperity in every branch of work. Dr. Vernon took pains to show his brother missionary all the points of vantage already gained in the holy city. Perhaps no one ever visited Rome who so rejoiced over the splendid position won by evangelical Christianity there as did the man who had seen its glorious successes in two distant parts of the world. To find the Wesleyan Church almost in sight of the windows of the Vatican, in the city where so recently Protestant service was not permitted even in a foreign consulate; to discover an agency of the Bible Society in the Castle of St. Angelo, where are the barracks of the soldiers responsible for the peace of that part of Rome

in which the Vatican is situated; to see a large number of these soldiers of United Italy commune as members of the Wesleyan Church—these were fulfillments of blessed hopes which he had cherished for many years.

One delight was to follow in the footsteps of St. Paul; to continue the pilgrimage begun years before at Malta and which now carried him out on the Appian Way, to the ruined quarters of the Prætorian Guard in the palace of the Cæsars; to the Mamertine Prison, where the dungeon is still damp and cold; to the steps of the Forum, and to the magnificent church of St. Paul's outside the walls, where St. Paul is believed to have yielded up his life. It would be impossible to describe the joyful emotions awakened in thus reverently following these traces of the Apostle to the Gentiles. A different sort of pleasure was anticipated in a projected interview with the Pope, in which the missionary would have enjoyed discussing with him the destination of those sons of his, the Jesuits, whom he had watched depart from the station in Mexico six years before. The arrangements were almost completed when it was mentioned that he would be expected to kneel to his Holiness, and this, the mark of assumption of divine authority, he could not render. Possibly the Pontiff lost some very good advice by missing this conversation! Instead of kneeling to the Pope he made a pilgrimage to the Scala Sancta, where Luther had received the revelation of the truth that "the just shall live by faith." The pilgrims were toiling up the Holy Stairs seeking the comfort which he had found so many years before. The sight of souls trying to work out their own salvation always moved the heart of the veteran missionary profoundly, since his own relief from the burden of sin had been so complete and satisfying. The great number of priests and these magnificent churches would seem to be sufficient to instruct the Italian nation, instead of leaving its poor, particularly, in such ignorance and superstition.

Not long before a caricature of the crucifixion had been discovered on the wall of one of the rooms of the Prætorian Guard in the palace of the Cæsars. The government had it carefully removed and placed in the Kricheriano Museum. It was of peculiar interest as illustrating the words of Paul, "to the Greeks foolishness," and as evidence of the scorn and contempt in which Christianity was held by this soldier who rudely scratched on the plaster wall of the guardroom the figure of one of his fellow-soldiers with his arm raised in the act of adoration toward a cross on which hangs a man with the head of an ass. Underneath are the words, "Alexanenos worships his god." Through the centuries this picture has been preserved in the ruins of the barracks that we might see how bitter was the persecution of the early Christians and against what odds they conquered in Rome. The blasphemous opposition has been put down, and Christ crucified, the power of God and the wisdom of God, is overcoming not only in Rome but in the uttermost parts of the earth. The wonderful Colosseum was not merely an interesting ruin to the devout heart of the missionary, it seemed a monument left by the divine hand to witness to the mighty conquering power of his Word. The memories clustering around its great arches were of the worst phases of the brutal Roman opposition, and also of the fidelity of the Christians who in the vast arena laid down their lives for the despised Nazarene. Whatever obstacles the preaching of the Gospel may encounter in the future none can be so great as those which here opposed it. The victory won in the face of the wickedness and brutality of the Roman Empire makes it certain that no religion on earth can stand against it; the only need is that the same spirit of sacrifice shall animate the followers of Christ; a readiness to be offered up if need be, not in the arena of conflict with wild beasts but in lowly service in the face of ridicule and opposition. Attendance at the



GRAFFITO FROM ROME

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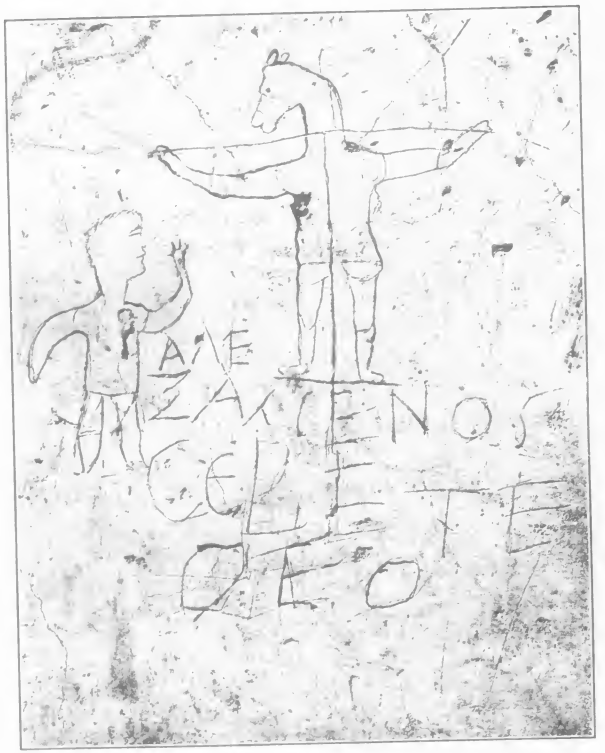

GRAFFITO FROM ROME

vesper service on Sunday at St. Peter's showed only about fifty Italians present and some seventy-five tourists. The number of clergy equaled that of the audience. Dr. Butler wrote concerning the great cathedral: "No description can do justice to it. When the world is evangelized, and popery dead and gone, that will be the place to hold the jubilee of redemption." As his prophetic instinct had sometimes appeared almost inspired we may hope for an Ecumenical Conference of Christendom in this noble edifice in the glorious years to come.

Dr. Abel Stevens was in charge of a Union English church in the city of Geneva, and he asked Dr. Butler to supply his pulpit during his absence in London, where he wished to go to attend to the publication of one of his works. So the summer was delightfully spent in this way, the service being held right in the shadow of the cathedral where Calvin's pulpit is occupied each Sabbath, and where the name of Merle D'Aubigné lingers in blessed memory. Not far away was Ferney, the home of Voltaire. A lovely spot it is, but the indignation of the missionary was aroused at the inscription over the door of the chapel erected in the grounds, "Erected to God by VOLTAIRE." The name of the infidel in larger letters than those used for that of the Deity. How different the lives of these two men! One had given his years and talents to the attempted overthrow of Christianity and the other had devoted his life to its upbuilding. Contrast their latter end, the misery of the brilliant Frenchman when illness had broken his spirit, and these words which Dr. Butler wrote at this time, though still a great sufferer: "Life was never sweeter to me for the sake of glorifying God than it is now. I look forward to more work for the Master with joy."

The months in this salubrious climate brought restoration, and by the early fall the family returned to England to visit friends. Mr. Ewart, one of the largest linen manu-

facturers of Belfast, had some years before visited Mexico, and although a member of the Church of England he was kind enough to inspect our Mission and to make it a substantial gift. He had come to Geneva and insisted on a visit from the missionaries. It was a delightful week, and one impressive from the fact that this busy man, a member of Parliament and at the head of a great business, took time from his political cares and business details to hold morning prayers every day. Before the breakfast was served the household assembled, with all the servants who were Protestants, and the master of the house read the Scripture and prayers for the day. Nothing was allowed to interfere with this beautiful service. The rector of a neighboring church was also a guest in this hospitable home. Walking back from the service on Sunday he took the opportunity to inquire of Mrs. Butler where the Methodists found their doctrine of "Perfect Love." He appeared quite mystified when she replied that it was taken from the Bible and the Prayer Book, until she reminded him of the collect he had read that very morning: "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name."

From the Religious Tract Society of London an increased grant for the press, and from other friends gifts amounting in all to fifteen hundred dollars, enabled the former Superintendent to show his continued interest in the press in Mexico. On his return to the United States more was secured, which enabled him to have a good hymnal with music prepared for the use of congregations. Bishop Haven was delighted to see the improvement in Dr. Butler's health, and wrote expressing the hope that he might yet have many years of usefulness wherever Providence might call him, whether to labor in his Conference or to plant other Missions. He then asked if he would be willing to go to Jerusalem and superintend there

a new Mission if the Church would authorize the expenditure. Dr. Butler consented to this proposition, but the death of the farseeing Bishop occurring soon after, ended the matter, and our Church has not yet entered the Lord's land.

Dr. Rust then impressed the returned missionary into the service of the Freedmen's Aid Society. In order to qualify himself to speak intelligently on the condition of the work he made a tour of all the schools and institutions under its care, and then visited the churches in the North to plead for donations for these worthy enterprises. A letter of his describes the enthusiasm shown by an audience in a large Philadelphia church, where, as he presented the need, the collection was increased five hundred per cent over that given the previous year. The members fairly rivaled each other in providing the sum necessary for a theological education for a colored man, formerly the Lieutenant Governor of a Southern State, who had been recently converted and now desired to give his life to the preaching of the Gospel. The work was delightful, but when his Conference opened Dr. Butler preferred to take a pastorate and live the quiet life of a preacher-in-charge again. Arriving at the seat of the Conference late one morning, as he passed up the aisle cheers broke from the assembled ministers—the intention of which was a mystery to the newcomer until at last he discovered that they were honoring the returned missionary. They further signified their approval by electing him to head the General Conference delegation. His appointment was at Melrose, Massachusetts, where he passed three happy years, using his vacations to lecture at camp meetings and assemblies in behalf of his beloved Missions. A cottage at Martha's Vineyard afforded a place for rest and indulgence in his favorite pastime, a good dip in the salt water. He was a magnificent swimmer and taught every member of his family, as well as many others, this useful art. Mrs.

Butler alone succeeded only in learning to float, but nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed her partial accomplishment. A young evangelist who had passed through India gave an address at the tabernacle, and in the course of his remarks happened to use quite frequently the expression, "I see the widows floating down the Ganges!" No mention was made of their being alive or dead. One of the bright minds at the camp took this up, and when Mrs. Butler was seen wending her way to the bathing place she would be assailed on all sides with inquiries as to whether she was going to show them "how the widows float down the Ganges!"

The increasing prosperity of the India Mission, as reported by the *Indian Witness* and letters to the former Superintendent, so fired his enthusiasm that he carried his audiences with him in the inspiration of the hour. On one such occasion, at a camp meeting in Iowa, Chaplain McCabe was a listener to his glowing words, and asked at the close, "Brother Butler, would you like to go to India again?" The reply came instantly, "I would rather go to India than go to heaven!" Later he explained this enthusiastic declaration by saying that he was sure that the Lord would take him to heaven some day, but that he had no idea that he would be permitted to see the work in India again while still in this life. An idea is sufficient for the warm-hearted chaplain. Without delay he began to arrange lecture courses for the missionary and to lecture himself in furtherance of the plan. Jacob Sleeper, of Boston, Dr. Butler's lifelong friend, entered into the gentle conspiracy and made it possible for his wife and daughter to accompany him in this wonderful trip to dear India.

CHAPTER X

WELCOME!

"And some days after Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do."

A FAREWELL meeting for Dr. and Mrs. Butler was held in the Washington Square Church, New York, on May 4, 1883, to speed the returning missionaries on this delightful journey. Chaplain McCabe, almost as happy as those about to go, led the singing. "The Church Rallying Song," by Fanny Crosby, was sung for the first time in public. The great audience entered into the spirit of the words, "Awake, awake, the Master now is calling us," and all were uplifted by the spirit of the hour. Miss Crosby was present and tears ran down her sightless face as she heard her hymn so enthusiastically rendered. The Missionary Secretary, Dr. J. M. Reid, gave the address, from which a few remarks are here quoted: "I would rather found a Mission than an empire! Had I no higher motive than the perpetuation of my name among men the same would be my preference. You can see to-day in India the palaces and tombs of the greatest rulers of that vast empire, and many of them are in ruins, while of the dynasties which gather their fame from such names as Akbar and Shah Jehan not a single vestige remains. On the other hand, the waves of the Indian Ocean roll just as blue and beautiful and sing their requiem as loud and clear as when long years ago they first entombed the great and good Dr. Coke, who was on his way to establish a Wesleyan Mission in India, and the work called into being through his heroic efforts is still living and growing. The kingdom he established

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is part of a kingdom that shall have no end. . . . It is no ordinary honor that God has put on Dr. Butler in that he has permitted him to be the father of a great Mission; still more wonderful that it should be given him to establish two great Missions. The circumstances under which our dear Brother and Sister Butler leave us and enter India are very different from those which marked their departure of twenty-five years ago; then they were going to an unknown land where they were entire strangers, and to labors and perils they could scarcely imagine. I know that these dear friends are triumphant at the giant growth of the little sapling they planted in the name of the Lord. I want them to go and see, and to come back laden with his blessings to scatter them like precious pearls among the churches of America!"

After such a farewell the wonderful journey began. What a privilege! Was it ever before granted to two missionaries to return after twenty years' absence to see the marvels wrought in God's name by those who had followed in the work and carried it on to its present glorious success?

The steamer bearing these veteran missionaries ran close to a great fleet of enormous icebergs on the third day out, and Dr. Butler was reminded of the "morsels" from the treasury of the Almighty to which he referred when he showed Job his utter insignificance—"Hast thou entered into the treasury of the snow, or hast thou seen the treasury of the hail?" It recalled to the memory of the missionary the incident previously related, of his first trip, when, after suffering as they crossed the desert strip from Cairo, with nothing to slake their thirst save the tepid water which was brought in skin bottles on the backs of camels all the way from the Nile, or the brackish water of the desert wells, they entered the cabin of the steamer at Suez and found there great bowls heaped with ice from Wenham Lake, near Boston, which had

been brought twice under the equator in order that it might furnish relief to the travelers at Suez. It seemed to Dr. Butler that if Moses could have seen this solidified water he would have considered it almost as great a miracle as the manna given from heaven. Now the journey was to be free from the discomforts and hardships experienced on their first voyage.

On the pier at Glasgow to welcome the travelers stood the same kind Scotch friend who had received them on their arrival in India, Mr. James Young. A delightful week in his hospitable home afforded many happy reminiscences of the time spent together in the land of their hearts' love. In this home also was Mrs. Sale—the widow of a minister of the London Mission and the honored mother-in-law of the host—who was the first missionary to establish systematic zenana work, which she did in Calcutta in 1850. She succeeded in winning the confidence of some native men and in gaining the hearts of the women in their homes. Shortly after placing this work on a firm basis she was obliged to return temporarily to England, giving it into the care of Mrs. Mullens, the wife of a Baptist missionary, under whose supervision and that of her daughters the work was systematized and the zenana mission extended until all the Christian bodies engaged in India came to realize their responsibility to the women of their day. Mr. Mullens had been a guest in Dr. Butler's home in India, and he also ascribed to Mrs. Sale the credit for beginning the work. These old friends reviewed the great advance since their days of active labor when, in weakness and trembling, such tasks were undertaken in God's name.

Dr. Butler arrived in Edinburgh on the very morning of the ceremonies incident to the opening of the cathedral church of St. Giles after its restoration under the care of William Chalmers. He was deeply interested in the event,

particularly because in his early manhood he had witnessed the disruption of the Church of Scotland. A friend offered to see if entrance could possibly be secured for him and returned with the coveted permission, but on the pass, which was the last of the three thousand issued for the ceremony, were the words, "No clergyman will be permitted to join the procession unless fully robed." Here was a difficulty. His outfit for revisiting the India Mission had not included the gown and cap of a doctor of divinity, though the degree had been conferred on him by Dickinson College in 1861, yet as such he must appear to gain the coveted admittance. The kindness of the Scotch friend, however, supplied the lack and Dr. Butler was given a seat on the dais, where the whole impressive scene could be fully enjoyed. The chief men of Scotland, the representative of the Queen, and the government officials here bowed reverently in the sacred edifice where John Knox preached his last sermon, and which has witnessed so many changes in the political condition of Scotland, so many differences of opinion during its change from Romanism to Protestantism, having passed through the Covenanters' hands, to the independency of the present day. Our Mission in India had received so many generous gifts and such loyal support from the Christian Scotchmen in the civil and the military service that the former Superintendent considered it a special privilege to join in this service of praise at the conclusion of the task of restoring the central edifice of their national Church. The one hundredth psalm was sung by the congregation, led by the organ, and afterward the Hallelujah Chorus was rendered. In the same city at the same time the Free Church was discussing the question whether an organ should be permitted in the worship of their churches! Dr. Butler was reminded of a passage-at-arms between two good friends in India, missionaries of the Presbyterian Church of

Scotland, but of these different branches. One addressed the other, saying, "David tells us to 'Sing unto the Lord a *new* song;' but you say, 'Naw; we'll sing nawthing but the auld psalms o' David!' "

As soon as the heat of summer was past, and the abatement of the plague of cholera which was afflicting Egypt announced, the voyage was undertaken—curiously enough, in a steamer of the same name as the one which bore the travelers on their journey in 1856, the *Nubia*.

The passage through the Suez Canal was speedy and comfortable in spite of the great heat, which compelled the passengers to sleep on deck, and contrasted delightfully with the weary jaunt across Egypt in carts which had been the experience of the missionaries on their first journey to India. A day and a night sufficed to pass through the canal into the Red Sea, where one evening a curious phenomenon was witnessed which the captain said was very unusual. The day had been intensely sultry, and in the evening a shower which came up had not relieved the heat but rather made it more oppressive, and when the moon rose at ten o'clock the opposite horizon was spanned by a perfect lunar rainbow of subdued but clearly defined coloring.

On arrival at Bombay the first persons to board the steamer were two members of the Mission, Dr. D. O. Fox and another friend. From that time during the entire trip there was only one station where the founders of the work were not met by some Methodist Christian. Twenty-seven years ago they were alone in India; now brothers and sisters in Christ greeted them everywhere. Instead of a journey of twenty-four days in a cart drawn by men, forty-nine hours in a comfortable railway carriage brought them to Lucknow, where the Dasserah, the English camp meeting, was about to begin. Another missionary came on board at Cawnpore, bringing a very substantial welcome, and at nine o'clock in the evening

the train rolled into Lucknow. Here again Dr. Butler's own description will be presented:

"As soon as the train stopped there was a hearty burst of joyful recognition. There to welcome us stood Dr. Johnson, Dr. Waugh, and a number of the brethren. We hurried off to the home of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. To our surprise, before we reached the last turn, where the Mission house comes into view, the carriages stopped under the trees and we were asked to alight. What does this mean? When we got out of the carriages we were put in line two by two, arm in arm. This looked rather formal, but even then the expectation of any reception was not awakened. We moved on through the dense shade until the corner was turned, then lo, all was explained, for over the gates now full in view was an arch, and from it blazed out in golden letters fifteen inches deep the word

WELCOME!

while lining the avenue from the gate to the house were about three hundred native Christians, and as soon as we emerged from the shade and came into the blaze of light they sang out in their own language, but to the old, familiar tune, the glad words:

"'The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears.'

"The effect was overwhelming. Who were these who were thus singing, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord'? Some of them were the dear orphan girls whom we had taken up in their destitution and misery twenty-five years before. 'The Father and Mother of the Mission' they called us. How glad and happy they all appeared. I felt like one dazed as I tried to walk up between those rejoicing loving lines of native Christians with their pastors and teachers. At the head of the line,

on the steps of her hospitable home, stood that blessed woman, Miss Thoburn, surrounded by her staff of faithful helpers. What a welcome! and what a contrast was this to our first reception at Lucknow. No common words are at all warm enough to describe the scene or to express the emotions of that glad hour, while to write what we really felt would, to those who were not there, seem to be the very extravagance of language.

"It was late ere we sought rest, which did not come readily. We realized so fully that we were actually back again in Lucknow, and the mind in its excitement called up that wonderful past until we were living it all over again as if it were only a few months since we passed through those experiences. The excitement and joy of the reception of that evening contrasted so marvelously with our first experience in that city twenty-seven years before. It is not possible to appreciate it until we recall what that reception was. On the twenty-ninth of November, 1856, we first entered. Our note of introduction was to the officer then in charge of the government pending the arrival of Sir Henry Lawrence, who was coming down from the Punjab to take upon him the heavy responsibility of administering the affairs of this great province. For a week we were entertained at the Residency, which before another year had elapsed was to become so famous throughout the world for its wonderful defense and for its relief by General Havelock. Some of those with whom we then associated were victims of that terrible siege. Our entertainer had little sympathy with our object; even went so far as to say that we would not be able to detach one of these people from their ancestral faith, that caste, custom, and sentiment were all too strong for us, and intimated that it would be the part of prudence to give up the effort, return to Calcutta, and take the first ship to Boston. It was not safe for us to go alone and unattended into the bazaar, and so he insisted

on furnishing us with one of the government elephants, an immense creature with a great howdah on his back, and a mounted Sepoy as a guard. This was considered essential by the English officer for my safety in that city.

"Never shall I forget the day when I first saw Lucknow. The houses are flat-roofed, and being raised on the back of the elephant I there for the first time saw heathenism and Mohammedanism as they really are. Here was not merely armed ferocity urging religious intolerance, but, worse than all, humanity fallen so low as openly to debase itself even unto hell. Truly the closing part of the first chapter of Romans might have been written in Lucknow. I returned to the Residency discouraged in mind and sick at heart. We had evidently a fearful work before us in our attempt to evangelize such people as this. Could it be done? The dejection went with me to my couch and banished sleep, and my soul was filled with distress that bordered on despair of accomplishing anything. Bishop Heber, author of the hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' had written, after traveling through the entire length of this valley, that street preaching would not be safe here; all that the missionaries can do is to teach schools, preach in their churches, and visit the houses of such persons as wish for information on religious subjects. Of Lucknow he wrote that it would not be expedient at present to send a missionary here, but they might have a schoolmaster with a stock of sermons to be read every Sunday. In a deeper sense than I have ever known before came the words to my mind: 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.' 'I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.'

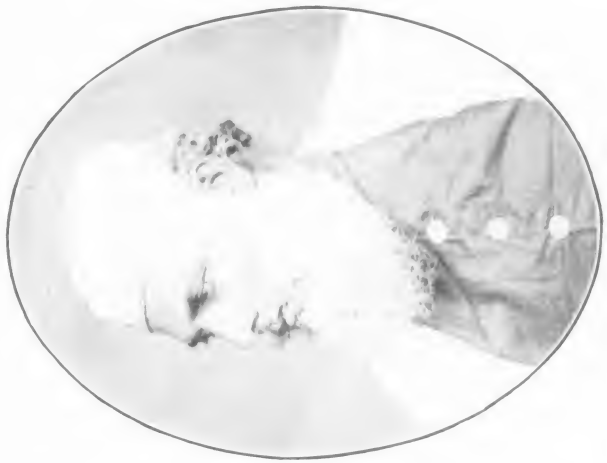
"We were at Lucknow again at the close of a quarter of a century. We went to the English church, a beautiful place of worship in which a congregation of more than three hundred had gathered. In a square in the heart of

A Saint of Hinduism and a Christian Saint—Zahur-ul-Haqq

the city preparations were being made for the camp meeting to be held, permission having been granted by the city authorities, and this was in Lucknow! At this camp meeting four hundred native Christians sat inside the tent and around them another congregation of heathen and Mohammedans, who looked on and listened to all said. After the sermon penitents were invited forward for prayers. Several came and, showing the good training our people had received, with each penitent one or two church members would come. The whole assembly bowed down and joined in the supplication—and this in Lucknow! The presiding elder, anxious to have more divine unction in the meeting, rose and exhorted all to seek a richer baptism of the Holy Spirit, and proposed that we seek it. He selected the person whom he thought would best lead the audience to the throne of grace and said, 'Will Sister Caroline pray?' How evident it was that she knew how that her faith could claim the blessing and bring it down on that assembly! There was more in that pleading than a rich full voice; there was an unction in her words as she talked with God. The tone of the service rose by the blessing which came down in answer to the prayer of that native woman.

"At the call of the presiding elder more than three hundred persons stood up to show that Christ had saved their souls. These in Lucknow, where a few years ago our divine Saviour had been so fiercely blasphemed and his religion trampled under foot! The locality made the grace seem more wonderful than it could be elsewhere.

"The Sabbath was one of the days of the Son of man. From seven o'clock in the morning until half past ten at night service after service at brief intervals filled the golden hours. The love feast in the morning was glorious. Never before had I seen so many native Christians together or heard so many of them testify. The burden of their testimony was salvation in Christ, and how they



A Saint of Hindustan and a Christian Saint. Zahur-ul-Haqq

the city preparations were being made for the camp meeting to be held, permission having been granted by the city authorities, and this was in Lucknow! At this camp meeting four hundred native Christians sat inside the tent and around them another congregation of heathen and Mohammedans, who looked on and listened to all said. After the sermon penitents were invited forward for prayers. Several came and, showing the good training our people had received, with each penitent one or two church members would come. The whole assembly bowed down and joined in the supplication—and this in Lucknow! The presiding elder, anxious to have more divine unction in the meeting, rose and exhorted all to seek a richer baptism of the Holy Spirit, and proposed that we seek it. He selected the person whom he thought would best lead the audience to the throne of grace and said, 'Will Sister Caroline pray?' How evident it was that she knew how that her faith could claim the blessing and bring it down on that assembly! There was more in that pleading than a rich full voice; there was an unction in her words as she talked with God. The tone of the service rose by the blessing which came down in answer to the prayer of that native woman.

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loved their Saviour. One venerable man who had tried Hindu rites thoroughly gave his simple experience in this fashion: 'Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva did nothing for me. Satan was still in my heart till I saw Jesus.'

"Our next visit, on the following morning, was to our Publishing House, on one of the principal streets. The importance of this agency of evangelization was manifest from the beginning of our work. In my report to the Missionary Board in 1857 the subject was called to their attention. Accordingly in 1861 some encouragement came from the Tract Society of our Church. A proposition was made to the members of our Mission for a contribution. Their earnest sympathy was enlisted and about eight hundred dollars raised to begin the enterprise. From this humble commencement has developed this invaluable press in Lucknow, with its catalogue of works in three languages, from which our Mission is supplied. Hindus and Mohammedans are thoroughly aroused and are even endowing printing presses to arrest the onward march of Christianity. We must meet them here also in the defense of our work.

"We were approaching Bareilly in the railway train from Lucknow, and in tender reminiscence rose the pathetic story of the martyrdom of Maria Bolst and what had come of it. The very ground where she had resided I had secured by purchase when Havelock's victory had enabled me to return to Bareilly. The female orphanage of our Church stands on the site of her home, so that on the very ground where she used to tread, and where she so often knelt to pray for the coming of the Gospel to her country, hundreds of Christian girls were being raised up to aid the work she loved so well. We were approaching Bareilly, and sleep for nearly five hours that night was impossible, for our hearts were thrilling with the thought of how much the light of the next day would disclose to our delighted vision. We had crossed the world

to reach this blessed center, and now it was close at hand —only an hour more, for it had just struck two o'clock. We had not dreamed of any reception, and especially in the middle of the night, and so I sank off into a dose, which seemed not to have lasted more than ten minutes when it was suddenly broken by the whistle of the engine and I knew we were nearing the place. The end of the platform was reached, when lo, something which seemed like a white wall about five feet high stood on the outer edge, and before I could recover from my sleepy surprise the wall began to define itself into a row of native girls in their usual white raiment, extending from one end of the platform to the other. It was our dear orphan girls. All the two hundred and eighty that were old enough, and could walk so far and keep awake so long, had requested Miss Sparkes to allow them to come up and welcome once more to Bareilly the 'Father and Mother of the Mission.' Behind the girls stood the theological students, the missionary families, and a number of the members of the church. The moment they saw our faces there rose, to the tune of 'Old Hundred,' the Doxology in their own language. Not until we are hailed by the waiting ones on the golden strand shall we again behold anything as blessed as was that group of welcomers, so radiant in the lovely moonlight, with their doxology of joy rising upon the night air to heaven! No wonder that Mrs. Butler, after enthusiastically embracing every one of that long line of precious girls, stood still and wept with excess of joy and gratitude. It was all such a contrast to the days gone by when she and others, in distress of soul, made those earnest efforts to reach and teach even half a dozen girls in that city and could not do it—had to give it up in despair and weep over the failure. Now here was this happy crowd of Christian girls welcoming her to this same Bareilly with songs of joy. What hath God wrought! How grateful was the prayer we offered to

God that night for all the mercies of that journey and for all the joys with which it had been crowned.

"The next day they had a formal reception for us in the Girls' Orphanage. It was the brightest sight that we had ever seen in India. That precious group of Christian girls, all so neat and happy, together with their instructors, the Mission families and visitors, filled the entire hall. The dark eyes of the children were lustrous with interest. The occasion was evidently an event in their lives, as it certainly was in our own. After devotional services they sang sweetly several of their hymns, such as, 'I need thee every hour.' It was delightful to reflect that many of them were singing these words from a heartfelt realization of their meaning. Miss Sparkes was presiding, and Mrs. Butler and I had been seated in the posts of honor. There was a hush, and it was evident that something more than ordinary was about to occur. Immediately from this solemn audience one of the teachers stepped out into the center aisle. She was one of the original one hundred and fifty orphans and is retained as a leading teacher. How sweet and precious she looked! Controlling her emotions she proceeded to give in her own language the address of welcome on behalf of the original number as well as of all who were then present, expressing their gratitude to God and to us for all that had been done for them, and expressing gratefully their appreciation of the tender affection which had led us, even in our old age, to cross the world to see them once more. When she had concluded there stepped out three little ones, the leader of them, perhaps nine years old or less, advancing toward her, the other two behind were bearing something covered upon a tray. The little tot advanced until she stood right before us, and then with wonderful self-command, she stated that she had been selected by the school to offer a gift because she was a child of the first orphan girl we took up. 'The name you

gave my mother,' said she, 'was Almira Blake. She grew up and was educated, became a Christian and married a preacher. My mother died three years ago and my father last year, and they took me in here for my mother's sake. So this was why I was selected to present their offering of love and gratitude to you and to the Mem Sahib.' (How well I recall how this first child, the mother of the little one, was received and how we rejoiced, for she was all our own to rear for Jesus and the Church.) The loving gifts of the dear girls, wrought with their own skillful fingers, consisted of a pair of satin sofa pillows beautifully embroidered. Lifting one of them on her left hand she pointed with the other at me and said, 'Now, Sahib, when you return home and feel weary you are to lay your head on this and think of us girls,' and in her simplicity she bent down her little head to the pillow to show how it was to be done; then she lifted the other pillow to my wife and repeated her directions. Worked slippers were then presented and particularized, and last of all a pair of elegant satin caps embroidered in the same style as the pillows. After speaking of mine she took up the other and told me that they remembered my love for Brother Joel, the first helper, and they had thought it would gratify me if they should make one for him like mine and let me put it on his head when I should meet him at Chandausi. All this was done with a natural simplicity so charming that it won every heart. How amply repaid was the toilsome journey by the events and emotions of this glad reception." The delighted visitors provided for them the next day sweets and fireworks to rejoice their hearts. Of the original one hundred and fifty female children one hundred and twenty-four could be traced, of whom eighty-seven were in active Christian work.

A most interesting day was that passed at the Theological Seminary, which was established in 1872. This

truly precious institution shows the development of our work in India. It is educating a ministry for a population as large as one half the population of the United States and in a language spoken by one hundred millions of people. The Missionary Board supplies only the salary of the principal. Among the students Dr. Butler was delighted to find a young man from the Presbyterian Mission who had been sent there for his theological training, a fitting return for the gift of Joel from that Mission. A large flag floated from the top of the staff of the seminary all the time the visiting missionaries were in Bareilly, bearing the words, "Welcome to the Founders of the Mission," written in three languages. Several of the native gentlemen who knew Dr. Butler in the old rebellion days came to see him. Some were present at the reception tendered to the founders of the work on the evening of the closing exercises of the Theological Seminary. The commanding position of our Mission premises, occupying both sides of the main street, has often been referred to by those who have visited the Mission. Sometimes in years gone by the Superintendent had to meet criticism for going ahead too fast; but on this visit he heard many expressions of gratitude because he had made the Mission powerful by securing the fine locations which no money at our command could now purchase.

The great mela—religious festival—at Allahabad, where the sacred rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna, meet, where hundreds of thousands, sometimes even millions, of pilgrims gather, had not apparently changed. The poor souls rushed in mad haste to bathe in the sacred waters, to prostrate themselves before the rude image made out of the mud of the river bank, which endures but for a season and then is swept away in the spring rise of the streams; they still knelt before the priests and offered their gifts, but in some respects the place was altered. There were more men of education than formerly

in the crowds, and one who spoke English was in attendance upon a very holy man whose claim to sanctity rested on the fact that for fifty years he had occupied his position on a little raised platform on the river bank, in sun and storm, never leaving it except at midnight for food and to bathe in the sacred river. When Dr. Butler engaged this student in conversation he stated that he was a graduate of a government college, and when asked why, knowing how foolish many of these pretensions were, he should still uphold them, he shrugged his shoulders and said that he must earn his living in some way and this was a good one. The missionaries watched him as a poor woman came up to the holy man and, stooping down, kissed the hem of his ochre-colored robe, leaving her few coppers on the stand, and went away with her sorrowful face. The educated native picked up the coppers and put them in his pocket. This is what education without Christianity is doing in many hearts in the great continent of India. How good to turn from this scene back to the Mission, to the Christian College at Lucknow and the hundreds of our preparatory schools scattered over the land, where the Bible is made the best text-book.

The Sabbath in Bareilly was a glorious day. Dr. Butler wrote that "its crowded holy service contrasted so marvelously with that weary Sabbath of 1857 when we were there for the first time alone. The beautiful church, thronged this morning with a congregation of native Christians of devout and intelligent aspect, was a joy to behold. It was also good to see so many women present in the congregation, due of course to the presence of the girls from the orphanage, as well as to hear such Christian singing as we had for that day. After the sermon Dr. Dease, the missionary in charge, explained that they had reserved the candidates for reception into church membership for six months so that I might have the joy and honor of receiving them and giving them the right

hand of fellowship on behalf of the Church at home. He drew forth a list and began to read until sixty-seven names were called. What a sight it was as they came around the communion rail and stood two and three deep. More than twenty-five of them were orphan girls, and as some of them looked very young I quietly asked if all these youthful candidates had saving faith in Christ. Dr. Dease smiled, and said in reply, 'I asked the question of Miss Sparkes the day she handed me her portion of the list, and she assured me that she had held them back from joining in full until she was satisfied that each of them was a child of God.' After such assurance I gladly received them all. Then the converts from heathenism during the past quarter were presented to me to be baptized. Thirty-four came around the altar—and that in Bareilly! The experience this day was unique in my ministerial life. Never before had I baptized so many or received such a number to full membership in the church in one day. At home it would not be wonderful—but this was in Bareilly! Here where we experienced the loneliest Sabbath of all our history, where the outlook was then so dreadful for Christianity, even here had God brought us back to see and rejoice in the wonderful evidence of how he could make 'the wrath of man to praise him.' How conscious I was that the blessed Master was with me as I was honored to receive one hundred and one members into the Christian Church, nearly one half the number being women and girls."

One of the points of deepest interest was the first Hospital ever built for women in all the Orient. It had been given by the Nawab of Rampore to Dr. Swain, in response to her appeal, for the work she could do for the women if she had the necessary equipments. Here was the building, still used for its mission of mercy, and here was the brave woman who started upon this untried path still laboring in her blessed task. On her arrival in 1870

she found work waiting for her, and by means of an interpreter was able to begin at once to relieve suffering and with her ministry to the suffering body to give also balm for the burdened soul. Dr. Butler's eyes were filled with tears as he learned of her success and of the words of a heathen woman who said of her, "Your Dr. Swain is like your Christ—she heals both the body and the soul." The young native women from our orphanage who were prepared in English so that they might study medicine under her instruction are now in different places doing like service for their sisters. How much the success of this first physician to the women of India had to do with the splendid impetus given to this class of work in nearly all the Missions, resulting in the Dufferin movement, no one now can say, but all gladly recognize the honor due the pioneer, our beloved Dr. Clara Swain.

At Shahjahanpur the Boys' Orphanage was inspected and its marvelous success appreciated. It was more difficult to follow the subsequent history of the original one hundred and fifty boys, but the pastor of the church was one of the number, and many others were known to be in active Christian work.

Naturally the hearts and steps of the veteran missionaries turned to Naini Tal, the place where they had been hidden until the great danger of the Sepoy Rebellion was passed. It was out of the question to pass by the spot in the jungle where during the hours of the awful night of flight God had so wonderfully intervened. William Butler went into the forest and again, after twenty-six years, uncovered his head before the God who had cared for him and his precious ones in the hour of great need. Beautiful Naini Tal looked lovelier than ever. Instead of the sheep house chapel a beautiful stone church at one end of the lake sheltered the English congregation, and native work was carried on at the bazaar end of the village. Many of the old tradesmen came to welcome the

former Superintendent and referred gratefully to the advantages which their boys had derived from our schools. Sir Henry Ramsey, the Commissioner of the Province, through whose wise judgment they had been guarded during the Mutiny, received his old friends as guests in his home, and with thankful hearts they discussed the stirring events of those bygone days. From the peak which rises as a sentinel above Naini Tal the missionary party obtained a glorious view of those lofty peaks which lift their heads so high toward heaven. A trip to Dwarahat, once famous as a center of Himalayan Buddhism, three days' march from Naini Tal, gave the privilege of meeting with the District Conference of these mountain Christians. Forty-six workers—preachers, teachers, colporteurs, and agents of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society—here met to report their success in the work and to build each other up in their holy faith. To appreciate properly the change one must have traveled those seventeen days over the mountains with the refugees in 1857 and recalled the awful darkness of heathenism which then surrounded them on every side. Thirteen Buddhist temples stand in ruin and decay in the valleys around this Mission station, while above are the schools and the church of the living God.

At Almora, the second place of refuge, a Sabbath was now passed in blessed peace. The London Mission at this point also cares for the work in the leper asylum founded by Sir Henry Ramsey and now sustained by the government. Of the one hundred and twenty inmates at this time in the institution more than sixty regularly attended the services in the church and twenty-five were communicants. Twenty had learned to read since entering the asylum. One remembered hearing Dr. Butler preach when he had visited the asylum during the Mutiny. On Sunday afternoon the party accompanied Mr. Budden to the place. At the hour set for the service the poor creatures came in and ranged themselves in rows on the floor, the men on one side and the women on the other. Those of the church members who could read sat in the front rows, and it was most pathetic to see those whose fingers had been lost by the progress of the disease trying to turn the pages with the stumps of hands or arms. Dr. Butler preached from the fourth chapter of Luke, on the sympathy of the Lord Jesus and his willingness to cleanse them from a more deadly leprosy than any that can afflict the body. It was a touching sight, the close attention they gave to the words of the preacher, especially when he spoke of the glorious change which would be theirs, if they loved and served God, when on the resurrection morning he would change this vile body and make it like his own glorious body. He spoke of the case of Laura Bridgman, and showed how she, without sight, hearing, or speech, became a happy Christian. Deep emotion was shown on their marred faces when he asked whether, in view of the fact that they had all their senses, and could hear and speak, they had not some advantage over her for which they could be grateful? They turned to each other and the poor faces lit up with smiles. It was a precious privilege to preach to these afflicted ones.

Even here the value of the work of our orphanage was illustrated. At the front, opposite the visitors' seats, were the people who were in charge of the institution, a man and his wife, both taken in childhood and educated in our orphanages. The wife had received some instruction in medicine from Dr. Swain and when her husband was asked to come and work among the lepers he cheerfully consented and both labor together among these unfortunates, giving instruction and medical aid as far as it is possible to relieve their sufferings. For them it was practically a foreign mission, as their charges were of another race, using another language, and their condition being such as to require a thorough consecration on the

part of those who go to live among them. Some one in America had given the money for the training of these Christian young people for the blessed service.

Coming down over the road from Almora, which had such interesting associations for these veteran missionaries, a trip was made to Moradabad, the city where Dr. and Mrs. Parker had accomplished such splendid work and which is the center of the system of village schools established by Dr. and Mrs. Goucher. Here the church of the Mission is in a prominent location and possesses a fine tower and a clock which serves to set the time for the people in the bazaar. The generosity of the members of our Church was shown by the pledges they had given for the year. Some had promised a full week's wages and some an entire month's salary for the support of the Gospel. At Budaon the missionaries arrived in time for an interesting session of the Quarterly Conference. One of the native preachers reported that he had twenty-seven villages in his subcircuit, and Christians in every one. A woman who was in charge of Bible work had not sufficiently emerged from her former heathen timidity to face the audience when she stood to give her account of what she had accomplished, so modestly turning her face to the wall she made her excellent report. All workers are expected to give detailed account of their labors at these conferences, a system which results most satisfactorily.

The travelers arrived at Chandausi in time for the camp meeting, where over eight hundred Methodists had come to pass a week in this feast of tabernacles. The utility of such meetings, in taking the place of the pilgrimages to which the people had been accustomed and for the deepening of the spiritual life of our membership, has been fully set forth by our missionaries in their letters to the Church papers. Certainly what was done at this Chandausi Mela was of the greatest value in the lifting of our work in that vicinity to its highest efficiency. The

JOEL THE AGED

meeting of the old Superintendent and his first helper, Joel, must be told in his own words as he wrote in *From Boston to Bareilly:*

"I was delayed somewhat in reaching the camp ground and found on arrival that the service had commenced. The hymn had been sung and they were at prayer. Hurrying to the tent I heard the voice that was leading the devotions within. I did not need to ask whose voice it was—it was eighteen years since I had last heard it, but how quickly I knew it and how my heart throbbed at the sound. It was Brother Joel! Entering behind the pulpit I remained unobserved by anyone until he had ended. I suppose that, according to the proprieties, I should have waited until the service had concluded before hailing and saluting my dear old helper, but I could not. Before the presiding elder could give out the next hymn I had rushed across the tent to where Joel was sitting. I looked into those sightless eyes and kissed his forehead, exclaiming 'Dear Joel!' I felt his frame fill with joy. He was on his feet in an instant and we were clasped in each other's arms. Nobody could sing. The elder had to wait for the hymn. Everybody was moved and the native preachers were in tears around us. Perhaps they will never forget it. Love wins and conquers hearts anywhere on earth. I sat with my arm around this 'true yokefellow' during the sermon, my mind busy with the past when he stood so faithfully by my side. The only shadow over this joyful meeting was Joel's inability to see me. He felt that if he could only look into my face for one minute he would be satisfied, but alas! a few months before his vision had completely gone. Joel preached later from the text, 'Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory.' It was affecting to look upon his expressive face with those sightless eyes as he dwelt on the fact that they shall 'behold' his glory."

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At one of the meetings for women during the camp meeting some very touching testimonies were given. One worker arose and said, referring to the fact that they were not far from some of the sacred places where the Hindu pilgrims go to bathe in the Ganges, "My sins are all washed away in the River of Life;" another, as she followed her daughter in testimony, "It pays a mother to be a Christian! Indeed it pays."

"The closing scene of the camp meeting was the most enthusiastic hour which we witnessed during our visit. It was at the end of the blessed Sabbath; souls had been saved and believers sanctified and all blessed. Before describing the termination let me refer to the usages of these people in their heathen state a few years ago. The Hindus make a practice of attending when possible one of their great yearly melas on the banks of the Ganges. One might call a mela an immense Hindu camp meeting, where for nearly a week hundreds of thousands of people encamp on the banks of the holy river and go through austerities and ablutions in which they seek purification from the sins of the past. These services are consummated by an immersion of the whole person beneath the water of the river preceded by the cry in which the whole crowd unites. The words are, 'Gunga mata ki Jai, Jai, Jai!' 'Victory, victory to mother Ganges!' So at the ending of this week of holy joy the eight hundred native Christians marched out in line at ten o'clock at night and filed through the trees, singing hymns, and finally passing in front of the stand, where they shook hands with Dr. and Mrs. Butler, and then formed into a circle with clasped hands. The presiding elder asked, 'Are you ready?' and like the voice of one man the eight hundred shouted out 'Isa Masih ki Jai, Jai, Jai!' 'Victory, victory, victory to Jesus Christ!' The effect was thrilling; all the more so by the contrast which it suggested to their utterances of former days. I looked up into the clear heavens

toward which their hands were pointing and felt sure that He who made those stars was looking down upon the adoring audience and that their ascription of victory to him was accepted. Thank God that such an hour has come, when these manifestations of joy are heard in India, being the outward expression of the inward peace and joy which the Gospel has implanted in the hearts of its people!"

At this camp Dr. Butler listened with wondering joy to the decision of one of the native pastors to give up his salary and to cast himself on the generosity of the people to whom he had formerly ministered, when, as a teacher of Hinduism, he had gone up and down in certain villages and had been sustained by the gifts of the people. Realizing the necessity for a strong effort for self-support in the native Church, he took this step, and assuming again the ochre-colored robe of the devotee, he started out to preach Christ among these same villagers, trusting to them to supply his needs.

A well-known missionary worker from the United States visited India not long ago. After passing some times in Benares and seeing its temples, holy men and pilgrims, the bathing in the sacred river Ganges, and the worship at its shrines, he came to Bareilly. There he saw the theological seminary, the orphanage, the hospital and schools, and the native Christians in their church. He wrote of these two cities: "Benares and Bareilly! One is on the heaven side of India, and the other on the side which takes hold on hell!" Our native Christians are truly on the heaven side of India and some are very near its heights. The old Superintendent was assured of this as he listened to the testimonies at the camp meetings and in the churches. After he preached at one of these on entire consecration, one of the native preachers arose to give his testimony. With the oriental grace of picture language he lifted his cap a couple of inches above his

head and said, "All that this covers belongs to Jesus Christ." It was a joy to find the very first convert won by our Mission, Zahur-ul-Haqq, the Mohammedan who, on hearing Dr. Humphrey preach in the bazaar and tell of his conversion, how God took away the load of sin from his heart, followed the missionary home to ask if he really meant what he had stated—if there really was a God who for Christ's sake would take away the sin that burdens the human heart—this man, now a presiding elder, noted for his success in pressing forward the work—this was such happiness that it sometimes looked as if William Butler would not care to return to America but would be ready to say, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" In all his journeyings to and fro in the Mission his heart was confirmed in the assurance that our work would not fail. Bishop Hurst described what he had seen of it and ended by stating that should our Church be suddenly blotted out of all other lands there was aggressive force enough in India Methodism to sail to all these continents and plant it over again!

CHAPTER XI

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE MASTER

"I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands."

IN 1858 the six missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church stood under the dome of the Taj Mahal and sang the Doxology. In 1884 the founder of the Mission saw two great Conferences at work and a success beyond his highest expectations. His mind was brought to review the way in which he had been led from the time when God had spoken to his heart, saying, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." The door was so wide, and the plans which he made to enter were so extensive, that many were staggered by his demands. Twenty-four missionaries to be sent at once! Some cautioned, some censured, but he wrote: "I realized strongly that the Almighty knew the ability, present and prospective, of the Church, and that in calling her to India (where one sixth of the race was to be affected by her presence) he did not intend that she should be represented by a puny Mission that in a hundred years of labor could not reach the heart of India and touch it for Christ. What else could I do? There before me was a sight of which the Church could only hear—the plenteous harvest of unsaved humanity, and Bishop Simpson's instructions were ringing in my ears, 'Lay broad and deep foundations.'" Notice also his words: "Meanwhile the Church, seeing what was being done, responded with increasing liberality for her share and the finances rose, year after year, to the height required."

The missionaries who were privileged to remain to

build on these foundations had been blessed of God so that the work which they displayed before the eyes of the old Superintendent was beyond his highest expectation in its extent and character. To his rapture they assured him of the growth of the native Church and of the devotion of its ministry and of the promise of the rich harvest of souls so surely indicated and which has since come to our Mission. No wonder that he could write: "What hallowed compensation for any toil or sacrifice have we received. I bless God that I have lived to see this day and to look upon these glad results! My heart bows before him in adoration as I recall Dr. Durbin's words, written to strengthen me when he sympathized with our lonely and unsustained position in 1856, 'Be of good courage and let those to come say, "William Butler founded this Mission." To God be all the glory.'"

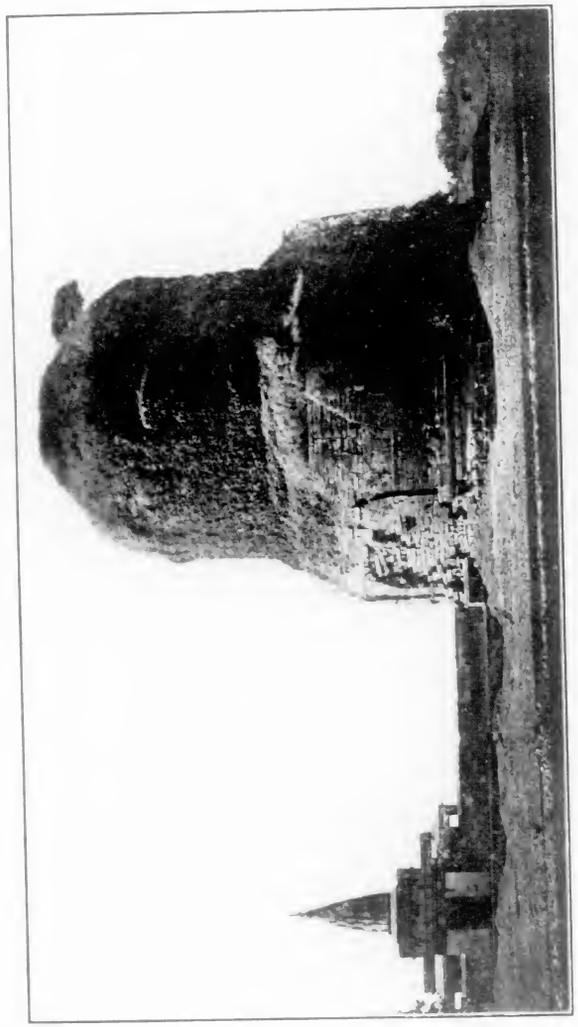
Benares, the holy city of the Hindus, was a point of deep interest to those who had been so kindly received there on their first journey up the country. Much had been done in the Mission, yet the great mass of Hinduism had apparently not been touched. On the river bank the same sad scenes of the overwhelming idolatry were visible, the pilgrims lined the river, trying to wash away their sins in its muddy water; the fakirs still sat on the banks placing the mark of the idol upon the forehead of the devotees as they ascended from the stream. Alas! so much still waiting for the Christian Church to do! Even the forms of worship had not changed. In one of the temples a poor woman came with her offering and, bowing down before a cow, fed the dumb creature with the rice which—to judge by appearances—she so sadly needed herself. At the sacred well a venerable woman toiled down the steps to the water, thirty feet from the level where the observers stood, while those who watched feared that she might not have strength to mount again. Into the filthy water, fouled with the stale flowers cast in

Buddhist Temple at Sarnath

by the thousands of worshipers who had preceded her during the weeks and months past, she descended, and after going through the required number of prayers and ablutions toiled painfully back to the platform where the missionaries stood, her wrinkled face showing not the least sign of her having found comfort or release from her burden. She may have hoped to have gained forgiveness by this trying ordeal, but she could not have experienced the triumphant joy to which her sister in the camp meeting had so recently referred when she exclaimed, "My sins are all washed away in the River of Life!" O, we who know this ecstasy, when shall we tell it to these heart-sore millions?

Near Benares is one of the most ancient of the shrines of Buddhism, the decaying temple at Sarnath, built upon the spot where Buddha sat and meditated far back almost in the days of the prophet Isaiah, and from whence he went forth to reform the Hinduism of his age. Buddhism counts an immense number of followers, but it is not the faith that satisfies. English engineers were engaged in propping up this ancient monument, and right under its shadow a temple of Hinduism has risen as if to mock its fallen power. Benares and Sarnath—destined to decay, but these little Christian churches we had seen were part of the Kingdom which shall never end, for the Lord God of Hosts hath spoken it!

A comfortable railroad car now carried the missionaries the distance to Calcutta over which they had been drawn by men in the pioneer days. The rivers were crossed by fine bridges and discomforts from the heat were lessened by the double roof on the cars, the blue glass in the windows, and all the appliances known in first-class trains in this country. The increase in the facilities for travel means increase in the efficiency of the Mission and the better chance for long-continued usefulness of the workers. In Calcutta the different enterprises under Dr. (now



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Bishop) Thoburn's charge were seen to be in a most flourishing state. The fine large church for English-speaking people, the Seamen's Mission, the medical work under Mrs. Thoburn's care—all had the blessing of God manifestly upon them. Here is published the *Indian Witness,* the periodical which unites our English-speaking Methodists in all parts of southern Asia. Keshub Chunder Sen, the leader of the Brahmo Somaj, had died not long before this, and his successor, Protab Chunder Moozumdar, delivered a memorial oration before a crowded house. The founder of the Methodist Mission attended this lecture that he might hear what could be said of the lifework of this brilliant son of India to whom was vouchsafed such a wide opportunity to influence his countrymen. The lecture was somewhat of a disappointment, but it was worthy of remark that the time had come when a Hindu could venture to write as Keshub Chunder Sen had done without forfeiting his leadership: "It is Christ who rules India, not the British government. None but Jesus, none but Jesus ever deserved this bright precious diadem, India, and Jesus shall have it. . . . If to any army appertains the honor of holding India for England, that army is the army of Christian missionaries, headed by their invincible Captain, Jesus Christ" (*Lectures,* p. 280). It does not appear that he fully realized the weight of his utterances, but for a man occupying such a position to venture such a declaration was a sure indication of the great influence Christian Missions have exercised upon those who have not yet joined the Christian Church.

During our stay in Calcutta the first Exposition ever held in the Orient was open, and one particular phase of it is worthy of mention. The missionaries engaged in zenana work decided to use it as a means of opening some doors which had never been left ajar to allow the women to see aught of the outside world. They petitioned the government to set apart a "Zenana Day," during which

no man should enter the grounds and only Brahmans be employed to stand guard over the valuable exhibits. This request was finally granted, and the zealous missionaries visited all the homes where they had been teaching and made known this delightful prospect to the zenana inmates. All possible means were employed to induce men whose houses were not under Christian influence to allow the members of their families to enjoy the unusual privilege. The ladies of the Missions went on the Zenana Day and witnessed the wonderful awakening of these "shut-ins" as they viewed the marvelous works of God and of man brought together in that place. Little parties would arrive in closed carriages or carts which were brought up to the door of the Exposition while the male attendants retired to a respectful distance until the ladies were safely inside. Each party was in charge of a Brahman priest, and some of these lordly beings looked ashamed of their task of escorting women. The usual order of procession was the Brahman in advance and the inferior beings following at a respectful distance like a flock of sheep, each woman hiding her face with her chuddar, leaving only one eye uncovered that she might see where to go. Imagine the feelings of these poor creatures, some of whom had that day for the first time in their lives viewed anything of the world save what may be found within the four walls of the house where they were born and of the one to which they were taken when they were married! The attendance was remarkably good, considering the conditions. Naturally the affair was much talked of, and curiously enough, despite the almost absolute seclusion of the women, many who had not been privileged to attend on the appointed day began to hear of the wonders of the Exposition, and it is to be supposed that they gave their husbands no peace for not having allowed them the novel pleasure. Another Zenana Day was asked for, but the expense and trouble

had already been so great that this petition was denied. Still the ladies did not allow their husbands to forget, and some were finally permitted to come on the ordinary days, under the escort of a Brahman. On their first arrival their timidity did not allow them to enjoy anything, but after a while the chuddar would drop off the concealed eye and their interest in the marvels about them made them forget the possibility of a man being able to catch a glimpse of their faces. At length the whole face would be uncovered and their tongues begin to unloose under the influence of this first taste of freedom. It was like watching the opening of a chrysalis. The Brahman escort looked back occasionally to see that his charges were following or to utter a word of warning on the approach of a man.

A small art gallery was connected with the Exposition in which hung a painting of the Crucifixion. One day a company of these women gathered before it, comprehending nothing except that it portrayed awful agony. They have tender hearts, these long-suffering sisters of ours in India, and these stood still before the picture, apparently questioning why this man was tortured. Those who were near could not speak a word of their language, and our hearts were heavy to think of the unimproved opportunity to preach Christ. Just then a native Christian and his wife drew near. We recognized them as of our faith, for the wife walked by the side of her husband instead of following meekly after, and so it proved, for leaving her husband she came and told the story of the picture. The women gathered closer around as she explained that this anguish was endured for others, and the hot tears ran down their cheeks. Their hearts seemed drawn to the Christ thus lifted up, the One who had suffered this for them. Seed sown by the wayside, which in the great day may yet show abundant harvest.

The British and Foreign Bible Society exhibited here

copies of the Word of God in one hundred and sixty languages. The representatives of the different races of India, the people from Burmah, Siam, the Straits Settlements; Chinese and Japanese, and men from the hill tribes thronged the stall, and Bibles or portions of Scripture were freely given to all inquirers. Sir Monier Williams, the Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford, who was also a visitor, remarked on the different attitude of Christians in regard to their sacred book from that taken by the followers of the Veda and the Koran. These forbade the translations of their sacred books, while Christians court examination and even translate their book that all may have opportunity for comparison. The Book claims for its message all peoples and nations and tongues and offers to each soul the same privileges and blessings.

The great advance in sentiment regarding infanticide and suttee—widow burning—in British India is most gratifying. Alas! this condition of progress does not cover all the native States, and in some of these such crimes are still overlooked. A member of the family of the late Sir Jung Bahadur, the Prime Minister of Nepaul, gave to Mrs. Butler an account of the suttee performed at the funeral of the man who had been sagacious enough to hold Nepaul to loyalty to the British cause during the Mutiny and who had been knighted by Queen Victoria. He was an astute statesman, but in faith a devout Hindu. In his will he directed that four of his five wives should burn with his body. His education and contact with the outside world had made him so far merciful to these beautiful women that he ordered that as they ascended the pyre little bags of powder should be tied behind their ears so that their death might be less agonizing. The Kingdom of Nepaul is not yet open to Christian effort, though some of our missionaries are preaching on the border line and thereby reaching individuals who pass to

and fro for barter. One of our native medical workers is also on duty in a station just outside, and the Word is being spread in these quiet ways.

In Madras a very cordial reception was tendered to the visitors by members of all denominations. Among them was the venerable Dr. Lyman Jewett and Mrs. Jewett, who had been chiefly instrumental in the marvelous work of the Baptist Mission among the Telugus. In Bangalore and at Secunderabad the Wesleyan Missions were visited, and in Poona and Bombay those of the American Board.

The condition of the city of Hyderabad, Deccan, a protected State, under native rule, was very like the Lucknow of ante-Mutiny days. The Wesleyans had extensive work in the English settlement outside the walls, but at the time of this visit no missionary could attempt to teach inside. The population was almost exclusively Mohammedan, and the nobles each maintained a little court with retainers, much as in the feudal days. The zenana of the Nizam was guarded by Amazons, and the show of military power was a constant parade. The good friends with whom Dr. and Mrs. Butler stayed were desirous that they should see this city, the capital of the largest Mohammedan State in India, and permission was asked from the Prime Minister, who sent his own elephants and an armed guard to escort them. The missionary was so opposed to going in a fashion that would suggest antagonism to the population that at his request the armed guard was dismissed and the procession entered through the massive gates of the city with only the livery of the Prime Minister on the elephant's trappings as a symbol of protection. At the first barracks, however, the authorities deemed this insufficient, and a man with a drawn sword was sent to walk in front of each elephant. No woman was visible, and every man carried arms of some sort. Through the narrow, crowded streets, with their

shops open to the passer-by, one had a vivid view of the life of the place, but all breathed more freely when the bazaars were left behind, for a missionary venturing in on horseback had been attacked there only a few days before, and the glances of the people were still none too friendly. Beyond the heart of the city lay the road to Golconda, the famous spot whose name was so long the synonym of the wealth of India, now only a fortress where the treasures of the State are guarded by a law that no one shall approach within two miles of the walls of the fortress without a pass. Near by is the lake from which the water supply of the city is derived. It is a natural basin inclosed by an enormous viaduct. Here the daily supply of drinking water for the Nizam is obtained by a launch which goes out to the middle of the lake. A high functionary unseals a number of bottles and a servant dives under water with them. These are sealed immediately on his return to the surface, this being done to prevent the possibility of poisoning, a favorite method of disposing of an objectionable individual in India. It was the custom of the Nizam to present to his guests on their departure a small bottle of attar of sandalwood with the graceful remark that as long as the fragrance remained in the oil so long would his friendship endure. Alas! glass is easily broken, and the psalmist tells us, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." The English government, by securing these native sovereigns on their thrones has won their loyalty.

A friend who had been at some of the lavish entertainments given by the Nizam for English officials told the visiting missionaries of one occasion when a large company were guests of his Highness at dinner. After an interminable number of courses some little pasties were brought in, and one placed before each lady. The first declining the delicacy, the rest followed suit, to the perceptible disappointment of the Nizam. Finally by his

order one of the rejected delicacies was set before a gentleman of the party, who ventured to cut it, when, behold, a little bird flew out and settled on the flowers which adorned the table! Then all the ladies began to clamor for the pasties, which were brought back, while the royal host enjoyed their delight. The tale sounds like one from a fairy book, but the incident actually occurred just before this visit.

At Poona Dr. Butler lectured to a large audience of native gentlemen of education who understood English perfectly. It is said that so widely extended has the study of English become that a lecturer using that language can obtain a larger hearing than by employing one of the many tongues of India. At Bombay a delightful experience was enjoyed in visiting the work carried on by Christian natives, members of our own and other Missions. The famous rockhewn temples of Karli and Elephanta showed their decay in the fallen stones and mutilated idols. The Christian churches, on the contrary, manifested everywhere a vitality and strength that promises good things for the future of India when that land shall accept the true Incarnation and follow the Leader for whom it has so long sought.

It was with reluctance that Dr. and Mrs. Butler turned their faces away from India, the land which so claimed their love by its very need, and where they had now found so many places like heaven to their hearts, and looked to the West, but the news of the wonderful advance of Christianity was burning within them, impelling them to hasten to recount the story to the Church which had sent them to visit the scene of their former labors. Stopping in Egypt, opportunity was afforded for a view of the collection of mummies discovered in the royal tombs at Dier-el-Bahari, which had just been placed in the new building erected for them across the Nile from the city. The very Pharaoh of the oppression who gave hard tasks to the chil-

dren of Israel was here in his wrapping before their eyes, in the same land which had borne the displeasure of God and against which the prophecies have been so marvelously fulfilled. If the Word of God concerning the fall of the nation refusing to accept his commands is sure, how much more confidently may we expect the fulfillment of those promises for the righteous nation that keepeth the truth and for the Church which obeys the command to go and disciple all nations. In the great mosque where is the college from which the missionaries of Mohammedanism go out to extend the reign of Islam, thousands of students were reciting before their masters, repeating the passages from the Koran, and thus fixing in their minds the inexorable creed which they were to carry down into the heart of Africa and back into Asia, and thereby strengthen the barriers against the religion of Christ. The opponents of the Prince of Peace are not sleeping, and the call for help for the Lord against the mighty sounded in the hearts of these veteran missionaries as they gazed on the thousands blindly following the fanatical teachings of this propaganda. One of the ushers of the mosque pointed out with pride that they had a great number of blind pupils who, after they had memorized the Koran, would be sent out to teach it to seeing folk. Dr. Butler heard his statement and then through the interpreter told him that the Christian nations were doing even more for those afflicted, in that we had published books for them which they could read, and that those who had lost not only this sense but hearing and speech also were being taught. This quite surprised the Moslem teacher, though he could find no reason to doubt the missionary's assertion. Near by were the Dervishes, whirling and howling in the mad belief that thus they were pleasing God. White fields everywhere for the laborer!

The school of the United Presbyterian Mission in Cairo was of interest especially because of its connection

with India, since the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, the first Prince of India to become a Christian, took his wife from this school. It will be remembered that his father, the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, was the unscrupulous and despotic ruler who won for himself the title of "The Lion of the Punjab." This ambitious man had his own mother assassinated when he was only seventeen, and his whole career was marked by deceit and violence. It was by an act of treachery that he seized the famous Kohinoor, which now comes into notice in the crown of England's Queen. Runjeet Singh was a most bitter opponent of Christianity, and is said to have sworn that no missionary should ever cross the Sutlej (the river dividing his dominions from territory under the control of the English). The measures passed by Lord William Bentinck, the Governor General, for the suppression of suttee—widow burning—were especially distasteful to him, and in his will he provided that the ancient custom should be fully and ostentatiously observed at his own funeral. A German physician who witnessed the ceremony states that the suttee was on such a scale of magnificence that it must have cost several hundred thousand dollars. The Maharajah had named eleven of his wives to burn with his body, the youngest being only fifteen years of age.

The four successors of the "Lion" were each murdered within a few months of ascending the throne, and four Prime Ministers while in office. This state of unrest was finally ended by the British in 1849, since which time the Punjab has had peace. The youngest son of the late Runjeet Singh was only nine years old and was unequal to the task of keeping his turbulent subjects in check. He was deposed and allowed the title of his rank and an ample pension, being placed under the care of Sir John Login, a Scotch physician in the civil service, a devout man whose character so impressed the young Maharajah that he later said, at the time of the death of this true friend, that it

was his uprightness and integrity which had led him to desire for himself a part in a religion which "made it possible for a man to lead such a Godlike life on earth." This honorable man was not only intrusted with the safety and education of the Maharajah, but had also charge of the royal treasure and the pensions provided for the numerous relatives of the late Runjeet Singh, of whom twenty-two were widows besides the number disposed of in suttee. In the treasury was the Kohinoor. The origin of this peerless jewel is lost in the mists of antiquity. It had fallen into the hands of the early invaders of India and finally into the possession of the Moguls. The illustrious Baber wrote of it that it was valued at half the daily expenses of the whole world. Nadir Shah wrested it from the descendant of Baber by offering to exchange turbans when the unfortunate Mogul was in such a position that he could not refuse. The Afghan took it next, and so by treachery and murder its history has been stained until this young Maharajah offered it as a gift to the Queen of England. It is stated that on his death bed Runjeet Singh had been almost persuaded to send it to the idol Juggernaut, but was dissuaded by the state treasurer.

At the age of seventeen Dhuleep Singh wished to be baptized as a Christian. He had been considering the matter for two years, and the consent of Lord Dalhousie, then Governor General, was obtained for the step. Soon after he went to England, and finding that he had a desire to give the famous jewel himself to the Queen a plan was made, with the sovereign's consent, that he should have it returned to him that he might approve of the recutting, after which he had the pleasure of placing it in Queen Victoria's hand.

Passing through Cairo on his return to India with the body of his mother, Dhuleep Singh saw a beautiful teacher in the Mission school. She was a Copt in race and well educated. On his way back to England he married her,

and they lived very happily near London. In later years, however, he became somewhat dissatisfied with the amount of his pension, for which feeling there was some foundation in justice. Many others also felt that it would have been more fair to increase it generously in view of the position he must maintain at court.

The wonderful progress of the Mission work in the Punjab is the answer of God to the blasphemous oath of the old Maharajah, and his jewel is on the brow of the Queen of a Christian nation. When Dr. Butler reached London on his return from India he attended some of the Moody and Sankey services and there learned that the eldest son of Dhuleep Singh had experienced the saving grace of God. "Thou art worthy . . . for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us . . . out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

A trip to the Holy Land was a long-desired privilege. Easter week was passed in Jerusalem, but as the date coincided with that of a Moslem feast to which the most fanatical pilgrims come, the Mosque of Omar was closed to Christians, and not the combined eloquence of the party, expressed in a variety of languages, sufficed to persuade the Pasha to allow a special permit. No one, however, could shut out the view of the holy place as seen from the Mount of Olives, or mar the sacred associations of the road to Bethany, or forbid the cherishing of sweet memories clustering on the fields of Bethlehem, and solemn reflections at the grave of Joseph of Arimathea. The many foolish traditions covering almost every spot in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and demanding an amount of credulity impossible to the Bible student, detracted in some degree from the interest of the church, but in view of the hoary olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemane, St. Stephen's Gate, and other places outside the city, the veteran missionary pressed the very ground where the feet of the Master had been wont to tread. He wished to

witness the worship of the Jews in their Holy City, so on their Sabbath day he went into the chief synagogue and reverently removing his hat bowed in prayer. It was always his custom to show due respect for the worship of any man, and in this place he felt that these Jews were worshiping the true God though their eyes were blinded to the great gift Jehovah had sent to them. To his surprise his presence caused some consternation, and an aged Jew spoke to him in earnest tones. What could be the matter? Finally the lady of the party decided that it must be that she was offending by entering the part of the synagogue where the men had the exclusive privilege of worshiping, so she sought the gallery, where the daughters of Israel were meekly hidden behind a railing. Even this did not seem to satisfy the ruler of the synagogue, who stood before the missionary, clad in his ceremonial robes of blue and white with the fringed border, his arm bound with the cords of a phylactery and another on his forehead. At length, having exhausted his entire stock of Hebrew and Yiddish, the old man picked up the missionary's hat and placed it on his head. The trouble was over. His absorption in the spirit of the service had caused the visitor to fail to notice that his act of respect was just the opposite to their custom.

The rabbi stood and read from the roll of the Law and the congregation chanted the responses, but the "satisfying portion" did not seem to be in the formal service. The scrupulous care given to the letter of the commands of God was shown us in a Jewish house, where even on the lintel of the door was the Law, written on parchment and inclosed in a small tin phylactery. Over the sacred name which no orthodox Jew pronounces is a bit of glass, and each member of the family in passing through the door touches his lips to this. So they attempt to fulfill the command in Deuteronomy, "Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind

them . . . upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. . . . And thou shalt write them upon the doorposts of thine house."

On Easter Sunday in the English Church in Jerusalem the missionary's heart was gladdened by the sight of three Jews making their public profession of faith in Jesus Christ as Messiah. The occurrence so kindled his enthusiasm that had he been ten years younger he would have been likely to volunteer to open a Mission for Methodism in Jerusalem, the invitation of Bishop Haven not being forgotten. In the store of one Nicodemus some interesting curios were found, a copy of the roll of Esther having just passed into his hands when Adolph Sutro completed his bargain for the remainder of the stock for the San Francisco library. Any article throwing light on the Holy Book was especially valuable to the returning missionary, so he was thankful to be able to secure a silver horn, the article worn by the women of Israel in times of national rejoicing or family honor. It is first referred to by Hannah, when she renders thanks for the gift of a son, "Mine horn has thou exalted;" then by David, and by Zacharias, when, at the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, he "prophesied, saying, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people, and hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David." This symbolical ornament is forbidden in the Turkish dominions at the present time, but in the province of the Lebanon, which by the requirement of the European Powers is under a governor of the Christian faith, they are still worn on special occasions by the older women. The one brought by Dr. Butler is here photographed.

Later, on his arrival in England, some of these curios caused consternation in the Customhouse. It was soon after the attempt of some Irish-American anarchists to terrorize the English with dynamite explosions, and the

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officials of Scotland Yard were on the alert for suspicious-looking Americans. A crown of thorns woven of the shrub so common in the valley of the Jordan, supposed to be the material of which the crown placed on the head of the Saviour was made, had been incased in a tin box for convenience in packing. The tinsmith had made an awkward-looking affair which was immediately pounced upon by the keen inspectors. They demanded to know what was in that. The explanation not being satisfactory they backed off to a safe distance and desired that it be opened. One may imagine their crestfallen countenances when the contents were revealed. This shrub grows in hedges around the villages, and its thorns are so sharp and strong that the hedge forms a better protection to the village than would a stone wall.

Probably no more reverent pilgrim than William Butler ever passed over the road from Jericho to the Jordan. His life had been in such close communion with his Master and his mind was so stored with sacred history that his realization of an almost unhoped-for privilege produced in him a holy ecstasy and filled the days with joy. He must needs bathe in the Jordan where his Saviour had humbled himself to be baptized. He must sit and look across to the purple hills of Moab and recall the wonderful history of this Jordan valley and the way in which the chosen people of God were led and how patiently had he borne with their wanderings of heart from his holy laws. He must return again to the Holy City and walk over the road to Bethany and sit on the summit of the Mount of Olives and look down on the sacred city; he must meditate under the hoary trees of the Garden of Gethsemane and stand with bowed head at Golgotha. So fully did he enter into the spirit of the true pilgrim that he would have walked everywhere had strength permitted, feeling that he was on holy ground. The fields of Bethlehem were again peopled with the

heavenly host, and with them he adoringly cried, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And although he might not remain in Palestine, to devote himself to the labor of restoring this Holy Land to its rightful inheritance as the home of Christianity and to bring its people to allegiance to the Redeemer who had died for them, he longed to inspire the hearts of the young men and women in the home land to see the privileges and possibilities of this glorious missionary work.

CHAPTER XII

UNTO THE PERFECT DAY

"The glory is not in the task, but in the doing of it for Him."

ON the return of William Butler to the United States the newly elected Secretary of the Missionary Society, Chaplain McCabe, at once enlisted his aid in raising the "Million for Missions" which was then the watchword of the Society. A friendly rivalry existed between him and the enthusiastic Secretary as to which should take the larger collections. Through the churches and Conferences he went, telling of the wonders he had seen in the India Mission wrought through the agency of their representatives. The thrilling tale aroused the heart of the Church, and the desired sum for the work was soon an assured fact. His boundless enthusiasm and complete assurance that "The omnipotent arm will never let go until Heaven's high purpose is accomplished," his feeling that the Church needs larger views and larger liberality if the world is to be saved, and that the promise of sufficient grace is conditioned on "bring ye therefore the tithes into my storehouse," enabled him to touch the consciences of our membership. During these journeys from East to West the book suggested by Bishop Vincent, *From Boston to Bareilly,* was written on trains and in hotels and the homes of friends.

Some people had an impression that because the Missionary Superintendent had been associated with many of high rank in the countries where he had labored he held himself above others whose lives led in quieter paths. Nothing could have been further from the truth, for with all his force of character he had the simplicity of a child. He made no effort to remove this impression,

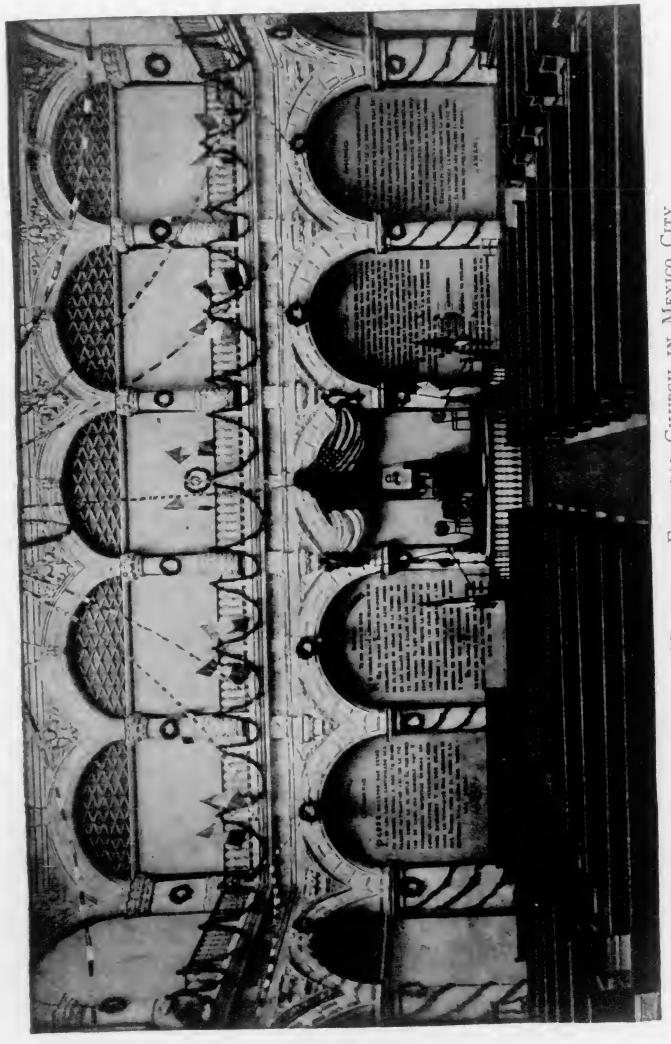
except by his daily life, save on one occasion. He had called on a member of the church at his place of business, a market. It was near Thanksgiving time, and some very fine turkeys were hanging there. The friend said, rather doubtfully, "I suppose you would not be willing to carry a turkey home?" He was advised to try and see. As he lifted down a big specimen Dr. Butler took it by the neck, not even waiting for it to be wrapped, and walked with it across the city, and out upon the train to his home. There was no more fear in that region that he was holding himself aloof from others. And the flavor of that turkey was delicious!

On another occasion he did manifest some natural pride. While delivering a series of missionary addresses, for which he had traveled a long distance, his shoes began to wear out at the side. One of his last appointments was in the City of Washington. Here he also spoke in the church of our colored brethren, and they were greatly interested in his account of the needs of the work in India. It appeared that they were to have a social gathering the next evening, and they very cordially urged Dr. Butler to remain for the occasion. Hoping that he might be of additional service in arousing in the congregation a desire to help in spreading the Gospel, he consented, although the delay subtracted one day from his all-too-short visit in his own home. Next morning he went to have his hair cut and found that the barber recognized him. The man was talkative and at length divulged an important secret. Some of the good folk in the church, noticing the broken boot, had taken a collection after his departure, and had that morning bought a pair of boots which were to be presented at the entertainment. Dr. Butler could face the perils of the deep and the wrath of the heathen, but the public presentation of a pair of boots was too much for his courage. He fled, taking the first train for his home.

He delighted in a good picture, and the treasures of the Italian galleries were to him rich mines of thought and illustration. Some also of the sculptured representations of the Saviour aroused in him intense emotion. Munkacsy's painting of "Christ before Pilate" was at one time on exhibition in New York, and as he stood before it one evening, studying the faces on the canvas, a gentleman entered who had evidently been dining too luxuriously, as the odor of champagne indicated, as well as his general condition. Attracted by the crowd in front of the masterpiece, he came up to the missionary and addressing him familiarly, said, "Say, I think I will go nearer and get a better view of that affair; shall I?" The reply came quickly. "Yes, friend, the nearer you get to Jesus the better it will be for you." The man started, then asked, "Do you really think so, Colonel?" "O yes, I am very sure of it." The man paused, gazed at the picture; evidently he was sobering. Then he asked, "Why do you think so, Judge?" With emphasis came the answer, "I *know* it is so." The poor man, thoroughly aroused by this time, asked, "Why, *who* are you?" This time the title was omitted and the manner of speech was earnest, so Dr. Butler replied, "I have been a follower of his for over forty-eight years, and I know him well. He accepted me lovingly, and I know he will accept you now." The man was completely broken down. He grasped the hand of his new found friend and begged him to pray for him then and there. So they remained quietly talking, unmindful of the crowds around.

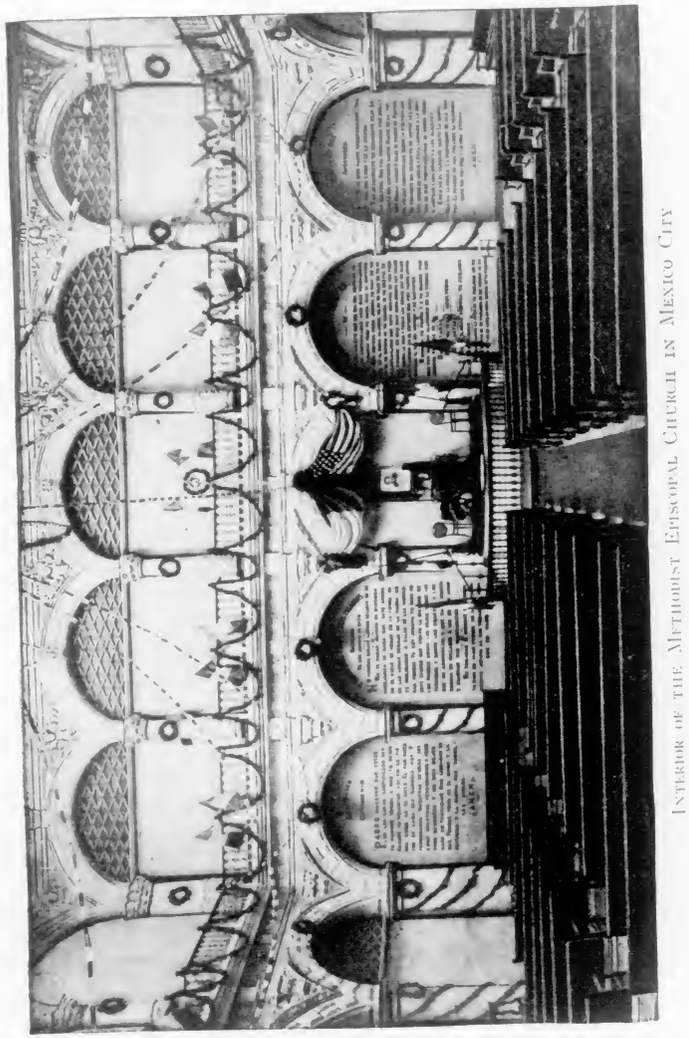
Seeing the intense interest manifested by the Church in Dr. Butler's account of what he found in India, the ever-loyal Chaplain McCabe proposed, in 1887, that he visit the Mexico Mission also, and assisted him to arrange lecture courses to this end. After nine years' absence William Butler again entered the Mexican Republic. On his first entrance, in 1873, it will be recalled that he was

obliged to take steamer *via* Havana, this service being only once in three weeks. Postage was then at the rate of ten cents a half ounce prepaid here, with twenty-five cents paid on the same letter on delivery in Mexico. There was only one bank in the country, one short railroad, of less than three hundred miles; an illiterate population, and the country in an unsettled state. Now, after fourteen years, he was able to go by rail in six days, the country already possessing ten thousand miles of well-equipped railroad; alliance in the Postal Union, with a daily mail, for two cents postage; several banks, a national credit completely established, and a stable government devoting the resources of the country to education and the extension of industries. The natural resources of Mexico are probably unsurpassed by those of any other country. All known minerals, with but one exception, are found there, and the great mountain ranges are full of gold and silver ore. It is estimated that one third of all the silver in circulation at the present time has come from the rich mines of Mexico. In former days the heavy tax levied for the crown on the mines brought great wealth to Spain; now the income from that source was employed in the development of the country. The firm policy of President Diaz had abolished brigandage, and the armed guard, which at the first entrance of Dr. Butler accompanied every train, had been rendered unnecessary. So rapid had been the advance that the veteran missionary praised Diaz's administration with the utmost heartiness and, indeed, regarded him as one of the grandest rulers of modern times. His irreproachable private life, his devotion to the welfare of his people, his absolute fairness in international affairs, and the full support he has given to the guarantee of liberty of conscience contained in the splendid Constitution, have made for General Porfirio Diaz an honored name among those who have been benefactors of the race.



Interior of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Mexico City

Reaching Mexico City in the early morning, the first delegation to greet Dr. Butler was from the Press. The head compositor made an address, assuring him that the enterprise he established in 1876 had come to be a powerful arm of our Mission work, more than twenty-four million pages of evangelical literature having been sent out from its publishing office. The *Abogado Cristiano* was circulating in all the twenty-eight States of the Union, and reaching not only the desk of President Diaz but that of every member of his Cabinet. The property which had cost him such effort to obtain, the part of the Francisco Monastery, was filled with agencies for good, and now estimated to be worth many times its purchase price in 1873. The former Superintendent found equal progress in other lines. There was a marked change in the attitude of the masses which contrasted favorably with the former fanatical opposition, a better understanding of the nature and purposes of Protestantism having been developed. No longer was a "heretic" liable to insult if he declined to kneel in the streets as the carriage passed by in which the Host was borne, nor were the missionaries and converts molested with open violence. President Lincoln's words to President Juarez, uttered during the dark period of the French Intervention, "Mexico shall rise again!" were being literally fulfilled. A splendid public school system had been inaugurated, by which the youth of Mexico might fit themselves for any sphere of usefulness at the government schools and colleges. The fact that our Church membership had doubled caused the heart of the former Superintendent to rejoice greatly. The weary journeys by *diligencia* were things of the past, nearly all the Mission centers were on the lines of railway. The beautiful Valley of Anahuac, which Humboldt pronounced one of the loveliest spots in the world, guarded by its snow-capped sentinels on the east, had taken on new enchantment. The light



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of an open Bible, so long a sealed book in Mexico, was illumining the hearts of the people and the Gospel was transforming their lives into blessedness unknown in the days when prayers in an uncomprehended tongue ascended to a dead intercessor. Men climb the icy heights of Popocatepetl at cost of great fatigue in order to gaze upon the beauty of the valley and the mountains beyond. William Butler had reached a height from which he beheld the glory of redeemed Mexico, the radiance therefrom leading on till lost in a vision of the perfect day when the glory and honor of the nations shall be brought to the city of the Lord God Almighty!

The splendid opportunity given to the Church of Rome to elevate the Indian population had been transferred to other hands. The friars and priests of that Church had shut up the wealth contributed to religious objects in adornments for their temples while the people perished for lack of knowledge. The famous robe of the Virgin of Remedies, said to be worth three millions of dollars, may be a thing of the past, but during this visit of inspection Dr. Butler found that the poor were giving of their small resources and the wealthy of their riches to raise two million dollars wherewith to place a golden crown before the painting of the Virgin of Guadalupe, especial permission having been obtained from the Pope for this meritorious act. That time failed for teaching may not be wondered at when so much was required for the many ceremonies, among which that of the blessing of the animals may still be observed in towns remote from the capital. On the feast of St. Anthony, in March, the domestic animals of faithful Catholics are decorated with colored paints, ribbon bows, and paper frills, and are then taken to the churchyard, where the priest blesses them and sprinkles each with holy water. A recent writer describes the ceremony as requiring seven hours of Father Tomas's time before the cows, goats, pigs,

dogs, chickens, turkeys, and cats had received their share of the blessing in the name of St. Anthony. The representations of Christ in the various churches are sometimes such as to startle unaccustomed eyes. A friend who accompanied the missionary party into a church at Orizaba was so overcome by the sight of one such figure, showing the lacerated knees and feet of the dead Christ, where red and black paint had been used to represent mortification, that he retreated from the church in haste in order to save himself from falling in a faint.

The state of the Mission at Pachuca, Puebla, Orizaba, and at other points, was found to be encouraging. At Miraflores it had so prospered that the school as it assembled to greet the founders of the work virtually comprised the entire junior population of the town. Graduates of our Mexico City school were the teachers in this institution, and as the children sang hymns and songs of welcome not only were the missionaries deeply moved, but the good friends from Ohio who had traveled with them felt their eyes fill as they gazed on this delightful scene in the heart of a Roman Catholic country and realized how much had been wrought in so short a time. From the top of the old pyramid at Cholula the missionaries looked on the historic city of Puebla. Mention has already been made of the tradition which asserts that as the laborers toiled by day upon the magnificent cathedral the angels came and accomplished a like amount at night. This structure is the most striking object in the city. Nearer at hand rises a great tree under whose shadow is the Mission property: our Theological Seminary, with twenty-eight students; the school for boys, that of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and our beautiful new church. How the old Superintendent recalled the danger under which this work was attempted and the fanaticism of the mob which threatened more than once to end our services in their holy city.

On January 31, 1888, the first General Assembly of Evangelical Workers met in our church in Mexico City, about seventy-five representatives of the eleven denominations then at work in the Republic convening to compare notes and to plan for the best methods. It will be remembered that the first effort on behalf of evangelical religion in Mexico was made by Miss Matilda Rankin, who about 1850 established herself on the Texan border and employed colporteurs to distribute copies of the Scriptures in Mexico. As a result of this beginning little congregations were established which Miss Rankin finally placed under the care of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. All the wonderful success reported at the Assembly had been achieved since this feeble inception.

An event of great interest during the winter was the memorial service for the Emperor of Germany. When the news of his death reached Mexico our church was offered to the German Ambassador and gratefully accepted, and the German colony arranged an elaborate service. The colony in Mexico consists largely of wealthy merchants, and they spared no expense upon this occasion. The church was heavily draped in black with a profusion of flags and flowers, the late Emperor's favorite cornflower being conspicuous among the other blossoms. The German Ambassador issued invitations to the government and the diplomatic corps, for the members of which seats were reserved in front. An audience of more than one thousand persons filled the edifice to its utmost capacity. The relations between Germany and Mexico have always been friendly, and the Mexican people were glad to show their esteem for the deceased sovereign. The German ladies came in full mourning costume. Considerable speculation had been indulged in by the newspapers as to whether President Diaz would attend this service in a Protestant church. Promptly at

the hour he appeared, escorted by the German Ambassador and followed by his Cabinet and the generals of the army in full uniform. They were seated in front of the pulpit, and no one present showed more reverence and interest in the service than President Diaz. The comments of the press the following day were somewhat amusing. Some had the audacity to attack the President for attending service in a Protestant church; others spoke of the appropriateness of the act; still others remarked the incident of two ministers occupying the pulpit who were father and son—Dr. William and Rev. John W. Butler being in charge of the service; this in a country of celibate priests excited much comment. The junior minister was the recipient of a fine compliment from one of the leading dailies which referred to "the eloquent address delivered by the Rev. John W. Butler." He had read the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, which the reporters had heard read perhaps for the first time!

The work among the Indian population in the villages had steadily advanced. In one town the pastor received permission to preach in the prison and some of those confined there were set free from the bondage of sin, being able to say afterward, "It was good for me that I was afflicted." In another town an Indian convert purchased Wesley's *Sermons* in Spanish. As the people in that place had no Protestant pastor this earnest man would call the believers around him on the Sabbath and read one of the sermons, his wife meanwhile interpreting in the Indian tongue. Thus Wesley still preaches to "the Indians of America." Another Indian member of a Christian church, when dying, sent for his neighbors and testified so gloriously of the joy and peace in his heart that ten families united with the church as the result of the impression made upon their minds and hearts.

The winter thus spent in Mexico thus afforded opportunity for exhaustive research into the mournful condi-

tions of the stormiest period of Mexican history, the chain of events by which the Republic had been established and foreign intervention repulsed. On Dr. Butler's return to the United States he published a book entitled *Mexico in Transition,* and had the pleasure of receiving an appreciative letter from General Diaz, to whom he had presented a copy, thanking him for the fairness with which he had treated the subject. Some of the daily papers of Mexico commented on his criticisms of the interference of the Roman Catholic Church in political affairs, saying that probably some learned prelate of the Church would answer the book; but though it has been constantly on sale in the capital ever since no reply has been published. It would require a stupendous effort on the part of the hierarchy to exonerate itself from the charges brought against it, not only by the book in question but also by the Liberals of Mexico.

Upon his return home he continued lecturing on behalf of the "Million and a Quarter for Missions," so ardently desired by the officers of the Missionary Society, until 1892, when his health failed and he was compelled to retire to his home in Newton Center, in the suburbs of Boston. He still continued to help his beloved work by tongue and pen as occasion arose. To this home came many of the missionaries who were on furlough and in the veteran missionary they found a ready listener to their story of the triumphant march of the Christian army in every field. So fully did he sympathize with their plans and desires that his heart impelled him to try and aid each individually. His attention was particularly drawn to the appeals of the brethren in India for some help in sheltering the little congregations which are springing up all over our missionary territory. These ingatherings of converts were greater than the Church of God had ever witnessed in the years of effort which had preceded this turning. Hundreds every month expressed

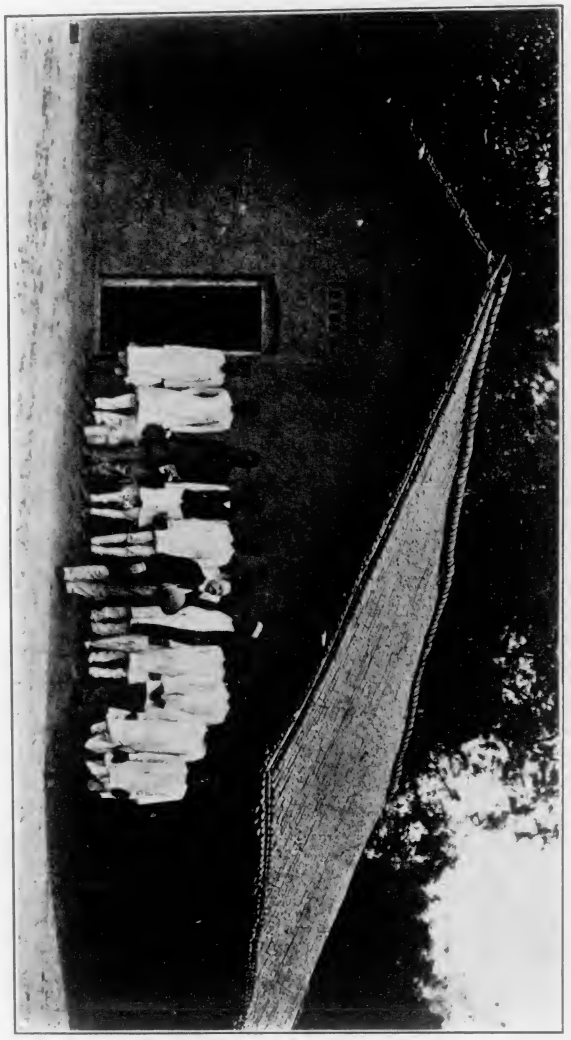
their desire to leave their idols and turn to the living God. A presiding elder wrote of one of his districts where there were five thousand Christians, scattered in one hundred and fifty villages, and only two chapels for their accommodation. The heart of the old Superintendent was stirred by these appeals. Though in great feebleness he set to work with his pen to place this want before our membership. Dr. Hoskins wrote to him: "We do not feel like calling a halt among the surging mass of people who are coming to Christ, but we are considerably embarrassed by our success, for the converts are increasing at the rate of a thousand a month. Our appropriations are used for teachers and preachers, and even this demand is not adequately supplied, while we have not received anything for chapels. From fifty to three hundred persons will try to accommodate themselves in a private room only large enough for a dozen. Many meet under a tree or in the shade of some wall, but in the rainy season the worship is frequently interrupted by showers, and in the hot weather the dogs howl and enemies throw bricks. No Christian congregation can prosper without some place dedicated to divine worship. The converts can do something, but not all. They give labor and material, but usually from thirty to fifty dollars additional is required to purchase a site and complete the building." The old Superintendent had this and similar appeals on his heart, and his statements in the Church papers resulted in liberal gifts for the requisite building fund.

The modest Church Extension Fund raised as a result of these appeals has served to erect a large number of chapels, the Christians helping to their utmost ability. The one here shown is a fair specimen of the church homes which dot our North and Northwest India Conferences. Eleven thousand rupees are still at interest as a nucleus for a fund which should be established to accomplish for our India Methodism what our own Church

Extension Fund does for our new centers. The Methodism of this country owes a great deal to this fund, and how much the same aid is needed in India!

At one place the pastor-teacher was a man who was formerly the village priest and as such enjoyed certain privileges, such as free lands, etc. When he became a follower of Christ he gave the site for the chapel, others gave the brick, and still others labor. Finally, with the aid given from the "Butler Chapel Fund," a neat building was completed for divine service and the heart of the priest-pastor was glad. Just then some government surveyors came to lay out a new road. They made their survey and it was found that the route planned lay directly across the corner of the new chapel. This was a crushing blow to the little congregation, but the pastor was not to be daunted. Pointing to the cross which he had placed on the roof, as a finishing touch to the structure, he asked the surveyors if they knew what that was? They were ignorant, so he informed them that it was the sign of the religion of the British government, and that if they moved it from its place it must be at their own risk. This was a serious question, and the native officials judged it prudent to make a new survey and leave the "sign" unmolested. When the missionary arrived on his visit of inspection he learned how a cross saved a church. At the last account this priest-pastor was still in possession of his beloved chapel.

A thrilling incident occurred at one Conference. Some one was found to be influencing the boatmen in the Cawnpore District, and it transpired that, four years before, an elderly man, a religious leader among his people, was walking one day on the river bank, near the scene of the awful slaughter during the Mutiny, and saw something floating on the water. Wading into the stream he found a little book which he dried and read. It was a Gospel in his own language, and his reading resulted in



A "BUTLER CHAPEL" IN INDIA

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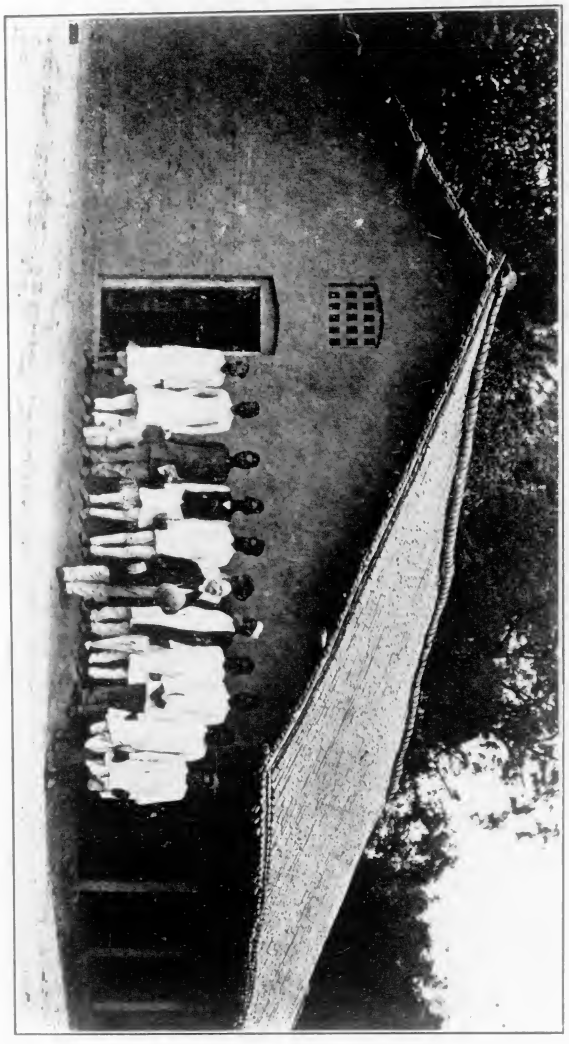

A "BUTLER CHAPEL" IN INDIA

his conversion. He had been one of those in charge of the boats during the massacre at Cawnpore, and was thus a participator in the horrible crime, as he stood there and saw the Englishmen cut down after they were lured from their entrenchments. After his conversion he came to the missionaries and confessed his share in the treacherous act and offered to give himself up to justice. A general amnesty had been declared, he felt that God had forgiven him, and he was soon after at work as a preacher among his own class. When this was related in the presence of the Rev. Dennis Osborne he exclaimed, "Why, my own mother was one of that company massacred as a result of this treachery." Now these two were brethren, fellow-workers in the same glorious cause!

The proceedings of the Parliament of Religions were followed with intense interest by the missionary who had studied in their own lands so many of the faiths represented. Like many others, he feared that in our courtesy toward the various delegates we were not placing before them the claims of our Christ as the Lord of all so fully as we ought, and he therefore rejoiced particularly that the Parliament closed with the glorious Hallelujah Chorus: "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth! For he shall reign, forever and ever, King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah!"

In 1887 the delightful Missionary Rest Home at Old Orchard, Maine, built by Mrs. Charles Green, of Baltimore, offered a charming summer outing for Dr. and Mrs. Butler. The weeks here were made happy by the company of missionaries from various fields, among them the venerable Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, of Constantinople. The two veterans had long talks concerning the struggles of their early years. Dr. Hamlin was said to be master of sixteen professions, all of which he had put to good use in the establishment of Robert College, the institution which has been such a blessing to thousands of young men in the

Turkish Empire and which is the brightest glory of that Mission. The Methodist missionary did not number quite so long a list, but in his two fields he had found a use for all his knowledge up to the time when he sketched a wheelbarrow and showed a native carpenter in India how to make one and then stood in the sun teaching the coolies how to use it. The work had been going slowly, since every bushel of earth must be carried in baskets on the heads of the coolies. The Superintendent thought that better appliances would result in more rapid progress. So long as he watched them matters went well, but no sooner was his back turned than the coolies lifted the barrows and marched off with them on their heads! When he remonstrated they at first pretended that the thing would not go the way they wished, but finally the real reason appeared as they said, "Sahib, our fathers carried the burdens on their heads, and what are we that we should be wiser than they?" The transformation of the Chiarini Circus into a beautiful place of Christian worship had called for many and varied talents in the missionary architect.

His declining years in his home in Newton Center were made bright by visits from friends and the tender kindness shown by the pastors and people of the local church. Though a sufferer, his eyesight and hearing were unimpaired, and he enjoyed most thoroughly the letters and weekly newspapers from his Mission fields. In January, 1893, Butler Hall, a building for the use of the Theological Seminary at Bareilly, was dedicated, the money for its erection having been given by friends in India. Some of the missionaries present made reference to his influence on their lives. Some dated their call to the reading of his letters. When such an account reached the quiet home he wrote, "I would rather be the founder of this great work than to have the wealth of the world poured into my lap." During his eight years of invalidism he

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raised by his pleas thousands of dollars for India, besides securing annual pledges, and had the joy of seeing seventy-three chapels erected.

On his eightieth birthday a delightful reception was arranged at the parsonage in Newton Center. The study was decorated with curios which had been brought from India and Mexico, and occupying the same frame were the certificates of admission of William Butler to the New York Conference, with date of May 5, 1851, signed by Bishop Janes, and the notice of his appointment to India signed by Bishop Simpson. A large number of his friends braved the blizzard which raged that day to express their congratulations. Joel wrote to him about this time as follows:

MY DEAR DR. BUTLER:

You are to your great joy aware of the increasing condition of our Mission. It is almost useless to talk about the difficulties we had to undergo when our Mission was a babe in our bosom, for to our joy we now see it a grown-up child, a living soul. The desire of eating the fruits of a garden, the longing to obtain the fruits of labor, is by nature the lot of every man. The discoverer longs to remain to rule the land he has had the courage or the foresight to discover, the inventor wishes to have the use of the thing invented, and it is a boon for a man to see a thing flourishing, the arduous beginning of which rested for some time upon his skill and intelligence. The Lord of Hosts has so kindly given us the opportunity of seeing this widespread work consecrated for his own divine will.

Though weak and feeble, worn down by the furious waves of the unfathomable ocean of time, still waiting patiently, shouting for victory and the kingdom of God, strengthened by the divine help, I find solace comfort, and joy in him, and led to the pulpit in my turn I occasionally raise my voice, trembling and feeble, to the throne of the most high God. I do not boast, but I thank my God, from whom cometh all help, that he brings out precious pearls to shine for his glory out of this sightless mechanism, preaching in the old pulpit. I long to see you, but this desire cannot be accomplished, but God has given us hearts to love each other as long as we live, and that love is a part of that unfathomable love of our Father, which is not lessened nor its fire quenched with the thought of long and tiresome distance. I journey from this part of the world and you from the other, but our goal and destination is the same, sooner or later we will see each other face to face.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

JOEL T. JANVIER.

The New England Conference sent this message: "The increasing multitudes of living churches multiplying themselves to the end of time in India and Mexico attest the divineness of your work and the benediction of God."

Such praise might have unduly exalted a less humble heart than that of the old missionary, but he only thanked God and yielded to the brethren who had helped in the task their full measure of praise, saying that those who had been permitted to remain and give long years of service should not be overlooked. Once, in introducing Dr. Parker to the Preachers' Meeting in Boston, he said that he expected to be present when Dr. and Mrs. Parker should be crowned with honor for their long devotion to the India Mission. His interest in Mexico was not less deep. He sent these words to his children in the Lord in the Mexico Conference: "Now that I am old and feeble the Lord Jesus Christ is more to me than he ever was before. O, tell them to work hard for him and for the souls he died to save. It is not the good sermons they preach—important though that may be—but the souls they save by leading them to the Lord Jesus that will be their joy and crown hereafter. May God give them a great passion for souls."

During the last six years of his life he experienced increasing disability in walking, but considered it a great privilege that he was able to go to the house of God by the use of a wheel chair. He was interested in the new edifice for the Newton Center church, and his last public appearance was at the dedication of this structure. As he sat in the pulpit with the light shining on his white hair many thought his crown would not be long withheld, and so it proved. In August, 1899, he went to the Missionary Rest Home at Old Orchard and was enjoying his visit even more than before. Weekly missionary meetings were held in the Home, usually addressed by some worker from the field. On Wednesday, the sixteenth,

he was talking with his wife concerning the service of that evening, at which she was to speak on the work for the women of India. For thirty years he had watched the growth of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and had been intensely interested in its success abroad and the "sanctified common sense," as Bishop Foss has called it, of its administration at home, and his last words were regarding it. He said, "You could not have a more sympathetic and prayerful hearer than I would be."

A very happy morning was interrupted by what seemed to be a sleep, and in two days, without consciousness or suffering, he departed to be with the Master he had so long loved.

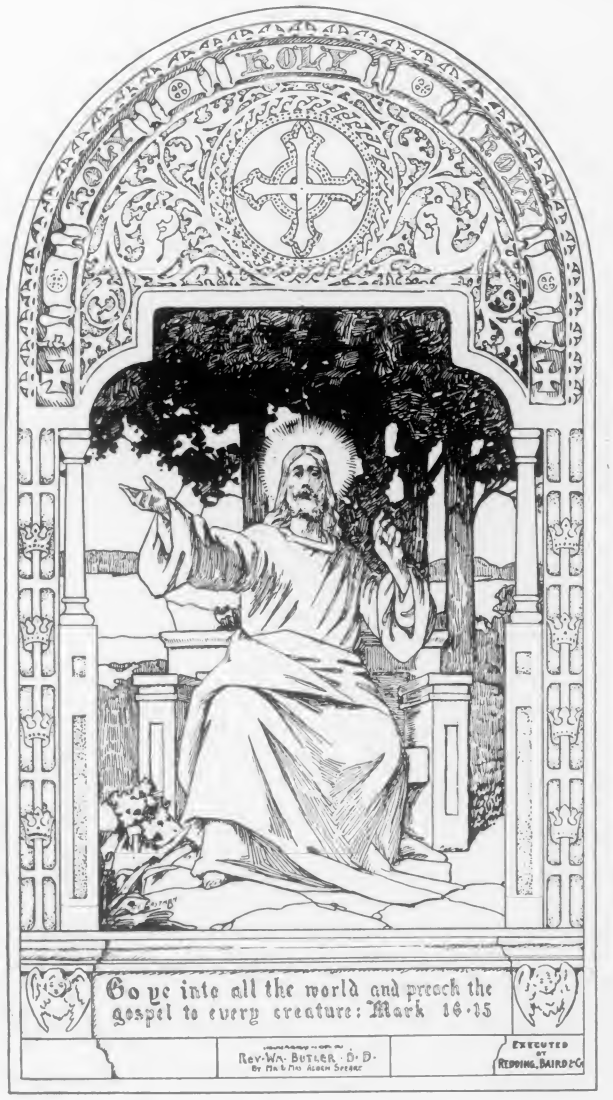
The funeral services were held in the Newton Center church. Bishop Thoburn was present and said: "It was just forty years ago last evening when I first met Dr. Butler, at Calcutta, and he greeted us affectionately at the close of our long voyage. He will always be known as one of the historical characters of the Methodist Episcopal Church. More than any other man he put the great missionary cause before the Church in such a way as to command attention. He believed in the cause, and while many faltered and shrank back he gave himself as an offering to the new Mission. When we went forth to the new field of India our Church was only maintaining three or four missionaries in all the heathen world. In three years Dr. Butler succeeded in rallying around him a band of a dozen missionaries, and thus lifted the missionary enterprise, as far as the Church was concerned, to a new and higher plane. When the Mission was established in India it required faith, energy, and hard work; all these qualifications were found in William Butler. We do not know how difficult it was at that time to arrest and hold public attention. Through the voice and pen of William Butler God aroused the people."

On Christmas Sunday of the same year a memorial

window was unveiled at a special service in the Newton Center church, with this inscription: "In memory of Rev. William Butler, D.D. Given by Mr. and Mrs. Alden Speare." The presentation of this window was the more beautiful as a tribute because Mr. Speare had been for years a member of the Missionary Board of our Church and was thoroughly informed of the conditions of the Missions established by the man he thus honored. Mexico was particularly well known to Mr. Speare, who visited the Mission there on several occasions and had substantially aided it in many ways. The window is eight feet by sixteen. The top, base, and sides are filled with ornamental forms in varied ambers and yellows. The figure of the Saviour occupies the center of the window, seated in a position which suggests power and dignity as, with outstretched hands, he utters the words: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The dedication service was also made the occasion of the missionary offering of the church, Dr. Leonard making the address.

A quiet spot in the Newton Cemetery shelters the precious dust, the headstone having this inscription, dictated by the Missionary Board: "William Butler, Founder of the Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India and Mexico."

At Didsbury College, in Manchester, England, in June, 1900, a memorial tablet to the students who had gone to the foreign field was unveiled. The first name of the six inscribed thereon is "William Butler." In the church in Pachuca, Mexico, is a memorial window, the gift of the members of the Conference and Mission. In the church at Old Orchard also a memorial window was placed. His monument is the work in the lands where he was permitted to labor. His last thought was for them, and his only insurance was left to be divided between the Theological Seminary at Bareilly and the Press in Mexico.



MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE NEWTON CENTER CHURCH

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Memorial Window in the Newton Center Church

The editor of *The Christian Advocate* wrote: "It has been our fortune to meet him on many occasions, to listen to him by the hour in public and private, to be prayed with, criticised, and congratulated by him, and under all these circumstances he remains as the type of the ardent, the eloquent, the loving son of Erin, possessing the very qualities which led John Wesley to love the Irish people. . . . His head was enormous and covered with a wealth of hair which in his full vigor increased the impression of his all-pervasive manhood and later was a crown of glory because found in the way of righteousness. Dr. Butler's mental and emotional condition was such that he felt that what was necessary should be done at once and that God and the Church would sustain any strain that prompt action might entail. It might well be doubted he would have been as great a man without this peculiarity as he was with it. Such as he was he appears the providential man for India and Mexico, and it is impossible to conceive how one could have been better adapted than he was had his life been ordered on plan and specific design to fit him for what he afterward became."

Zion's Herald said: "So completely had he mastered the subject of universal missions that he was at home in every phase of it, but to his clear vision the whole world resolved itself into a providential panorama ever moving before him, and evolving more and more fully the one great plan of the Almighty for the evangelization of the nations. This gave him a sustaining enthusiasm and kept at white heat his masterful power of appeal. In his public prayers he seemed a Moses talking face to face with God; as a preacher and platform speaker he had few superiors. His piety was apostolic. Grounded firmly on the atonement of Christ, and glowing steadily in the light of the witness of the Spirit, it imparted to his character the saintliness and fervor of a Fletcher."

The President of Boston University kindly consents to speak for the brethren of New England Conference:

"Every intelligent Christian is a cosmopolite. All lands and seas are his, for he and they are Christ's. His home is wider than the widest continent, as ample as the azure arch of the Father's house. William Butler was born into this consciousness of world-tenantry the moment he was born of the Spirit. His early change of residence, from Ireland to England and from England to America, strengthened it. In his first charge in America, an obscure place on a little affluent of the Connecticut River, he published a chart to show his fellow-Christians the then existing state of the campaign for the conquest of the world for Christ. The studies therein embodied added new ardor to the flame of his devotion, and contributed to make him ready to be obedient to the quickly following call to one of the greatest apostolates of the nineteenth century. I love to remember him as a man of royal port, blending highest dignity with childlike simplicity of character, as much at home with empire-builders as with the humblest of God's little ones. It would be hard to name two world dramas of this century more wonderful than that of India's subjugation to Christian civilization and that of Mexico's deliverance from priestly and imperial intriguings. In both William Butler bore a part that will insure to him an imperishable name. His native isle has been renowned as the birthland of great missionaries; but I recall no one of its sons whose character was more lustrous with the light of the divine life, or whose career is likely to affect Orient and Occident as profoundly as will his. Greatly do we miss him.

"'But doubtless unto him is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.'

"W. F. Warren."

William Butler was called of God to go forth from his country and his people to a special service. He obeyed the divine voice. He left his children for the sake of the work of God. Did he receive the promised "hundredfold"? Before he was called to the mansion prepared for him the Methodist Church in India numbered one hundred thousand souls, and in Mexico ten thousand looked to the Methodist ministry as their guides to heaven, and in the "life everlasting" also promised he now triumphs.

"Made for thyself, O God!
Made for thy service, thy delight!
Made to show forth thy wisdom, grace, and might!
Made for thy praise whom veiled archangels laud,
O strange and glorious thought, that we may be
A joy to thee!"

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